· OUR LITTLE NEIGHBOR IN THE EAST, BY HELEN H. GARDENER
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS (IN THIS ISSUE).

Vol. II. JANUARY, 1895. No. 2.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER.

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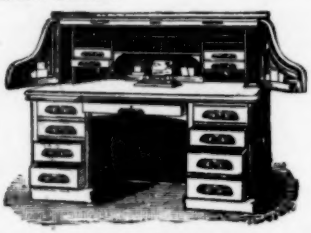

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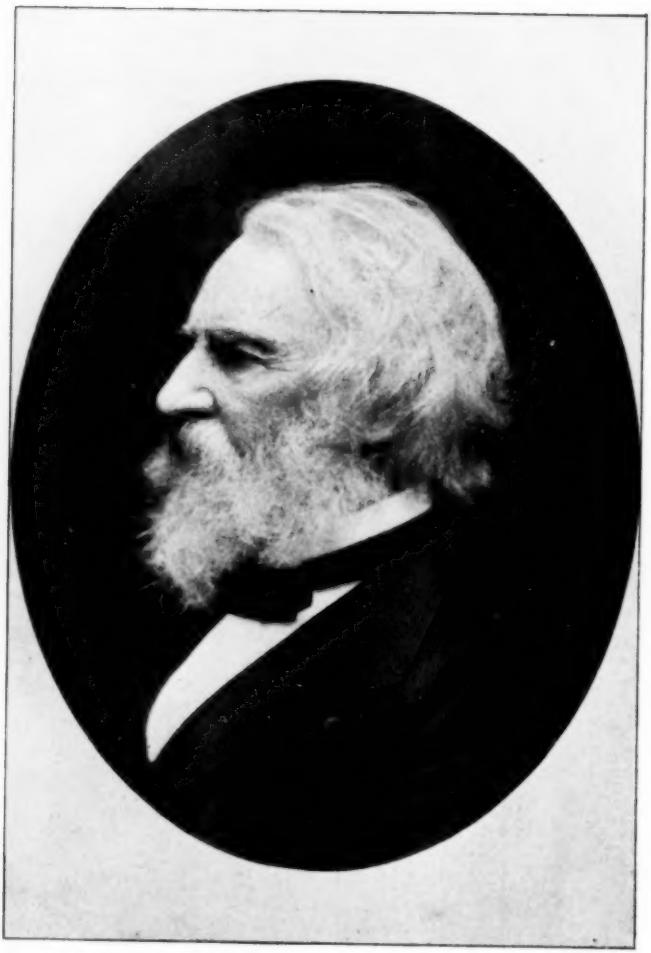

Henry W. Longfellow

THE ARENA.

No. LXII.

JANUARY, 1895.

THE RELIGION OF LONGFELLOW:

BY REV. W. H. SAVAGE.

MR. LONGFELLOW was at the time of his death the most famous of Americans. For more than fifty years he had been sending forth his writings to a world that welcomed his slightest word. In both hemispheres his influence had been felt, giving a nobler cheer to the daily life, consecrating the home and sweetening the thoughts and the intercourse of men; and yet in all these years he said very little either about his own religion or that of other men. His early years of authorship were passed amid the eager debates of the great revolt of the New England mind against Calvinism, but Longfellow took no part in the strife of tongues and pens. He was the familiar friend of Channing and Emerson and the rest, but the limpid stream of his poesy is nowhere disturbed by the winds of doctrine that blew about him. And yet his poetry seems somehow to be *sacred* poetry. While nothing is said about religion, the reader of his lines soon feels that he has entered upon holy ground. The world through which we walk with him is fresh from the hand of God. Its streams whisper divine secrets, unpronounceable in words, its trees have messages from spirits that walk the woodland glades, its fields are glad to be the almoners of God's good gifts to men. His towns and cities are ennobled and made beautiful by saintly and heroic presences, and builder and blacksmith and farmer wear at their work the royal air of those engaged in a divine service.

Just how our poet works such results, it is hard to say. While we are under the spell of his spirit it does not occur

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to us that there is any other way of looking upon the world and human life. We seem to be simply more keenly and sanely observant than at other times, and to be seeing realities which we had overlooked. It is as if our guide were an unfallen son of God to whom the inner meanings of things are plain, who tells us things sweeter and higher than he puts into words, and who lets us look for the time with his eyes upon the secret that consecrates the universe. So far as one can gather from the words and writings of those who were the familiar friends of Longfellow, there must have been about him some such inexpressible charm as I have indicated. A most gracious, kindly and hospitable man, whose home and hand were ever open, who took with infinite patience the demands made upon his time or his purse, there was, it is said, an inner silence as of a life apart. We know from his Journal that through all his years he was meditating the theme of his "Christus," and that the words he puts into the mouth of his Saint John reveal a motive that dominated his own spirit: —

> And Him evermore I behold
> Walking in Galilee,
> Through the cornfield's waving gold,
> In hamlet and wood and in wold,
> By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
> He toucheth the sightless eyes;
> Before Him the demons flee;
> To the dead He sayeth: Arise!
> To the living: Follow me!
> And that voice still soundeth on
> From the centuries that are gone,
> To the centuries that shall be!

Beholding evermore such a figure walking a world that took its meaning from that transcendent Life, Longfellow seems to have discovered the secret of seeing this nineteenth-century world as our backward-looking eyes sometimes see those Galilean pictures of the first century. And so it comes to pass that when we journey in his company, we find

> "That all of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad,
> Our common, daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine."

More than any other eminent singer, Longfellow seems to me the elected poet of youth. Whatever one of his charac-

teristic poems I read, I find myself transported to a younger world.

> How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
> With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
> Book of beginnings, story without end,
> Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
> Aladdin's lamp, and Fortunatus' purse,
> That holds the treasures of the universe!—
> All possibilities are in its hands,
> No danger daunts it and no foe withstands;
> In its sublime audacity of faith,
> "Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
> And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
> Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

So sang he, when seventy years had whitened his hair and brought him back to the scenes of his college memories. No matter what his theme, there are touches that tell of wistful glances backward towards the uplands of the dawn. "My Lost Youth" is an exquisite threnody, in which one can hear, mingling with the rustle of "Deering's Woods" and the low breathing of the sea, the far-echoing steps of a boy on his way to school, the voice of a youth who chants a brave "Psalm of Life," and the sigh of a man, who murmurs as he paces the familiar street,

> A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

The backward look so characteristic of our poet is seen in writings that deal ostensibly with passing aspects of nature and current events. "Rain in Summer" is a revery as truly as it is a description. The fields and highways are fields of memory and highways of thought, and the vista of the rain deepens to a distance where one sees a boy musing by the gate of dreams. "The Bridge" that spans the Charles changes insensibly to one that spans a gulf of years, whereunder rushes the stream of time. "Bruges" and "Nuremburg" are peopled by shadows of a noble and heroic past, and "The Old Clock on the Stairs" gives no heed to the little years of time, but counts, onward and backward, the æons of eternity.

I have said that there is, in the writings of Longfellow, very little of formal utterance on the subject of religion. I have also said that this reticence was far from indicating an absence of religious thinking and feeling. He was a Uni-

tarian by training and by conviction, and though he had "no religion to speak of," he had a very definite and noble religion to live by. He believed that this is God's world, and that the best religion is a pure and faithful life. The first statement of his practical creed was set forth in his youthful "Psalm of Life," the lines of which are household words in both hemispheres. Later this creed took form again in "The Builders": —

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part —
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

At a still later time his practical faith was somewhat more elaborated in "The Ladder of St. Augustine": —

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread
  Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,
  That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
  Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire; the base design
  That makes another's virtue less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
  And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
  The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
  Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
  That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
  The action of the nobler will:

All these must first be trampled down
  Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
  The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

* * * * *

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
  With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
  A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

There is nothing theological in the phrasing of the foregoing creed. There seems, indeed, to be a careful avoidance

of everything that savors of traditional and churchly forms of statement; but the life that was framed to match the working of the builder and the striving of the saint assures us that it was lifted and inspired by something diviner than the desire to reach

The cloudy summits of our time.

Mr. Longfellow understood that life here and life beyond are not two, but one, and that a right care of the present is safety for the future.

When'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

That he believed in a "firm land beyond," Mr. Longfellow's writings, despite his remarkable reticence, very plainly show, in words that have cheered and comforted countless souls in trouble:—

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead — the child of our affection —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

After Mr. Longfellow's death the drama of "Michael Angelo" was found in his desk. His Journal shows that he wrote into this work much of his latest meditations upon life and its relations to the unseen. It is, in a sort, his last confession, and it shows us that the more than thirty years that had passed since he gave to the world the secret of his "Resignation," had only enlarged his faith in the soul's larger destiny: —

> Parting with friends is temporary death,
> As all death is. We see no more their faces,
> Nor hear their voices, save in memory.
> But messages of love give us assurance
> That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
> That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
> No message of remembrance? It may be
> The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
> Sudden as inspirations, are the whispers
> Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us,
> As friends who wait outside a prison wall
> Through the barred windows speak to those within.

And again: —

> Death is the chilliness that precedes the dawn;
> We shudder for a moment, then awake
> In the broad sunshine of the other life.

Death is but the enlargement of life. We, and not the departed, are the prisoners. But we are the "prisoners of hope," and our waiting is cheered by whispered words of remembrance and prophecies of liberty, from those who wait outside our prison wall. That is the poet's message to a world that is

> — full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead.

The sorrows of time, the clouds that shadow homes, the rain of tears that sweeps forever round the world, none of these bring permanent eclipse to the sunshine of his soul.

> All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
> The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
> Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
> Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
>
> Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
> Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
> Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
> Against His messenger to shut the door?

We might, perhaps, here make an end, but as Mr. Longfellow's religion was so much more a thing of character and action than a thing of words, we may fitly add something regarding the manifestations of his religion in the various relations he sustained to the home, to his associates and to mankind at large.

It is probably true that he, more than any other of the poets, was and is the poet of the people and their homes. It was said, at the time of his death, that in the sixteen years preceding, more than three hundred twenty-five thousand copies of his works had been sold in this country alone; and more than any of their own writers, he was the poet of the English people, also. His sweet and pure and tender genius has hallowed all domestic relations and events, and there is no one of the emotions common to "all sorts and conditions of men," that does not readily and fitly express itself in his verse.

In his greatest poem, "Evangeline," he has given the world such an epic of love as no man but himself could possibly have written. In the heroine of that matchless poem, the praise of womanhood is made perfect. Her home, in the little village of Grand Pré, still stands, despite the decays of time, a shrine to which love will make pilgrimage in the ages to come; and each youth who lays his garland at the feet of village maiden will carry thence a consecration to ennoble his life. And as he has sung the sweetest and purest song of love of any of our poets, so he sang, in the "Hanging of the Crane," the song of the home, as no other has sung it: —

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

The years pass, the circle widens; the home is full of the pattering of small feet that grow steady and strong and then are lost in the great tramping of the world, of children's voices that laugh and sing and then die in the distance.

> And now, like a magician's scroll,
> That in the owner's keeping shrinks
> With every wish he speaks or thinks,
> Till the last wish consumes the whole,
> The table dwindles, and again
> I see the two alone remain.
> The crown of stars is broken in parts;
> Its jewels, brighter than the day,
> Have one by one been stolen away
> To shine in other homes and hearts.
> One is a wanderer now afar
> In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
> Or sunny regions of Cathay;
> And one is in the boisterous camp
> Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
> And battle's terrible array.
> I see the patient mother read,
> With aching heart, of wrecks that float
> Disabled on those seas remote,
> Or of some great heroic deed
> On battle-fields, where thousands bleed
> To lift one hero into fame.
> Anxious she bends her graceful head
> Above these chronicles of pain,
> And trembles with a secret dread
> Lest there among the drowned or slain
> She find the one belovéd name.

This is all very simple; it seems as if any man might do it. So the story of the prodigal son is very simple, but somehow it took a genius to tell it — simply — and eyes have grown dim in the reading of it now for nineteen centuries. And Longfellow's way of dealing with the "simple annals" of the home has made him a beloved guest by every fireside of the English-speaking race.

"Was that God?" asked a little boy on whose forehead the aged poet had left a kiss as he went away after a call at a friend's house. And none of the boy's elders felt quite ready to answer in the negative for, just then, God seemed not far from every one of them. We cannot wonder that children's eyes regarded him with a kind of trustful worship, for there was in his regard for them the benignity of a divine Fatherhood.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

* * * * *

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

In the outward conditions of his life, Mr. Longfellow was most fortunate and happy. With good health, a noble enthusiasm and ample means for the gratification of his taste for books and his love for travel, he seemed far removed from the turmoil and struggle of the common life of men. His familiar associates were the wealthy and the famous, the scholars, the artists and the statesmen of his time; and it seemed to many that no rumor of the world's trouble and no care for its pain could reach him in his sheltered retirement. He was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a reformer, but he has left behind him witnesses that record his sympathy with the want and sorrow of the world he did so much to sweeten and uplift. In his poem, "The Challenge," he summons the world's wealth and refinement and comfort to behold how they are surrounded at their feasts by the world's poverty and hunger and despair: —

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,

A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life, —

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
When the feast and song are high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And the hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And the wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In the wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain.

No more dreadful indictment of a selfish and comfortable civilization was ever drawn than that! And it came from the pen of the gentlest, most temperate and most forbearing of modern poets! If all the religion of the world had been as practical and as humane as the religion of Longfellow, the feasts of this nineteenth Christian century would not be disturbed by such spectres as now thrust themselves in amid the mirth and song.

It was a stalwart faith in God that enabled our poet to write, almost at the same time as the foregoing "Challenge," his noble song of the "Christmas Bells": —

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered from the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And the faith in which Longfellow lived did not fail him when the hand that had served his fellow men so long came to the last lines of his sweet and noble message. The final stanza of the "Bells of San Blas" was written nine days before the poet's death — and he wrote no more. The bells of the old convent were ringing out a call to the past, when kings wrought their will with the peoples whose bowed shoulders upheld the oppressions under which they groaned and when the priest was lord of human souls. And the soul of the seer, before whom the gates of the hereafter were unclosing, made answer in the out-raying light:—

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

It is daybreak! God speed the coming of the day!

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

BY VIRCHAND R. GANDHI, B. A.

SINCE the close of the Parliament of Religions, India has excited much interest among the American people, and many liberal-minded persons have been set to thinking as to whether there is any necessity of sending missionaries to that country to save the souls of the poor "benighted Hindus." Many pious Christians of this country have been spending hundreds, nay thousands of dollars for the purpose of securing salvation to my countrymen, and they are under the fond impression that they are really doing a Christlike work. Some months ago I expressed in another review my views as to why these Christian missions have not been able to do the work contemplated by the followers of Christ.

Since the great Parliament of Religions, where I represented the Jain Community of India, I have spent considerable time in studying the political, educational, industrial and religious institutions of America, and I find much in all that I have studied that is commendable in this great country and its grand people — except its religion. In this I must frankly say that I fail to find spirituality or even the common practice of the brotherhood of man, much less love to those creatures dependent upon man. I have watched, with interest, the religious movement of this country and its attitude towards other countries whose religions differ from Christianity, and especially its attitude towards India and her religions. It is absolutely painful to see a body of people who claim their religion to have been founded upon goodwill and love to all mankind, who can only see through the eyes of bitter prejudice.

My former article, it seems, has called into action the bitter hostilities of most of the orthodox papers of this country and not a few abroad, and I have thought much upon these hostile criticisms. There has not come to my notice a single criticism from a liberal church or secular paper; but that love for all souls — orthodoxy — has added her bitter dose of criticism from every state in America, but not one of these "soul-loving" people has said one word or made the slightest effort to convert me or even to discuss the question with me, and, since every convert made

in India by America has cost her at least a thousand dollars, it would seem more economical if these "soul savers" would do a little mission work here on American soil. Possibly this would be too tame a business and there would not be enough self-sacrifice or hand-to-mouth hardship, as I have been told, since coming to America, is the case with missionaries in India. This may be the reason, too, why Christianity is such a failure in America. I should think, however (if a heathen may think on such subjects), that if the clergy of this country should devote some of their personal time teaching morality to the people on the streets where I have had cause to pity, they would find but little time or money for *foreign* mission work.

A Mr. F. P. Powers, son of a missionary, has given his views in the June number of the *Forum* in the spirit common to all missionaries in India. These missionaries do not come with gentleness and reasoning, but they come reviling our religions and customs. I believe in the principle of heredity and, therefore, I shall not blame Mr. Powers; I am, nevertheless, much surprised at the ignorance of Christian America concerning the religions of India, and especially since they have had their brightest lights (as I am told) in the mission field in that country for so many years. At least, since the great Parliament of Religions, those who have written in the various church papers ought to have known that, although I belong to the Hindu race, I did not represent any phase of Brahmanism, Vedism or Buddhism — but Jainism. The religion and philosophy of the Jains differ very materially from those of the Brahmans. In my article, I spoke of Christian missions in India from the standpoint of the followers of the Hindu or Brahman religion who only, in a religious sense, have to contend against the Christian missionaries. The Jains, neither as a community nor individually, have any contact whatever with the missionaries, so that, in directing their attacks against me, the church papers have hit the wrong person.

In reply to my article, the orthodox papers have weighed Christianity in the balance and tried to prove its success by counting the numbers of Christian converts in India, which numbers are, of course, furnished by the missionaries, who are *well* known in India for their *truthfulness*. They know well how to swell the list. From the rank and file of the poor, low, ignorant people come the Christian converts. And how are these secured? Sometimes by giving them each a half peck of rice per week until conversion is secured; others are secured by giving large dinners and serving sweetmeats prepared with intoxicants, which generally bring the greatest harvest of souls for ready baptism, and these converts are often registered in several churches, thereby increasing the list. Straightforward, honorable work is

a rarity with missionaries in India — that is, when they work at all.

The British Government have now added Burmah to their Indian Empire, and the Karen Christians, a wild tribe numbering many thousands, are added to the Christian community of India, which, of course, swells the number. Taking into consideration the Nestorians, Roman Catholics and the Lutheran Caste Christians, the Hindu converts (true Hindus) are but a mere handful. Civilization has, however, introduced into India another race or kind of people who are growing too numerous. These are the offspring of the poor, low-caste Hindu women and high-standing, moral, European Christian fathers (illegitimate, of course), but they help to swell the missionary report, and they dub them all Hindu — one might as well call your American mulatto an Anglo-Saxon. In Portuguese India they are called Descendants.

Mr. Powers may cite authorities like Sir Richard Temple, the professed enemy of all Hindus and noted for his false statements in connection with the Famine Reports of India; he may also cite with enthusiasm the names of native Christians whom his co-religionists worship. I have no desire to be personal, but I feel compelled to state some facts relating to their very Christianlike conduct. These converts have repeatedly, in the twilight, thrown chunks of beef in the windows and doors of Hindu homes. It is said that they were urged to commit these contemptible crimes by the missionaries themselves and then, under the influence of wine, they did their bidding. They know that the Hindus, according to their religion, could not sleep or remain in their houses after beef had in any way been brought into it until everything in the house is thoroughly cleansed. So long as a Hindu is true to his religion (I mean a high-caste Hindu) he will never eat, touch or taste meat, wines or liquors, but as soon as he forsakes his religion and becomes a Christian, he is at liberty to do all these and more. The missionaries have, for the most part, acted in India with the same spirit, and Mr. Powers is an authority on that subject when he says in his "Christlike" spirit, "If abstaining from meat fosters the belief that there is a god under cow-hide, it is the duty of the missionaries to eat meat three times a day, if, thereby, they may help to convince the dupes of Brahman superstition that beef is diet and not deity." I am glad Mr. Powers has resounded the true missionary spirit, which will aid my countrymen to understand what kind of humble, Christlike, soul-loving people they will have to contend with henceforth.

I really believe that a large majority of those kind and noble-hearted people who give so freely to the missionary fund are under the impression that the life of the average missionary is

one of hardship, danger and self-sacrifice. This is far more likely to be the case with the man who embarks in a business enterprise in a foreign country. Madame Ida Pfeifer, the great traveller, was of the same opinion regarding the missionaries until she visited their stations in India, but I will quote her own words. She says:—

> My opinion was that the missionaries were almost if not complete martyrs, and I thought that they were so absorbed with zeal and the desire to convert the heathen that, like the disciples of Christ, quite forgetting their own comforts and necessities, they dwelt with them under the same roof and ate from one dish, etc. Alas! these were pictures and representations which I had gathered out of books—in reality the case was very different. They lead the same kind of life as the wealthy; they have handsome dwellings which are fitted up with luxurious furniture; they recline upon easy divans while their wives preside at the tea table; their children attack the cake and sweetmeats heartily. Indeed, their position is pleasanter and freer from care than that of most people; their occupation is not very laborious, and their income is certain, whatever may be the national or political condition of their country.

Many of the missionaries believe that they might effect a great deal by preaching and issuing religious tracts in the native languages in the towns and villages. They give the most attractive reports of the multitudes of people who crowd to hear their preaching and receive tracts, and it might be reasonably thought that, according to their representations, at least half of their hearers would become converts to Christianity. But, unfortunately, the listening and the receiving of tracts is as good as no proof at all. Would not Chinese, Indian or Persian priests have just as great troops of hearers if they appeared in their respective national costumes in England or France and preached in the language of those countries? Would not the people flock around them? Would they not receive the tracts given out *gratis* even if they could not read them? And I will add that in America, too, I think this was demonstrated at the Parliament of Religions, where it was a fact that at least a third and sometimes two thirds of the great audience of Columbus Hall would make a rush for the exits when a fine orator from India had closed his speech. It was even a very noticeable fact that, long before the close of the great Parliament, some of my countrymen, made popular by the Parliament, were used as a drawing card to hold the great audiences, and in this way thousands were compelled to sit and listen to long, dry, prosy papers by Christians. They showed plainly that they were not interested, but there they sat enduring with much murmuring, expecting the next speaker might be one of the popular Orientals whose name was usually first on the bulletin board. When this was the case here in this great civilized city of Chicago, what can you expect from the illiterate poor of India?

Madame Pfeifer says: —

I have made the minutest inquiries in all places respecting the results of missions, and have always heard that a baptism is one of the greatest rarities. The few Christians in India who here and there form villages of twenty or thirty families have resulted principally from orphan children who had been adopted and brought up by the missionaries, but even these require to be supplied with work and comfortably attended to in order to prevent them from falling back into their superstitions.

Alluding to the manner in which missionaries travel about to spread the gospel, she says: —

At the same time, it must be remembered that these journeys are not made in a very simple manner, as mine has been, for instance. The missionary surrounds himself with numerous conveniences; he has palanquins carried by men, pack horses or camels, with tents, beds, culinary and table utensils, servants and maids in sufficient number. And who pays for all this? Frequently poor credulous souls in Europe and North America, who often deny themselves the necessaries of life that their little savings may be squandered in this way in distant parts of the world.

An American gentleman, who was an officer of high standing in the late war of the Rebellion of 1861–65 in this country, and is highly esteemed by all, who has spent ten years in India, and several in China and Japan, related to an American in my presence a few days ago, his experience and observations made concerning missionaries in those foreign countries in which he had sojourned. Among other things, he stated that he had listened to a sermon by a missionary one Sunday on board a steamer carrying several hundred passengers. In his sermon, the missionary stated that he had endured every kind of hardship and privation, that he and his family were living from hand to mouth that they might save and win souls to Christ. After this harangue was over, the gentleman met the preacher on the upper deck and accosted him thus, —

"Did you not make some very strange remarks to-day for a man in your position?"

"No," said the missionary, "I told the truth."

"Oh! indeed," said the gentleman, "I see you do not remember me, but I know you quite well. Also I know that you have a handsome residence, where you keep in your employ just twenty servants. I know, too, that you own a fine cotton estate in India. I know that you have an interest in two cotton mills, one in Bombay, the interest of which yields you eight thousand dollars a year. I know that you have an interest in a prosperous mine, and I also know that you own a magnificent place on the Hudson in America and that your daily life is that of a prince; how dare you give such rubbish to these people?"

At this the gentleman stated that the missionary threw up his hands saying: "Oh, say no more about it, I see you know who I

am. But we have to tell such things to these people; it's the only kind of talk that will do the work and bring the desired effect." This was a confession from a cornered missionary of the highest standing, who has since the gentleman stated, retired, and is now living in America. This gentleman also mentioned that an honest missionary who had spent twelve years in China told him once, confidentially, that he believed that he had converted two Chinese in the twelve years. He believed he had, he was not quite positive.

Mr. Powers may well believe in the missionary reports and the statements made therein, but we, in India, know very well what they are doing. We know what kind of religion they are preaching, and also know what trouble they are making for the natives.

I read last year, in Bombay, a tract published by a missionary society reviling the Hindu religion in such terms that if a similar tract were published in this country, it would have caused bloodshed; the same would have been the case in India had it not been for the wise and conciliatory spirit of the Hindus. Quite recently the missionaries of India have published a work entitled "Theosophy Exposed." I am not a Theosophist, but the unjust and diabolical statements presented in that work are fair samples of how the missionaries work in India and how they present our religions to the world. And this is not all because of ignorance on their part.

I do not know why Christians glory in reviling everything not their own dogma. They forget their past history. How did they propagate their religion in times gone by? Was it by sweet reasonableness or by the use of the sword? The Protestants will say, "It was the Catholics who did that." Even in their own church let us take Luther, the great reformer. He exhibited great inhumanity towards Anabaptists, as appears from his own letter to his friend Myconius in which he writes: "I am pleased that you intend to publish a book against the Anabaptists as soon as possible. Since they are not only blasphemous but seditious men, let the sword exercise its right over them. For this is the will of God, that he shall have judgment who resisteth the Power." Luther only wanted sufficient strength and authority to be a theological despot. And later did not Calvin, the founder of that select body, Presbyterianism, order Servetus to be burned at the stake? I need not mention the name of Munzer, Archbishop Laud and others. Even now Protestants and Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and others are pursuing one another with deadly hostility in Christian lands.

The Duke of Somerset once related how a Chinese mandarin was puzzled by having two kinds of Christianity presented

(Papist and Protestant). In India, there are representatives of some twenty-five different missionary societies, differing more or less in policy, organization, discipline and partially in doctrine. You cannot go anywhere in India without being confronted with the question, "To what church do you belong?" — and when told they may add, "Oh! there are so many so-called Christian bodies besides yours." How are we to understand which is right (if any)? Go settle your differences and show brotherly love among yourselves, and then come to us, if you can come not reviling. And what do the missionaries preach in India? I will let the missionary speak for himself. Bishop Caldwell says: —

> The people of this country [India] alone worship as gods, Vishnu, Shiva, Krishna and various similar gods. The very names of these divinities are unknown in every other country. Seeing then that Shiva, Vishnu and the rest of the Hindu divinities are worshipped as gods by the people of India alone, if they were really gods, they would certainly be very gracious to the people of this country. . . . They would certainly give proof of it by abusing the white men who do not worship them and by exalting their worshippers, the people of this country. They would bestow on the Hindus unbounded wisdom, favor and prosperity, and would probably commit to them the government of the rest of mankind. . . . How widely different is the condition of the Hindus! The supreme government of every part of India has passed into the hands of Christians.

This is the sheet anchor of Christian argument for superiority, but it is an old argument. The Mohammedans for eight hundred years have presented it in India, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, but where are they to-day? Every one has his day. This is the Christian day, and he is producing the same argument at the point of the bayonet. The so-called disciples of the Bible believe in power as the supreme manifestation and demonstration of truth. So do we, but we go one step farther, and have declared for thousands of years to the world that power, indeed, is the test of truth, but goodness is the highest power in the world. If it is powerful to do, it is a hundred times more powerful to suffer. Such outpourings of savages over the land of Brahata, such scourges of the human race have been let loose upon the plains of beautiful India over and over again. But, like a meteor coming out of eternal darkness, flashing across our horizon of view and plunging back into eternal darkness — its origin and its mother's womb — all these oppressors and tyrants, with all their claim for truth and power, must, in the long run, melt like mist on the river, and the Hindu will live on, firm in his faith that goodness and not oppression is the highest power in the land.

In reply to my article, some of the church organs retorted by citing the alleged cruelties and superstition of the Hindus and the ignorance and slavery of their women. It seems that these

so-called religious people of America are better informed on Hindu matters than the Hindus themselves. For instance, they are told by the missionaries that women throw their babies in the Ganges, that the people throw themselves under the car of Jajanath. I had never heard of this story in India; it was only in the city of Chicago that these facts were brought to my notice, and I have spent considerable time at Benares on the Ganges. Shall I thank those church organs for enlightening me on matters which never at any time existed in India. Sir William Hunter, who resided many years in India, has publicly, in his works, exposed the missionary calumny of the car of Jajanath. As to the practice of widow burning, that was introduced centuries ago by the foreign conquerors of India — the Tartars — whose belief was that everything that was disposed of with a dead man he was sure to possess in the next life, and the ignorant and selfish Brahman priesthood readily availed themselves of the opportunity to set their iron heels on the necks of the masses who were fast becoming superstitious through foreign invasions. The old Vedic religion, which sanctioned for them the sacrifice of animals, was pliant enough to allow authority for this practice, and the Brahmans got hold of a text in Rig Veda which they mangled and misconstrued, and thus furnished divine sanction for suttee. Who were primarily responsible for this custom? Not the ignorant Brahmans, but the foreign barbarians who sucked the blood of India. The practice, however, has long since been abolished, and, even when it was in force, was practised only in a certain part of the country, and even there only among certain classes.

As to women and their education, why speak of their ignorance? The masses of India *are* uneducated, and is Hinduism or any other religion to be blamed for it? It is the saddest chapter in the history of India that the simple, spiritual people of that country, who wanted nothing from the outside world, who were happy in their own earthly paradise, and who had found solutions to some of the problems of which the Western scientists have no knowledge, were invaded by Greeks, Persians, Mongolians, Scythians, Mohammedans, and lastly by the Christians, and for no fault of theirs except ignorance of the art of killing man. And what have these foreign barbarians done for the education of the masses? As to the Christian government which we now have in India, it has established a number of schools, but not one of them is free to all classes of people. We thank the British government for founding the various educational institutions which have brought forth hundreds and thousands of graduates of universities, but it is a lamentable state of Christian enlightenment we find in the fact that the government of India (Christian)

has not even tried to educate the poorer classes without charging fees. The fees per month are more than many a man receives for his labor with which he must support his entire family. Education, then, is simply beyond their ability to obtain.

But to say that the masses in India are illiterate is quite different from saying that the women are in a state of slavery. To be sure, our women know nothing of the art of securing divorces, nor the art of evading the duties of motherhood. These and other like arts known and practised in Christian lands, our women are densely ignorant of. What do the missionaries know about the women of India? The political rights and the rights of inheritance and maintenance are greater than those of any women in the world. But the missionaries, moving in the northern part of India, where Mohammedan rule has spread terror among the Hindus by reason of the lustful and oppressive acts of the followers of the Arabian prophet, and compelled, as it were, the Hindus to keep their women secluded, take it for granted that that is the general condition of all women in India. Such hopeless ignorance has never been found in any other missionary except the Christian. The Christian missionary eats beef to convince the Hindu that there is no god under cow hide. The Hindu never believed that a cow was a god. But the missionary would say, Your wife cannot eat with you at the same time. I would say, She can but she would not, for reasons which I have not time or space to explain. In fact, if the missionaries were to devote half the time and effort in studying and understanding the religions and customs of India that they do in reviling and misconstruing them, there would exist at least a better state of brotherly love.

My dear friends of America — I must call you friends, for I find you a generous, noble, kindly disposed and liberal people — your liberalities are shown by the thousands of dollars you spend yearly in mission work hoping to help my people and others. I sincerely appreciate the nobleness of your good intention, but as a Hindu who has the interest of my people, as well as that of all mankind, at heart, allow me to speak freely. I have studied my own religion from childhood; I studied yours long before coming to America; I have studied your methods of administering it to us; I have studied your religion here in America; and my conscientious conclusions are that, for the most part, your thousands of dollars are misspent. The work, as it is done now by the missionaries, is largely productive of pernicious results. Not that it is so intended, by any means, but the facts remain the same. For instance, every missionary soon learns after coming to India, that he can come in contact with only the lowest caste of the Hindus. These poor people are ex-

ceedingly wretched and ignorant. Just remember that of two hundred and eighty-eight millions of people in India, one half of that number are never able to obtain but one meal a day from childhood to death, and often these poor people are induced to become Christians (if you can call it so) by the alluring promise of food, and as soon as these have once eaten meat or drank wine, they are forever outcast even from their own low caste. And now the trouble begins. Except where they are kept by the missionaries, even the English in India will seldom employ as servant a native convert. The reason is plain. The convert conceives the idea that with his conversion comes the liberty to do anything he chooses.

Education must precede the missionary if good is to come of it. The British Government has built schools, colleges and universities (not one free); it has built railroads and the telegraph, and has introduced many other improvements, but it has not spent one dollar for the improvement of India that does not bring in return large revenues to England, and our people are becoming poorer and poorer. If you really want to help the people of India, I would plead with you to reconsider and change your methods. Were you to institute free secular education, I believe that you would have the coöperation of all intelligent Hindus, and that caste and superstition as they now exist would melt away and a lasting good would be accomplished.

I have been confronted in this country with the statement, "But our missionaries are giving free education to your people." Will you tell me where and how many schools you have in India with not a cent of expense attached to them, and I will tell you the terms. They are free only to those who will give up their religion. For the man who holds to his caste system, there is no free education offered. Free secular education given to the people of India at the hands of the natives of India would do in a few years what the missionaries cannot do in a thousand years. If you would turn your thousands of dollars into free education and industrial institutions for India, you would accomplish all and more than you could anticipate.

WELLSPRINGS AND FEEDERS OF IMMORALITY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Second Paper, Lust Fostered by Legislation.

Sad creatures who on emerging from childhood have already nothing in the world, — neither liberty nor virtue nor responsibility. Souls which blossomed out yesterday and are faded to-day, like those flowers let fall in the streets which are soiled with every sort of mire while waiting for some wheel to crush them. . . . He who has only beheld the misery of man has seen nothing; the misery of woman is what he must see. He who has seen only the misery of woman has seen nothing; he must see the misery of the child. — Victor Hugo.

The time is coming when such laws as those which practically hand over innocent and unsuspecting girls and children to be the lawful prey of brutes in human shape — if they can get their consent, forsooth! to something of which they know nothing until it is too late — will be regarded with as much shame and indignation as the Fugitive Slave Law. Certainly as long as these states persist in leaving defenceless maidenhood without the protection of law, the vaunts about American chivalry and high regard for women and children sound as hollow as did the Declaration of Independence in the old slave states. — W. T. Stead.

I.

A forcible illustration of the presence in our civilization of a savagery which has come to us from that barbarous past when woman was in fact and theory the slave and toy of man's lust and caprice, is found in the attitude maintained by our legislators touching the protection of virginity from masculine lust. Not only is this illustrated in a most striking manner in the "age of consent" laws, but it is equally apparent in the inadequacy of statutory provisions prescribing means by which a pure child might legally find protection from the avarice of corrupt parents and for the proper punishment of those who traffic in the innocence of childhood. Let me emphasize this thought by citing a few thoroughly typical cases.

Charlton Edholm in her noble work, "Traffic in Girls," gives the details of the case of Nellie Gilroy.* This child was sold by a drunken mother to the woman's own paramour when the little girl was only twelve years old. She was a pretty child, and after being cast adrift found her way into a house of prostitution, the great maw which swallows up so many of our daughters who are sacrificed to the lust of moral lepers.

Another instance of the inadequacy of legislation for the proper punishment of those who traffic in girls and those who entice the young and unsuspecting into dens where the victim is powerless to prevent her pollution, is illustrated by a court item

* "Traffic in Girls," by Charlton Edholm. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, The Temple, Chicago.

published in one of the Chicago dailies of Jan. 1, 1887, in which mention was made of a man being fined *one dollar* for enticing a young girl into a house of bad repute on the night of Dec. 29, 1886.

Another case came up in the Chicago courts a few years ago, the full details of which are given in "Chicago's Dark Places." The following extract from that work will serve to enlighten thoughtful persons as to the way in which legislators discriminate in favor of boys and men, and conventional society while ignoring immorality in the male sex makes an outcast of the girl who is lured from the path of virtue: —

> A lad not yet sixteen enticed a girl of thirteen away from her home, took her to his married sister's and kept her there two or three days. They went for a walk each day and two or three times he induced her to yield to his desires. The law in this case is powerless to touch this vile youth. Had he been sixteen years of age his crime would have sent him to a penitentiary, but because he is under that age he is allowed to go scot free. On the other hand, a girl at *fourteen* years of age can give consent to a violation of her person. Look at this glorious consistency! A lad of sixteen is not responsible, but a girl of fourteen can be cajoled into yielding her virtue, and the scoundrel who thus persuaded her can walk out of court an "innocent person" in the eyes of the law.

Here is a striking case related by J. F. Percy, M. D.*: —

> Not long since I was appealed to, because of my position as an officer in a charity organization, to invoke the aid of the law to prevent a girl fourteen years of age from being forced by her parents into a life of shame. The attorney of the society filed the necessary papers with the court in which the case was to be tried, and was informed that the law under which he made them out could not be construed to apply to the case in question; and furthermore, that there was no law in Illinois that would cover that case or similar ones. The case was such a pathetic one that the judge of our circuit court, after fully investigating the matter, advised the society to kidnap the child. Here, then, was an instance where the need of rescuing a young girl from parents who already had two daughters leading the lives of prostitutes was most urgent, yet no means but illegal ones could be used in that state to accomplish anything for her good.

I call the attention of men and women of convictions to the important fact that the only way this pure little fourteen-year-old child could be saved from pollution was by the friends of morality becoming law-breakers! And just here let me observe that if a government has any legitimate function, it is to secure equal and exact justice to all her children; to shield the weak from the outrages and the savage injustice of the strong, and to promote as far as possible the happiness of all her citizens. When a government legislates in the interest of one class and to the injury of other law-loving citizens, it has clearly exceeded

* This extract is taken from an able address delivered in 1882 by J. F. Percy, M. D., of Galesburg, Ill., on "Prostitution: Its Cause, and the Relation of the Medical Profession to Its Abolishment."

its function and has become in essence tyrannical and oppressive. But when that government so far forgets morality and justice as to place the age when a girl may consent to her ruin far below her majority; when our law makers deliberately shield lecherous men in the perpetration of the heinous crime of despoiling virginity by making it legal for a girl to consent to ruin at from ten to seventeen years of age; and furthermore, when a government refuses to enact laws which would suitably punish the criminals who sell little girls to moral lepers, while through its criminal indifference it compels those who would save the child from debauchees to become law-breakers in order to preserve the virtue of maidenhood — I say when a government becomes thus culpable she has passed beyond the stage of being merely unjustly discriminating and tyrannical, she has become immoral as well, and has inaugurated a policy as scandalous as it is unjust, as destructive as it is infamous; a policy which reminds one of Rome during her long, slow agony of decay after immorality had permeated the nation.

II.

I now wish to notice more at length the age of consent* statutes, which are essentially barbarous, and which reflect on the decency no less than the chivalry of our legislators; laws which in effect take from immature girls the mantle of protection, in so far as it relates to their most precious possession, and leave them an easy prey to depraved and brutalized men.

In order that we may appreciate the enormity of these essentially criminal enactments, let us look at them in connection with other statutes which are made for the protection of minors. Here, for example, is a girl fifteen years old. She has a little property left her which she wishes to sell or transfer, but the state, in order to protect her from undue influence or imposition, steps in and forbids the sale or transfer. She desires to make a contract; the state, again assuming the importance of protecting the minor, declares that the contract shall not be binding. She falls in love with a man and wishes to enter the bonds of honor-

* The age of consent laws are statutes which set the limit of age at which a girl may be ruined if her consent is won, while the moral leper who ruined her is shielded from the punishment his crime calls for. In Wyoming, where women enjoy full franchise, and in Kansas, where they have long enjoyed municipal suffrage, the age of consent has been raised to eighteen years; but with these honorable exceptions every state in the Union places the age of consent below the age recognized as the legal majority of girls. The existence of laws on our statute books which shield men grown old in vice when they lure to ruin girls of ten, twelve or even sixteen years, is a most eloquent answer to the false assertions that woman is a greater moral factor in shaping legislation without the ballot than she would be if the right of suffrage were hers. To those who are constantly raising the cry, as hackneyed as it is false, that "The hand which rocks the cradle is the hand which sways the world," we would put this question: How many states in our republic to-day would be disgraced by laws placing the age at which a girl may consent to her own ruin at from ten to sixteen years, if our wives, sisters and mothers had votes to cast, or were permitted to sit in the halls of legislation and aid in shaping the laws?

able matrimony; the state again interposes; she is not free to marry until she reaches majority. But if instead of marrying the girl her pretended lover desires to seduce her, she may legally consent, and the seducer can shield himself behind the "age of consent laws." In this illustration I have placed the girl's age at fifteen years, but the legislators in many of our states have placed the age at which somebody's daughter may consent to her ruin at from ten to fourteen years.

Let us take another case. A poor girl of sixteen is struggling to make a livelihood. She may have an invalid mother dependent upon her; winter is coming on. Her employer makes her extremity his opportunity; he lets her understand that the price of her position is the surrender of her virtue. It is a desperate alternative; her refusal means the street, with a strong possibility that she may be forced at last to a dive or a house of prostitution, or the river, as a refuge; perhaps the very life of a mother is involved. Does the law step in here and prevent this horrible crime? No, the fathers, brothers and husbands who make laws for men, women and children have stamped their own degradation on the statute books. The solicitous legislators have been careful to protect from prison the libertine whose heinous crimes should call for such prompt and effective treatment as would protect society against any future outrages. But the poor child, the helpless, defenceless victim, somebody's little girl who could not legally sell her gloves, finds no protection here when protection would mean everything.

Frequently little girls have been ruined for life by the promises of presents, and I have been informed that a bag of candy has proved sufficient to lure a little girl into a resort and win her consent to something about the real nature of which she knew nothing until she found her cries of agony absolutely unavailing. When in New York some time ago, the noble-souled matron of the Florence Crittendon Mission, Mother Prindle, as she is called by all those in the home, related the details of many cases which illustrated the practical working of these inhuman laws. The case of Nellie Conroy was one which impressed me deeply. The details of the ruin of this poor little girl, who was afterward rescued and is to-day an earnest worker for a higher morality, have been graphically given by Charlton Edholm in her work to which I have already alluded. Nellie was not yet in her teens when her ruin was accomplished. She was strikingly attractive in appearance. One day while looking in the window of a jewelry store she was accosted by a man whom she had several times noticed.

"Would you like a gold watch and chain and one of those diamond rings?" he asked in a velvet voice.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, her eyes fairly dancing in pleasurable anticipation.

"Well, pick out the ones you would like and you shall have them, as I own the store," replied the man. The child did so. Then he added, "Just come upstairs and when we come down I will get them for you."

The unsuspecting child followed him, carried away with the dream of the promised presents. The door opened; the bolt turned; the screams of the child availed not. She left the room robbed of her virginity and started on the path of prostitution. In closing the narration of this case, Mrs. Edholm says *: —

> Had she any redress? No, for the man would swear that she had accompanied him of her own free will, hoping to get the jewelry; and even though she did not understand what he wanted with her, the judge and jury, themselves fathers of little girls, would hold the child guilty and the man innocent.

If you ask why they would so hold, the answer is that the child was over the age which the state at that time assumed to protect little children from the lust of men who had sunk below the level of wild beasts, and to whom purity, honor and love were alike strangers.

III.

The pitiful pretext which has been advanced to excuse such legislation is, that without such laws the pillars of our society would fall victims to the wiles of designing little girls who have not yet reached maturity. This, it will be remembered, was substantially the plea put forth by Colonel Breckinbridge when his adulterous relations had been proved. If the subject was not so essentially urgent, and if it did not affect the very foundation of civilization, such a pretext as this which those who defend the age of consent laws advance, would not call for serious attention and might well be dismissed as too absurd for consideration. But since the very life of civilization depends upon the sturdy morality of the people, it is well to notice an important fact which takes from this pretext any shadow of force it might have had for any thoughtful mind. In our courts of law the burden of proof is placed upon the girl who brings the accusation, not upon the man who has committed the crime. And on this point I shall quote at length from a forcible argument made by Martha K. Pierce, LL. B. †: —

> Now as to the exact effect of dispensing with proof of the consent or non-consent of a girl, much apprehension prevails. It must not be imagined that even under such favorable circumstances as are secured by

* "Traffic in Girls," page 128.

† See "Some Legal Aspects of the Question," by Martha K. Pierce, LL. B., published by the W. C. T. U., Chicago, Ill.

this rule, the conviction of any guilty man would be certain. He would still have several possible defences, and could clear himself as readily by overturning the testimony of the plaintiff by evidence contradictory to her statements. as he could in any other criminal case. But when he is allowed to set up the plea of "consent" his acquittal is almost certain. If he can prove the acquiescence of his victim, no matter how o when it was obtained, he need not make any attempt to deny the commission of the crime, for it is only held to be complete when it is committed by force, "without the consent and against the will of the woman." The crime was so defined in early English statutes, and the definition is not satisfied by evidence that the reluctance of the girl was overcome by fraud, persuasion, rewards or promises. It makes one's blood boil to think of the relative chances afforded by our laws to mature vice, and youthful, trusting innocence. Occasionally we find in the reports the *dictum* of some judge to the effect that if the defendant intended to use force in case other means failed he can be found guilty; but it is evident that only a jury of skilful mind readers could hope to arrive at the truth in such an inquiry into thoughts and purposes. This distinction is practically valueless, but it shows that there are men, who, moved by a sense of the injustice of letting an offender go free because he took care to obtain the consent of some little girl of tender years by a gift of a pretty toy or a trifle of finery, would, if they could, stretch the provisions of our law far enough to bring him to punishment. On the other hand there are judges not a few who stretch the law to set a guilty man free.

A large number of the cases of the kind given in our state reports have turned upon the interpretation of the expressions "without her consent" or "against her will," one or both of which will be found in the statutes relating to girls beyond the age of ten. In New York it is held that "any fact tending to the inference that there was not the utmost reluctance and the utmost resistance, is always received." The People *versus* Dohring, 59 N. Y., is the case of girl of fourteen in the employ of the defendant. She was playing in his barn with two younger children when the defendant entered and sent the latter away. After locking the door he called the plaintiff down from the loft. Before she in the least comprehended his purpose, resistance was made practically useless, if not impossible. Still the court of last resort ruled that "she must resist until exhausted or overpowered, for a jury to find that it is against her will."

In Whittaker *versus* the State, 50 Wis., the court says, "We are satisfied that it is never proper or safe to instruct the jury in any case that this crime may be committed with the consent of the woman, however obtained." "Resistance and the dissent ought to have continued to the last, and the physical power of the woman must have been overcome by physical force." In this case the testimony of the woman, given in broken English, is affecting in its simplicity and earnestness, but her evidence could not outweigh that of the defendant, who depended upon "consent" as a defense.

In Commonwealth *versus* McDonald, 110 Mass., the supreme court held that the instruction of the judge of the lower court to the jury, that "the jury must be satisfied that there was no consent during any part of the act," was correct.

In a Michigan case (Don Moran *versus* the People, 25 Mich.), a physician, at whose house a consumptive girl of sixteen had been placed by her father for treatment, induced her by false representations as to the state of her health, the treatment necessary to her recovery, her father's wishes, etc., to consent. When found out and brought to trial he set up her willingness as a defense, but the lower court refused to admit it

because of the manner of obtaining it. He appealed to the supreme court, by whom it was declared that the charge of the judge of the lower court was erroneous; that some effect must be given to the words "by force and against her will" in order to bring the case within the statute. But in the desire of the judges to secure punishment of so artful and unprincipled a man as the defendant had proved himself to be, it occurred to them to suggest, on sending the case back for a new trial, that if the jury would find that the girl was so deceived as to be in fear of death unless she submitted, they might by such a finding satisfy the statute.

An attempt to commit this crime is punishable as a misdemeanor, and as the offense is extremely difficult to prove, guilty parties frequently receive the light penalty provided for the attempt, because of the failure of the prosecution to establish the principal charge.

It would not be pleasant, and I hope it is not necessary, to give many cases out of the host that appear in our state reports, in order to give fair knowledge of the workings of our laws; enough instances have been given, I trust, to show how the letter of these statutes kills all hope of justice when unscrupulous wrong-doers keep outside of their provisions, as they easily can. The sentiment of mankind has recognized the superior chastity of woman's nature; her natural purity of heart has been acknowledged and praised in prose and poetry, but our law does not recognize it; it doubts it; collects and weighs evidence against it, and unless a girl dies in the attempt to defend her honor, her innocence must be proved to the satisfaction of a jury of men.

That no man shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong is a legal maxim upon which sound and equitable rules of evidence which bear upon other crimes have been based. For instance, in the crime known as burglary, which is defined by the common law as the "breaking and entering a house in the night time with intent to commit a felony," breaking is essential to the completion of the offense, but it is settled law that his deceit will not be permitted to excuse a defendant who has, by fraud, prevailed upon the owner of a house to open his door to him. Here we see that any person, even a man of ripe age and sound mind, is protected by the law from the consequences of his folly in yielding to the false representations of an artful burglar. But the old English law did not entertain such sublime ideas of the honor of either sex as to "lay the blame of a mutual fault upon one of the transgressors only" (Blackstone IV., p. 211), and modern American law is shaped and moulded according to the same principle. So womanly purity is held to be fair game for wily Lotharios, who may take advantage of their own wrong and escape punishment in the form of action by showing to the judge and jury that their artifices were successful in leading their victims into error.

Girls below ten are, as we have seen, protected in this county; but what father or mother whose little daughter yesterday celebrated her tenth anniversary can bear the thought that she is now, in the eyes of the law, competent to so consent to the most grievous and irremediable of wrongs, as to exculpate from all blame her partner in the "mutual fault"?

This author further shows how unjust discriminations are made against women in the following striking words:—

I will now call attention to a defect in even the most advanced legislation, which practically nullifies efforts of reformers. I observe in the states in which seduction is made a felony, to be punished by imprisonment for a term of years, the statutes provide for the imposition of a

fine as an alternative. The little word "or" may have great weight in a statute. It is easy to see the object of its insertion in these new laws. It furnishes a cunningly devised way of escape for convicted persons from all real punishment. Possibly some poor, unfriended wretches may occasionally be sent to prison under these statutes, but no wealthy man will ever be so punished. Such men have the benefit of the clauses for their cases made and provided, and will be let off with the mere nominal penalty of a fine. And what a fine! One thousand dollars seems to be the limit of value that our modern legislators can place upon a woman's honor! We cannot afford to let such legislation stand. No amount of money, no political influence, should have power to shield the enemy of purity from a punishment which will impress upon him the fact that the decent portion of society abhors his sin. No woman, whatever her station, can escape the disgrace which follows upon a departure from the paths of rectitude. No legal penalty can be so swift, so lasting, so unerring in its searching hold upon the sensitive chords of feeling, as the shame which society heaps upon the miserable girl who falls a victim to deceit or fraud. It is but just, then, that every man who is proven guilty should have meted out to him a punishment worthy of the name. No chance should be given for his escape from the branding disgrace which a term in the penitentiary leaves.

Since the revelations made by Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a moral agitation has been carried on in this country, with the result that in many states the age of consent has been raised; still, only two states, Wyoming and Kansas, have placed it at eighteen years. And it is a noteworthy fact that the moment the friends of social purity relax their vigilance, efforts are made to lower the age of consent. A very striking illustration of this character occurred a few years ago. After the moral cyclone which followed Mr. Stead's disclosures, the age of consent in New York was raised to sixteen years, but in 1890, when it was evidently supposed that the friends of social purity were no longer on the alert, Senator McNaughton introduced in the senate a bill to reduce the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. The judiciary committee reported favorably, and had it not been discovered just as its framers were preparing to crowd it through in the closing hours, it would doubtless have been passed. A few papers were courageous enough to denounce the bill in unmeasured terms, and it was killed. On the very day that Senator McNaughton introduced his bill to reduce the age of consent to fourteen years, an elderly man was convicted in the court of general sessions in New York City for abducting a fourteen-year-old school girl. This man was a trustee of one of the Hoboken churches, and had for years been employed in a Sixth Avenue hardware store. He took the girl first to a house of ill repute, but was refused entrance because the child was not the legal age — sixteen. He then went to a hotel, went upstairs alone, registered, and returned to take the girl with him, but the porter refused to let them go upstairs, as the child was so small. On leaving the house, he was arrested.

It is worthy of note that legislative sessions where this subject is considered are always secret, as it is said the matter is not fit for women to hear, and it would be highly demoralizing for young girls to know what is said. Was sophistry ever more glaring or hypocrisy more audacious? Mothers and maidens must not hear arguments advanced in favor of laws that protect blacklegs and libertines in their pastime of despoiling maidenhood. It is the laws, not the arguments advanced, that tend to pollute womanhood. It is the laws, not their exposure which leads to a cure, that are dangerous, and this is the one fact that must ever be kept in view.

Men and women of conscience and conviction, shall these immoral laws stand? Shall the wellsprings of immorality flow on while we maintain a criminal silence? We are confronted by a duty which, though unpleasant, is nevertheless of supreme importance. We must inaugurate a holy crusade. We must agitate and educate. We must not rest or relinquish our efforts until the evil laws which place the blister of shame on our statute books are replaced by laws springing from an awakened sense of justice and a higher regard for morality. We must go further; we must demand at all times a white life for two. The conscience of this nation must be awakened. The most startling and ominous fact which confronts thoughtful men and women is the scepticism and indifference of society in regard to fundamental reforms, and the faint heartedness of reformers. It is true we have our spasms of moral fervor, but after accomplishing a little in certain directions and in limited fields, they die out. What we need, what we must have, is a moral reformation, and the soldiers who enlist under this standard should count the costs and prepare to enlist, if at all, for life. Men and women of America, shall the wellsprings and feeders of immorality remain undisturbed, or shall a revolution be inaugurated which shall elevate man, woman and child, and mark our time as the dawn of humanity's golden age?

JAPAN: OUR LITTLE NEIGHBOR IN THE EAST.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, but it is true that no Christian nation has ever had the respect for any so-called pagan country that Japan has recently extorted from all nations by her skill in war. It is rather a sad commentary, is it not, upon the followers of the Prince of Peace, that in despite of the gentle and fine nature of the Japanese, in despite of their skill, ability and honor, in despite of the fact that Japan has been sending to us many of her gifted young men as students in our colleges, we have looked upon and treated her with contempt and contumely until she was forced to show what she could do as a fighter?

As a gentle, peaceful, honest and honorable nation, Christians would have none of her except as a semi-contemptuous field for mission work. We would not even make citizens of her more gifted sons. As a slayer, as a fighter, she has brought all Christian nations to her side with hats off, and a surprised: "By Jove, she's great. She has won our respect. She must henceforth be reckoned with as a nation." In the abundance of our ignorance and self-righteousness we have presumed to send missionaries to the Japanese, and most of us must have read with surprise the civilized and gentle and humane messages to the soldiers which have been issued by the "minister of state for war," as he is called in that wonderful little country; here we would call him the secretary of war. One of these documents, carefully perused, must surely convince even our Board of Foreign Missions that so far as civilization goes it might better send its agents and reformers to Tammany Hall than to Japan; and that a people who can conduct even so brutal and brutalizing a thing as war upon such humane principles and still achieve wonderful victories over a larger power, is not especially in need of either our patronage or our particular brand of piety.

To one who is familiar, as I have had the good fortune to be for some years, with the character and nature of the Japanese, their present achievements and their nobility of conduct is not a great surprise, but is simply a confirmation. In a recent book by Lafcadio Hearn, he says: —

My own conviction, and that of many impartial and more experienced observers of Japanese life, is that Japan has nothing whatever to gain

by conversion to Christianity, either morally or otherwise, but very much to lose.

Commenting upon this another able writer remarks: —

This will not be pleasant intelligence to the American Board, but one who reads Mr. Hearn's book will find in his descriptions of the simple and childlike faith of the Japanese a great deal to confirm his convic-

EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

tion. Mr. Hearn regrets that the cruel superstitions which the West has long intellectually outgrown — the fancies of an unforgiving God and an everlasting hell — are to replace the simple and happy beliefs of these people, and if this is the result of teaching them Christianity, it must be said that it is a sorry substitute for their heathenism.

The old life in Japan is rapidly passing away. The new civilization is taking its place, and Mr. Hearn has caught the phases of that older life, both religious and social, which it is really interesting for us to know. Instead of writing a book on the religious beliefs of the Japanese, he has exhibited in sketches of great *minuteness and detail the way*

in which the Japanese worship as Buddhists, and the effect which it has upon them. He says that except where native morals have suffered by foreign contamination, as in the open ports, the Japanese in the practice of virtue, in purity of life, and in outward devotion far outdo the Christians.

Which to one who has tested this devotion and virtue and purity of life, is neither a new point of view nor a startling fact.

Yet only last summer we had the humiliating spectacle in the state of Massachusetts of the refusal of the right of citizenship to one of this race, who was a gentleman of scholarship and of position; who had been a student of ability at several of our leading schools and colleges, and who was studying medicine at Washington University when the death of his father required that he leave school, and he then became a merchant. He is married to an educated American girl, and is the father of an American-born son. At the same time, we were "naturalizing" hundreds of the low and worthless from European countries, many of whom are not as "white" as he is, while their ignorance is a menace to our form of government, and whose low and corrupt natures (which are pretty generally run in the Roman Catholic mould and are wearing its brand) are furnishing the world at the present moment with the unexampled spectacle of corruption, vice and crime — which is being commented upon from St. Petersburg to London and Paris — afforded by the revelations of the Lexow Investigation Committee, under the search light of which are being displayed the inner history and workings of Tammany Hall.

To deny citizenship to Shebata Saito, a Japanese gentleman and scholar, and by so doing to cast a stigma upon every son of that brave, beautiful little island of the East, and to grant not only citizenship but political power and preferment to the Sheehans, Crokers, McKanes and their political heelers, is both political and financial madness in any country. No nation can be prosperous and happy while under the rule of the class of rogues and moral idiots who have made of our local and national politics a mere intricate mechanism of vice and crime and extortion.* We had the spectacle a short time ago of most of these same gentlemen who are now squirming under the pitiless lash of Mr. Goff of the Lexow Committee, forming a solemn procession up Fifth Avenue to "venerate" the relic of Saint Ann.

* Mr. Goff's demonstration of Tammany's depravity made at the Saturday afternoon session of the Lexow Committee renders it impossible for any decent man to admit openly that he will vot the Tammany ticket. It was, as Mr. Goff said, a "climax of horror." We have all been forced to take a low view of police and Tammany morals, but few of us had believed such depth of vileness as this possible. It had been shown that the police shared the profits of swindlers, gamblers, prostitutes and liquor dealers, but it wa. not suspected tha. they went lower than this and shared the profits o. a crime of such unspeakable loathsomeness that its mere name is an offence in decent society. Yc. M Goff showed us a police justice sitting on the bench, and not merely shielding a regular practitioner of this crime from punishment, but conniving with him in his guilt.—New York *Evening Post.*

It is true that most of our Japanese applicants for citizenship would be far more likely to "venerate" honor and truth and a clean and upright life. With their intense sense of absolute personal responsibility and uprightness, it is not likely that they would band together to plunder, debase and outrage a whole city and nation, and to live in luxury on the enforced vice of its outcast women, as many of these men did, even while sitting in

EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

judgment upon, and dealing out law to, petty criminals whose crimes were as snow compared to their own vicious lives, and then attempt to fulfil their moral and religious obligations vicariously by "venerating" an old bone in a glass case. No, decidedly, the Japanese can hardly be looked upon by our present politicians as at all desirable citizens. They could not be relied

upon to join in the blackmailing business. They would be a difficult element to control and use. The offscourings of Europe, if they had been made to order, could not better suit the taste of the politicians of to-day.

MR. SHEBATA SAITO.

In his decision against Mr. Shebata Saito, Judge Colt held as follows: —

> This is an application of a native of Japan for naturalization. The act relating to naturalization reads that "The provisions of this title shall apply to aliens being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." The Japanese, like the Chinese, belong to the Mongolian race, and the question presented is whether they are included in the term "white persons."
>
> These words were incorporated in the naturalization laws as early as 1802. At that time the country was inhabited by three races—the Caucasian or white race, the Negro or black race, and the American or red race. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that when Congress, in designating the class of persons who could be naturalized, inserted the qualifying word "white," it intended to exclude from the privilege of citizenship all alien races except the Caucasian.

This is probably true in a measure, but it seems far more likely that at that time (1802) the intent of Congress was to exclude negroes and Indians, both of which have since been made citizens. (In South Dakota the Indians are made citizens if they will accept land in severalty.) Judge Colt continues: —

> But we are not without more direct evidence of legislative intent. In 1870 after the adoption of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution,

prohibiting slavery, and the fourteenth amendment, declaring who shall be citizens, the question of extending the privilege of citizenship to all races of aliens came before Congress for consideration. At that time Charles Sumner proposed to strike out the word "white" from the statute; and in the long debate that followed the argument on the part o. the opposition was that this change would permit the Chinese (and therefore the Japanese) to become naturalized citizens, and the reply of those who favored the change was that this was the very purpose of the proposed amendment.

Why "therefore"? As we all know, Spaniards, Poles, Italians, Mexicans and others are quite as dark, quite as far from being "white," as are the Japanese. The color test, then, was not fairly applied by Judge Colt. But if it was, as Judge Colt says, the especial purpose of Congress to exclude the Chinese, it was *not* the special purpose and thought in passing that law to exclude those who were not Chinese. If it is fair and judicial to go behind the word "white" to find at whom the law was directly levelled, and if he finds that it was the expressed intent to so frame it as to exclude the Chinese, then it is fair also for him to conclude and to argue that since it was not levelled at the Japanese — since that was not the intention of Congress — they are not under its ban. If we can go behind the returns or behind the face of the wording to discover "intent," and we find that the intent was to hit one thing, surely we may remain behind those returns long enough to discover that since it did not mean th Japanese, they are therefore not excluded by the act. In construing the "intent" of the law is it not better to be logical and ncere and fair? The motive in excluding the Chinese was said to be that they sent to us their lowest element. Japan has never done this. It is her student and merchant class, elements which ou country can well afford to encourage to come to us, which Japan has always sent.

In conclusion Judge Colt said: —

> Whether this question is viewed in the light of congressional intent, or of the popular or scientific meaning of "white persons," or of the authority of adjudicated cases, the only conclusion I am able to reach, after careful consideration, is that the present application must be denied.

As we have seen, according to Judge Colt's own statement, that the "intent" was aimed at the Chinese, he having gratuitously flung in a "therefore" in order to include the Japanese, and as we all know that many of the nations whose representatives we do naturalize are less "white" than are the Japanese, it seems to me that the decision fails of a basis upon which to be sustained; while upon the grounds of expediency America has much to gain and nothing to lose by treating our little neighbor in the East with the dignified and honorable consideration which her character deserves.

In talking not long ago with one of the young Japanese students, who had been sent to a university in Germany and afterward to this country, in order to educate him in the political economy of the Western nations, and who was going back to his own country to hold a high political position after having been thus fitted for it, he said something of adopting the Christian religion as a state religion in Japan. He told me that if done it would be done entirely as a political measure. He said that their religion made it almost an impossible thing for one man to be very rich and his relatives to be very poor; that great inequalities in wealth were looked upon as disgraceful, and that therefore the wealth of Japan could not accumulate in a few hands, leaving the other inhabitants at a wretched disadvantage.

"Now we students observe," he said, "that in all Christian countries these great inequalities of wealth not only exist, but are encouraged by public sentiment and legislation. This being the case, the Christian countries have distanced us in enterprise, invention and material properity — in the upper classes at least. Therefore we are thinking seriously in our country of formally adopting a religion which will enable us to do the same way."

"But," said I, "would not this be a distinct ethical descent?"

"Undoubtedly, madam! But it is a good commercial religion, and Japan is trying to hold her own now with the Christian nations. Assuredly an ethical and moral descent, but a commercial advantage." This was all said quite seriously and simply. That is the way this student looked upon it after six years of study in Europe and after two years of study and observation in this country.

I am tempted to give here the full text of the recent military order of which I spoke, together with the portrait of the now famous man who issued it. I have not at hand, at the present moment, the one issued first by the emperor, which was fuller, and which, so the native papers state, was received by the soldiers with great delight and obeyed not only in letter but in spirit. I copy from a Japanese paper the official order: —

Count Oyama, minister of state for war, has issued the following notification to the army: —

Belligerent operations being properly confined to the military and naval forces actually engaged, and there being no reason whatever for enmity between individuals because their countries are at war, the common principles of humanity dictate that succor and rescue should be extended even to those of the enemy's forces who are disabled either by wounds or disease. In obedience to these principles, civilized nations in time of peace enter into conventions to mutually assist disabled persons in time of war without distinction of friend or foe. This humane union is called the Geneva Convention, or more commonly the Red Cross Association. Japan became a party to it in June, 1886, and her soldiers have already been instructed that they are bound to treat

PRIME MINISTER, COUNT ITO.

with kindness and helpfulness such of their enemies as may be disabled by wounds or disease. China not having joined any such convention, it is possible that her soldiers, ignorant of these enlightened principles, may subject diseased or wounded Japanese to merciless treatment. Against such contingencies the Japanese troops must be on their guard. But at the same time they must never forget that however cruel and vindictive the foe may show himself, he must nevertheless be treated in accordance with the acknowledged rules of civilization; his disabled, succored, his captured must be kindly and considerately protected.

It is not alone to those disabled by wounds or sickness that merciful and gentle treatment should be extended. Similar treatment is also due to those who offer no resistance to our arms. Even the body of a dead enemy should be treated with respect. We cannot too much admire the course pursued by a certain Western country which in handing over an enemy's general complied with all the rites and ceremonies suitable to the rank of the captive. Japanese soldiers should always bear in mind the gracious benevolence of their august sovereign, and should not be more anxious to display courage than charity. They have now an opportunity to afford practical proof of the value they attach to these principles.

(*Signed*) Count Oyama Iwao,
Minister of State for War.

(*Dated*) September 22, the 27th year of *Meiji*.

To show how this order has been received and acted upon by the Japanese soldiers, I quote the following paragraph from a London daily paper two months later: —

London, November 6. A despatch to the *Central News* from Shanghai says the Chinese army has been thrown into a panic by the Japanese victories, and is still fleeing before the Japanese. The Chinese troops in Manchuria are robbing the natives, and committing horrible atrocities wherever they pass. The Japanese, on the other hand, are treating the Chinese well, and are consequently received with open arms by the natives, who are furnishing them with supplies of various kinds.

In a private letter I am told by one who ranks high in Japan: —

Our troops fought like what you call demons, but it was no unusual sight after the battle was over to see our men who were slightly wounded themselves carrying or dragging more seriously wounded Chinamen to the relief posts, where they could receive better care. It was too com-

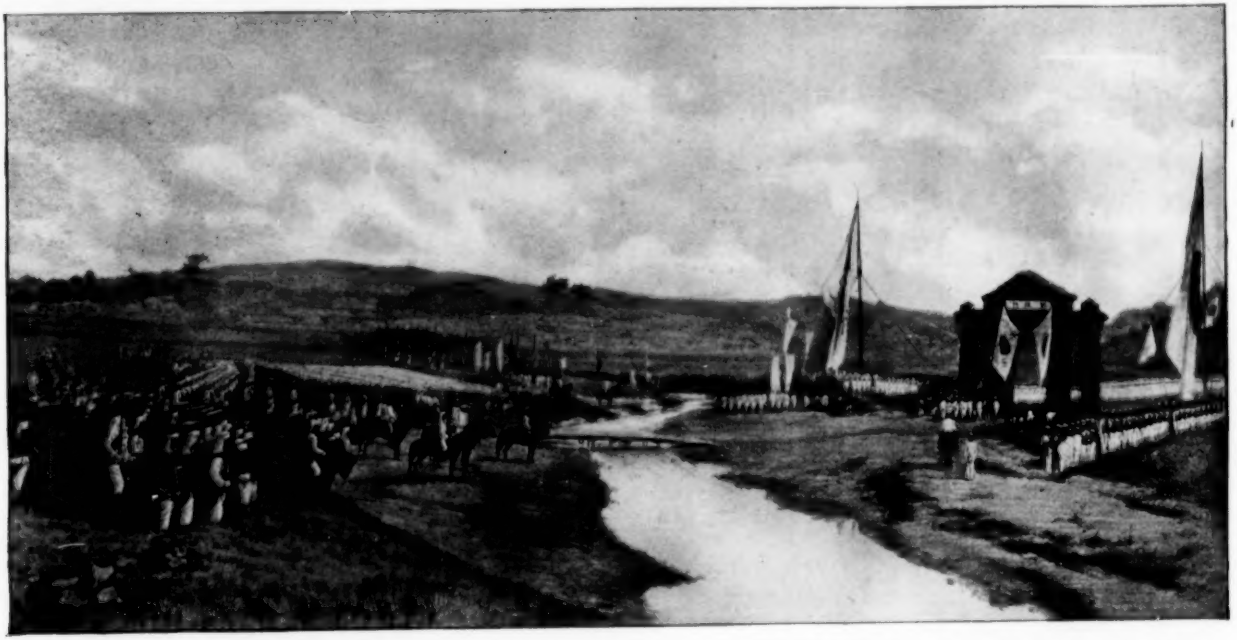
MINISTER OF STATE,
COUNT INONYE.

MINISTER OF WAR,
COUNT OYAMA.

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
VISCOUNT MUTSU.

MINISTER OF COMMUNICATION,
COUNT KURODA.

JAPANESE CABINET MINISTERS.



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH BUILT BY THE COREANS TO WELCOME THE RETURNING JAPANESE TROOPS AFTER THEY HAD DRIVEN THE CHINESE FROM COREA.

mon to attract notice to see them share with the wounded or captured enemy their food or covering, and it was done in a spirit which your nation would call "Christian," but it was done by our soldiers, many of whom never heard of Christ, quite as often and quite as gladly as by those of us who have had that pleasure. I am proud of our men to-day, more proud than I can tell you, for, as you know, I have seen war in Germany, in France and in America, and I am glad to feel sure that civilization is not local, and that my own little nation is not behind the highest and the best in some ways at least.

There is no "waving of the bloody shirt" in that, even if there is a slight touch of it in the enthusiastic letter of a younger man who was educated not a thousand miles from Boston, and who felt so keenly the stab our government gave his people in the Saito decision that he went back home with a scar in his gentle heart, and a good deal less admiration for our institutions and our sense of fairness and liberty than he had when he came here. In one letter he says quaintly: —

In the war, which took place recently between our country and China, I have just receive the telegram that the Japanese regiment got a victory by the second fight. I think I can receive the cheerful information that the our soldiers have soon reached to Peking. I have already send you a map of Corea a few days awile ago, and hereafter whenever the card of war is published I will send you that quickly for it is all go our way.

In common with many foreigners of all nations he has lost some of the facility acquired in the English language while here, but his meaning remains sufficiently clear to make it plain, even as we smile over the evident fact that he does not wholly love the Chinese, and that his faith in "our side" is pretty able bodied; that he has the vitality and enthusiasm of youth everywhere. His letters upon other than war topics are as charming and gentle as was his own dignified small self, and had I space to reproduce some of his fun and philosophy it would make plain to the dullest that we have much to gain and nothing to lose if our government should decide to treat with fairness and respect this wise and cheerful little "pagan" nation which is standing just now like a Bantam facing a Shanghai, and is, meantime, displaying to an almost unparalleled degree, even in war, what we in our self-righteousness are pleased to call the "Christian virtues."

Just as this article was sent to the printer, my Japanese mail arrived. One letter from a gentleman who was once a student here contains such a cleverly written presentation of the present situation that I give the part of it which deals with public affairs: —

Now if you remember what I wrote in my last, you will see that my words hold good so far as the Japanese arms have not met with reverse yet. Judging from the clippings you sent to me, and also from the American papers which I take, your people are also misled by the ridiculous, false reports sent from China. Poor China is trying hard to make

COUNT GENERAL YAMAMURA AND FOUR OF HIS MAJOR GENERALS.

the Western countries believe that she is victorious by bribing the editors of the English papers in China and Japan. It is perfectly safe to regard all the war news about Japan's reverses coming *via* China as entirely false. The bribed English papers in China and Japan have their correspondents in Corea, who manufacture all kinds of news that they think is disadvantageous to Japan. You may be surprised to learn the fact that all the English papers published in Japan wish that Japan will get a licking good and hard. The only paper that I think is independent and fair is the *Japan Mail*, two copies of which I mailed to you by last steamer.

All these English papers have done their best to say good things of the Chinese forces in Corea, but they cannot twist the facts and have finally to admit that the Japanese arms have been crowned with victory both by land and sea. Still they don't like to style the Chinese army "defeated." Their latest invention in the way of twisting facts is that they call the Chinese defeat and flight "a brilliant military achievement — a masterly retreat." They have finally come down to admit that it was a Chinese defeat at Phyong Yang on September 16, but they call that "a masterly retreat," and also say there was no battle at all, and that the Japanese had simply a "walk-over." Well, a retreat that involves the loss of artillery, stores, treasures, two thousand killed and four thousand wounded and captured, must be looked upon from a novel point of view, indeed, in order to appear particularly "masterly."

When the foreign papers in the East are in such a bribable state, it is not to be wondered at that you do not get any straight news from your papers. As evidence of the absurd reports, in some of the papers you sent me, they said that the Coreans fear and hate the Japanese. Now I will send you a picture of the triumphal arch which the Coreans themselves built for our troops to march back under after the great victory. The rejoicing was universal and you will see the way our troops were welcomed. Even in China this is often the case, because of the terrible brutality of the Chinese soldiers (if one may call such a scurvy mob soldiers when one knows their conduct toward the citizens). I shall tell you, as I promised, more fully of this, though it is a dreadful thing to tell; it is more dreadful that it can be and is true. Silence cannot prevent it, and perhaps publicity may help prevent some of it in the future.

There have been four battles in all so far since the outbreak, two on land and the other two on the sea. The first was the sea fight, off Fantao, in which our war vessels sank a Chinese transport with eleven hundred soldiers on board, and captured a Chinese gun boat, "Sowko," and put their cruiser, "Chie-Yuen," to flight. The second was a fight at Song Hwa and Asan. The enemy was defeated, with five hundred killed and wounded. The Japanese casualities were about seventy in all. The above two can hardly come in the sphere of the word battle, but the third and fourth, respectively on land and sea, were quite decisive. Fight number three, the battle of Phyong Yang, showed how little the Chinese army is worth. Our forces smashed the enemy to such an extent that there are practically no Chinese soldiers now in Corea. With two thousand killed and over four thousand wounded and captured, all the Celestials fled pell-mell to the Chinese frontier. You know the Chinese army is far superior numerically to ours, and although over ten thousand have been killed, wounded and captured so far, the pig-tail country will not suffer much from so slight a loss of inhabitants.

But fight number four, the naval battle off Hai Yan Island on September 17, resulted in the loss to the Chinese navy of five men-of-war. That is a loss they will feel, while our fleet lost none and three vessels were only slightly damaged. The two big Chinese ironclads sustained great damage. This loss of five good cruisers cannot fail to be a great blow

to China; it is not now too much to assert that the crack "Peiyang Squadron" has been deprived of its fighting strength. It follows, therefore, that the Gulf of Pechili is in the control of our united squadrons, so you see all the laurels have been given to us thus far, and we do not for an instant entertain any doubt as to the consummation of our purpose. Our army in the Chinese frontier is expected to march "on to Peking," which is the cry all over Japan. The only trouble I fear is that the colder season has set in and our army may not be able to march to Peking before next spring. One thing is certain, that our people are united in wishing to have our army march to the Chinese capital and dictate terms.

The two great New York papers, *World* and *Herald* have sent their own correspondents to the seat of battle, and I understand they are now back in Japan. The ——— correspondent is reported as speaking very fairly about our troops and it is believed that he is sending truthful reports, so that you will get straight news now.

We are treating the Chinese captives very kindly, and their wounded are receiving just as good medical service as our own. The Chinese are so barbarous and have done a great many things, as I said, which I hate to write about. Before we routed them at Phyong Yang they were about twenty thousand strong, and were all-powerful over that unfortunate city. They robbed the people right and left, and ordered them to present the pretty young women of the town, a great many of whom were carried away and kept in the Chinese camps. It is not necessary to say the rest. It seems to me that such soldiers can hardly be called human beings. They are a disgrace to Asia. Over six hundred Chinese captives have arrived in Japan. I saw them on their way from the station. They are the most wretched-looking lot of people I ever looked upon. So much for our war affairs. I shall send you the *Japanese Mail* whenever it contains interesting accounts in the future, but don't you believe any news coming *via* China or England. I think that any war news approved by the Japanese legation at Washington will always be trustworthy, since they get their news straight from our government.

From another correspondent in a different part of Japan, whose letter reached me by the same mail, I take this interesting bit of naval history: —

Our warships received much damage, of course, in this encounter. The "Matsushima" received the severest damage. On her, thirty-seven were killed and more than seventy wounded. The "Hiyei" caught fire once so had to leave the ranks to put out the fire. She returned after putting out the fire. Then it was after our fleet defeated the Chinese. The "Akagi," our boat, lost her captain. The captain was up on a mast and was commanding to direct the guns toward the chief officers of the enemy. Just then a cannon ball struck the mast, and his body above the waist was cut off and thrown overboard. Instantly a sailor dived for it and brought it back. How was that for gallant conduct? Captain Sakamoto was killed, it is true, but it was the result of his effort (brave would not convey the idea of the braveness of his effort) that the general commander of the "Northern Fleet" (Chinese), as well as many other high officials, were killed and wounded. The fourth of our boats that received damage was the steamer "Saikyo." It is not a war ship, but a large mercantile steamer, which was made one of the reporting ships. It was the largest of them all, so of course the poor Chinamen thought it was the best — perhaps the flag ship — and fired most on her. Her rudder was broken, so in leaving the ranks

she ran full speed toward the enemy's fleet between their two best ironclads. They thought the steamer was coming to run against theirs, and the two ironclads parted themselves. The "Saikyo" passed between them safely, within sixty metres of them. Two torpedoes were fired toward her, but she was too near and so the Chinese torpedoes just swam under the bottom of the "Saikyo" and she sailed into port safely!"

Still another enthusiast writes:—

I am very much obliged to you for those American newspapers. It is intensely interesting to us to learn how the outside world is discussing the trouble we have here. I can write you in large type of the news we have on hand. The complete victory at Heijyo! And China "is in the soup." Excuse that expression, but I learned it in America. We feel as if the war is over. The next step is to take Peking, and that won't take very long now. Our navy has got possession of a large island near the entrance of the bay along which Tientsin is situated. The attack on Heijyo was only for a few hours, and then over — ten thousand killed and captured! We lost about twenty, and two hundred and fifty wounded, that is all. The Chinese had the strong defence by natural condition of the country, but their skill in war was very weak. We feel as if we are not fighting against men in arms. You will see the name of Japan will be the strongest in the Orient hereafter.

As you know, we captured one man-of-war in the last naval battle. It is the first time we ever captured the enemy's boat, and we have put her into our service. The captain of her, I tell you, is in a risky position, as the Chinese have their eyes on her, but she is well "painted and powdered" and is ready to go to the wedding any day. I sincerely hope that some of the Chinese navy will come out and make a fight against her. We will then show how the skilled can use their own boat. . . . Our people are wild with the last victory. A great many public dinners are given. The Emperor gave a big dinner to the military officers of the army and navy. Our honored Emperor went to Hiroshima to take the sole command of the forces himself. Hiroshima is a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the nearest town on the main island to Corea.

Another correspondent, who has been a student of sociology and of political economy in both Europe and America, views the situation thus:—

Just now with us everything has ceased except stories of the war. We Japanese are entirely united, even though the different political parties have hitherto held divided opinions. The whole Japanese people now does everything according to the will of the Emperor, the highest authority over land and sea. The Parliament claims everything for the war, and this war has given us the opportunity to show the foreign powers that we Japanese are progressive, that we do not stand behind any nation. On the other hand, the war has taught us that there is more patriotism awakened in the hearts of the poor than in the fine and glittering circles of rank and riches; by that I mean to say that the poorer people are more patriotic than the richer ones. The poor willingly give their last penny for the soldiers. To be sure the rich people also give largely, even a hundred thousand dollars for their fellowmen, but that is only a small part of their whole property in proportion to what is given by the poor. I think that these things will have their effect, and that after the war, a great social awakening will occur among

us. Whether my prophecy will be fulfilled or not, we must wait quietly to see. Just now there is little time for speech making or philosophising, and our eyes are upon Peking.

And this is the class and quality of manhood that America does not find suitable for citizenship! I have copied these letters just as they stand. They are from different classes and localities — from men of rank and from men of no rank. They were private letters. Their writers had no thought that they would be printed, although I am quite sure they will not object to this use of them. I question very much if many of our American citizens send out private letters which display more strong individuality, ability, insight, philosophy and good breeding.

THE SHAME OF AMERICA—THE AGE OF CONSENT LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES: A SYMPOSIUM.

I. History of Recent Years, and Present Status of Age of Consent Laws, by Aaron M. Powell, Editor of The Philanthropist.

Age of consent laws, in their usual acceptation, refer to the crime of rape, and designate the age at which a young girl may legally consent to carnal relations with the other sex. Statutes pertaining to rape provide, in varying phrase, for the punishment of "whoever ravishes and carnally knows a female by force and against her will," at any age; and also penalties for whoever unlawfully and carnally knows a female child, with or without consent, under a given age. That age varies in different states in the United States, and in different countries. Under the old English Common Law the age was ten, sometimes twelve, years. Until within the last decade the old Common Law period of ten, sometimes twelve, years was the basis of the age of consent legislation of most of the states, and also of the law of Congress pertaining to rape in the District of Columbia and other territory under the immediate jurisdiction of the national government. It still continues the basis of the age of consent laws of North Carolina, South Carolina and Alabama, wherein the age remains at ten years, and in Texas, Kentucky, Wisconsin and Louisiana wherein the age is twelve years.

It was not until after the astounding revelations made by Mr. Stead, in 1885, of the crimes against young girls in London that the age of consent laws in the United States began to arrest attention, except in courts of law, on this side of the Atlantic. Even then the age of consent in England was thirteen years. One outcome of Mr. Stead's shocking exposures was the speedy raising of the age by the British Parliament from thirteen to sixteen years, Mr. Gladstone and others advocating eighteen. The New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice has been at work for ten years to thwart the periodical efforts made to introduce in New York and other American cities the odious Old-World system of licensed and state-regu-

SOME DEFENDERS OF THE HOME.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD. WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

REV. A. H. LEWIS, D.D.

O. EDWARD JANNEY, M.D. AARON M. POWELL.

lated vice; but its members were quite unaware, until Mr. Stead's startling London revelations suggested the inquiry here, that, by the age of consent laws of New York and of most of the states, young girls of ten years were made legally capable of consenting to their own ruin, and that at that time in one state, Delaware, the age was at the shockingly low period of seven years! Bad as English law had been shown to be in its inadequate protection of girlhood our own legal position in relation to exposed young girls was found to be still worse. The New York committee, as soon as the facts were known, inaugurated a campaign of petitions to sundry state legislatures and to the Congress of the United States, asking that the age be raised to at least eighteen years, and the work was also entered into earnestly and effectively by the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions and the White Cross societies. Changes in the age of consent laws soon followed in many states.

In New Hampshire and Utah the age is now (November, 1894) thirteen years, the same as in England before Mr. Stead's investigation. In twenty states the age is now fourteen years, viz.: Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan, Indiana, Missouri, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, North Dakota, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nevada, California and Oregon. In Montana the age is fifteen years. In eight states the age is sixteen years, viz.: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, South Dakota, Arkansas and Colorado; and also in the District of Columbia. In Tennessee the age is sixteen years and one day, the one day having been added as a facetious amendment while the matter was under consideration in the Tennessee Legislature. In Florida the age is seventeen years. In two states, Wyoming and Kansas, the age is eighteen years. In Delaware "an act for the better protection of female children," passed March 29, 1889, fixed the age at fifteen years. In Texas, in 1890, the age was reported by the secretary of state as twelve years; in Louisiana, twelve years; and in Mississippi, sixteen years. Official answers to our last inquiries from these four states have not yet come to hand.

Several attempts have been made in different states to lower the age of consent again after it had been raised. Thus far, fortunately, they have not been successful. In the New York Senate, in 1890, a bill was introduced to lower the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. It was reported favorably by the senate judiciary committee, but vigorous protests against the proposed retrograde legislation were promptly sent to Albany by the friends of purity, and the disreputable scheme was defeated. It was understood to have originated with Rochester attorneys who sought thus to provide a way of escape for a

client, a well-to do debauchee guilty of despoiling a young girl under the legally protected age of sixteen. Another attempt was made in the New York legislature, in 1892, this time in the assembly, to lower the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. A motion made to amend thus the penal code was adopted by a *viva voce* vote, and was about to be declared carried, when the chairman of the judiciary committee, realizing its serious import, called for the yeas and nays, declaring that on such a measure the constituents of every member should know how his vote was cast, and that all should therefore go on record. This effectually killed the unworthy amendment, proposed, it was understood, in the interest of the brothel-keepers of New York. In the Kansas senate, in 1889, a bill was introduced and passed to lower the age of consent in that state from eighteen to twelve years. The house was flooded with earnest protests, and its judiciary committee reported adversely the disgraceful senate bill.

In noting the changes of the last decade in the age of consent laws of this country, it is a suggestive fact that the two states in which the age of legal protection for girlhood has been raised to eighteen years are states in which women vote — Wyoming, upon equal terms with men, and Kansas, in municipal elections. In Colorado, where a legislature has recently been chosen, for the first time with the help of women voters, and wherein the age of consent is now sixteen, it is to be hoped that the age may be promptly raised to at least eighteen years.

It is a great scandal to the whole American nation that there are eight states which still have age of consent laws upon their statute-books making it possible for young girls of ten and twelve years legally to consent to their own ruin. It is a type of legislative barbarism which ought to be at once and forever abolished. It is a shame to puritan New England that, after all the discussion of this important subject in recent years, it still has one state, New Hampshire, which shares with Utah the disgrace of fixing the age of consent at thirteen years; and that Maine, Vermont and Connecticut extend legal protection to the young girls of those states only to the age of fourteen. With seventeen other states, the age of consent laws of which fix the age at the unreasonably and inexcusably low period of fourteen years, the need of a vigorous crusade, in behalf of exposed girlhood and in the interest of public morality, against such shameful legislation, should be obvious to all. Neither at fourteen nor sixteen should the young girl be left legally a prey to the merciless, wily sensualist and debauchee. It is not too much to ask in any state that the age of legal protection for the person be made at least to equal that of property.

II. What Shall the Age of Consent Be? by Helen H. Gardener.

When I am asked to present an argument against lowering the age of consent, or when I am requested to write the reasons why that age should be raised to at least eighteen years, it impresses me very much as if some one were to ask me gravely, if I would be so kind as to try to think up some fairly plausible grounds upon which one might base an objection to the practice of cutting the throats of his neighbor's children whenever that neighbor happened not to be at home to protect them; or to furnish a demurrer to the act of inoculating the community with small-pox as a matter of ordinary amusement. There is not, there never has been, there never can be any fact in nature that is not a protest in letters of flame against the infamy of legal enactments which place the innocence and ignorance of childhood at the mercy of licensed lechery.

To begin with, no being who is not too degraded or too utterly mentally and morally diseased to be a safe person to be at large, could wish that a little child, a baby girl fourteen, twelve, aye, ten years of age should be made, as is the case in many of our states, the legal and rightful prey of grown men. There is no argument. There is no basis for a difference of opinion. No man on earth would pass or want passed such a law for his own child, for his own sister, for any one for whom he cared. It is too gross, it is too inhuman for words. No legislature on the earth, if its discussions were open to women, if women were present at its sessions, would ever have passed such acts. No man who ever lived, no man who ever will live, could justify his vote in its favor, with his wife or his mother or his sister beside him, with his own little girl looking into his eyes. Now, legislation that is not good enough, just enough, based upon principle and honor enough to meet the open understanding and approval of the mothers of a nation, can ever result in anything but disaster for that nation.

What good can it do any human being to have the age of consent below that at which honorable marriage or the right to sell property comes to a girl? Who is to profit by it? Surely not that girl, since by her immature "infant" judgment she has wrecked her whole life, while the law protects her against her "infant" judgment in immaturely squandering or deeding away her property. Who is to profit by it? Whom is it intended to benefit? There can be but one answer. It is a law in the interest of the brothel, in the interest of the grade of men who prey upon the ignorance and helplessness of childhood.

"Ah, but," says one, "there are wild and bad and perverted

girls, who would lay traps for inexperienced boys, who are not over eighteen years of age, and by threats thereafter blackmail them into marriage." That is the only attempt at an argument that I have ever heard on that side of the question. It is easily answered. Let the boy and the girl stand upon precisely the same legal footing. Let the law not favor her in the least. Let it not hold him, any more than it does her, to account in such a case. Where both are children, "infants before the law" let both be treated as children, and give no legal advantage to either.

But this plea is and has always been a mere blind subterfuge. Such cases are too rare to demand very serious consideration. It is not, and it never has been to protect the lads who may be led into indiscretion by designing young girls that such laws were made. It is to shield men of mature and vicious lives from the results of their most heinous vices. It is to cater to crime against the baby girls of the lower and middle classes of the race, and to foster the vilest traffic that was ever known to human beings, that men who are our fathers and brothers have met in secret session and framed and passed such laws — sessions so secret that even some of the members of the legislatures themselves, after years of service for their states, assure us that they personally never even dreamed that such laws had been enacted by their own body and that they disgraced the statute books of their states.

But if there are good and legitimate reasons (of which I am ignorant) for such legislation; if there is a member of any legislature of any state who honestly believes that he is justified in voting for such a law, there are many thousands beside myself, both men and women, who would be glad to have him present his case. I therefore ask, with the permission of the editor of THE ARENA, that any legislator of any state who believes that he has a right to help to retain the age of consent below that at which a girl may legally dispose of property, will clearly set forth, over his own name and in appropriate language, his reasons for such a belief, whether these reasons be of a religious, scientific, social or legal nature, and I will respond to them, and leave the verdict in the hands of the readers of THE ARENA. If no legitimate and convincing argument can be advanced, if there is no open champion who can present a legitimate reason for passing and sustaining such laws, then surely we may demand their immediate repeal in every state.

Recent information from one of the states says: "It [the bill to raise the age of consent] was introduced into the senate and debated during one whole afternoon *behind closed doors and for men only*. It was not even allowed to go to the lower house,

but was defeated right there." If there is enough to say in favor of such a measure to take up the debate of one whole afternoon, there is surely enough to form one magazine article. Its champions are now requested to respond.

III. Arousing the Public Conscience, by Frances E. Willard.

To my mind the most difficult and important task we have before us is to impress upon the average mind among good men and good women that there is such a thing as the "age of consent." For myself I had reached the age of forty-seven before I ever heard of it; doubtless the phrase may have met my eye, but as Carlyle says, "An ox and a philosopher look out upon the same landscape, and the difference between the impression that it makes upon each one of them is the measure of the difference in the brain behind the eye." No human being was ever yet arrested in conscience until he had first received the arrest of thought. To take the great lethargic public by the shoulder, to point with decisive finger and to shout in its dull ear, "Look there"! — this is really all that any reformer has ever done. The inertia of the mass, whether of matter or of men, is what we work against. Reformers are a feeble folk in numbers, wealth and prestige, and it proves the tendency towards goodness in the majority of mankind, that with instruments so feeble reforms have had successes so infallible. Just so soon as it becomes well understood in the homes of this country that by the common law, a girl of ten years, who cannot legally give away her pocket handkerchief or sell her doll, is held responsible equally with her strong, relentless and doughty assailant for the sale of herself in a crime of which two only are capable, just so soon will the moral sense of the home revolt against this barbaric reminiscence of those dark ages when all women were the property of all men. Unless women had been at some time objects of barter, no such law could ever have been made; and if I were asked the greatest hindrance to that optimistic view of the physically stronger sex which I have always held and still hold, I should say, the original enactment by men of the law of consent and its enforcement by men appointed for the purpose.

When in 1886 (as a sequel of William T. Stead's purity crusade in London) the white ribbon women of this country learned that such laws were on our statute books, and that in the state of Delaware the age of equal responsibility with man was, on a girl's part, seven years, we at once declared ourselves determined to "clean house" in a governmental sense, until this record of defilement should be washed away. With this in view we organ-

ized, in the national convention in 1886 at Philadelphia, the department of work for the promotion of purity, of which I was made superintendent,* and from that date to this we have steadily prosecuted the work along the lines of prevention, education and legislation. In prosecuting this work I called to my aid my former pupil, Dr. Kate C. Bushnell, now so well known for the remarkable achievement of herself and her associate, Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, in securing the enforcement of laws for the prevention of vice in the British army in India.

Appeals were sent to every religious denomination in the United States, and W. C. T. U. representatives in each state and territory went before the legislature carrying petitions through which the effort was made to secure better laws for the protection of women. In several of the states the age of consent was raised from ten to sixteen years, and in many, heavier penalties were attached to laws for the punishment of wicked men. In Kansas the age of consent was raised to eighteen years, the highest known, and in the United States Congress a bill was passed in response to our petitions, raising the age to sixteen. (Mrs. Ada Bittenbender of Nebraska, aided by United States Senator Henry W. Blair, was largely instrumental in securing this advance.) I shall not go farther into the statistics, as they will doubtless be furnished by others. White Cross and White Shield pledges were circulated by hundreds of thousands of copies, the demand for these being greater than for the literature of the temperance propaganda; these pledges were prepared by our society and printed by the Woman's Temperance Publishing House, at the Woman's Temperance Temple, Chicago.

White ribbon women throughout the world have long felt that the Siamese twins of vice are strong drink and the degradation of woman. Our study of the former has led us to acknowledge that any blow struck at either of these abominations tells equally upon the other; for their relation, always close, has in these days, when the liquor traffic has fallen more and more under the ban of public sentiment, and when high license has increased the temptation of the saloon keeper to furnish various attractions that he may increase his custom, become one of actual interdependence. We have based this department of our work, as from the beginning we have based every other, on the sure foundation of the education of the public mind in order to the arousing of the public conscience. Every local union is supposed to hold regularly its "Mother Meetings," at which different aspects of the purity movement are passed in review, and leaflets are distributed showing the necessity of educating children to know the laws of their own being, the relation of dress to vice, the pitfalls

* Dr. Mary Wood Allen, Ann Arbor, Mich., is our present superintendent.

for our boys, the predisposing causes of impurity, the relation of the laws of hygiene to habits of purity, the evils of the use of narcotics and many other kindred topics. The petition sent out by our society to every state and territory is as follows; I give the exact form: —

Petition of the
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
for the
PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

(N. B. — Attach paper for signatures. Print in local papers; get editorial in favor; urge that petition be clipped from the paper and circulated.)

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The increasing and alarming frequency of assaults upon women, and the frightful indignities to which even little girls are subject, have become the shame of our boasted civilization.

A study of the statutes has revealed their utter failure to meet the demands of that newly-awakened public sentiment which requires better legal protection for womanhood and girlhood.

Therefore we, men and women of ———, State of ———, do most earnestly appeal to you to enact such statutes as shall provide for the adequate punishment of crimes against women and girls. We also urge that the age of consent be raised to at least eighteen years; and we call attention to the disgraceful fact that protection of the person is not placed by our laws upon so high a plane as protection of the purse.

It is almost impossible to separate the work for raising the age of consent from the other lines that are intended to converge in the pledge of the White Cross, which reads as follows: —

I promise to treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and try to help my younger brothers.

To use all possible means to fulfil the command, "Keep thyself pure."

The White Shield pledge is for women and is as follows: —

I promise, by the help of God, to uphold the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

To be modest in language, behavior and dress.

To avoid all conversation, reading, art and amusements which may put impure thoughts into my mind.

To guard the purity of others, especially of the young.

To strive after the special blessing promised to the pure in heart.

But under all the work for purity lie two principles which must be established before we can ever hope for a genuine and an abiding success. First, *We must have such knowledge, conscience, custom and law as will establish an equal standard of purity for boys and girls, youths and maidens, men and women.* The white

THE BLACK LIST OF STATES.

Below we give the black list of states, showing the limit at which fathers, brothers and husbands have placed the age at which *a little girl may consent to her ruin:*—

TEN YEARS.
Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina.

TWELVE YEARS.
Kentucky, Louisiana, Texas, Wisconsin.

THIRTEEN YEARS.
Iowa, New Hampshire, Utah.

FOURTEEN YEARS.
Arizona, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, West Virginia.

FIFTEEN YEARS.
Delaware, Montana.

SIXTEEN YEARS.
Arkansas, Colorado, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington.

SEVENTEEN YEARS.
Florida.

life for *two* is the only decent, not to say reasonable life, and unless shared by both fractions of the human integer it is physically impossible to lead that life. Second, *The sanctity of motherhood must be respected to such degree as shall make a wife the unquestioned arbiter of her own destiny.* So far as this supreme relation is concerned she must surrender in marriage no right that is not equally surrendered by the partner of her joys and sorrows. The *femme couverte* is not a character appropriate to our peaceful, homelike communities, although she may have been and doubtless was a necessary figure in the days when women were safe only as they were shut up in castles and when they were the booty chiefly sought in war. At the same time any law that renders less binding the mutual, lifelong loyalty of one man and one woman to each other, which is the central idea of every home, is a curse to that home and to humanity. Around this union, which alone renders possible a pure society and a permanent state, the law should throw its utmost safeguards, and upon this union the gospel should pronounce its most sacred benediction; but the husband of the modern woman will not have the right to will away her unborn child; to control her property; to make the laws under which she is to live; to fix her penalties; to try her before juries of men; to cast the ballot for her, and, in general, to hold her in the estate of a perpetual minor.

It will not do to let the modern man determine the "age of consent," settle the penalties that men shall suffer whose indignities and outrages upon women are worse to them than death, and by his exclusive power to make all laws and choose all officers, legislative, judicial and executive, thus leaving his own case wholly in his own hands. To continue this method is to make it as hard as possible for a man to do right, and as easy as possible for him to do wrong. The magnificent possibilities of manly character under higher and holier conditions are best prophesied from the fact that under such a system as we have endured throughout the centuries, so many men are good and gracious.

IV. The Primary Source of Age-of-Consent Legislation, by A. H. Lewis, D. D.

The age-of-consent legislation is so entirely foreign to Christianity, so inconsistent with Christian civilization, that we are compelled to wonder whence it came. It violates every principle of purity which Christ laid down in His interpretation of the seventh commandment. The follies of society and the fires of lust are not sufficient to create such an outrage on womanhood.

It must be a heritage from some dark past. The struggle against it, in which so few are earnestly engaged, and concerning which so many are indifferent, shows that the public mind is poisoned from some fountain far away. Fundamental causes, far-reaching and persistent, must have combined to create a stream which so pollutes and shames the closing years of this century.

Ancient Sex Worship.

The worship of the heavenly bodies is the oldest and most widely diffused form of paganism. This centres around the worship of the sun and moon as the primary sexual principles in the universe. Sex worship was a prominent part of the sun-worship cult. It meets the investigator, ripe as to influence and strong as to its hold on society, at the boundary of the prehistoric period. Some claim that it arose from such regard for life as led to its veneration. There is, however, much evidence that it grew from the baser element that is gratified through the association of the sexes. Whatever the source, the fact is apparent that the gratification of lust was thus sanctified, and that social vice became a form of worship.

Sex worship came into direct contact with the Hebrew religion and with early Christianity. Its fundamental idea was that as the sun represents the creative power in nature, so man represents the male principle in human life; and as the moon goddess yields to the sun god, and the earth passively receives his fructifying power, so man has the right to demand full gratification of lust, with wrong; and woman is bound to yield her virtue as a duty, and as an act of worship to the goddess of lust and love. This system pervaded Oriental, Egyptian, Mexican and American paganism. Perhaps it was less prominent in Northern Europe, but it was practically universal. It created a religious prostitution; it sanctified lust; it made social vice a virtue.

So far as the writer has been able to trace, the demands made by this system were first formulated in legal requirements in ancient Babylonia. According to Herodotus (Book I., paragraph 199) and Strabo (Geography, Book XVI., chapter 1, paragraph 20) every woman in that country was required to yield her virtue at least once, by consorting with any stranger who might demand her presence within the precincts of the temple of Mylitta, i. e., Venus. Having once gone to the sacred shrine, she was not allowed to return home until this was done. A silver coin was given to her, accompanied with the salutation, "The goddess Mylitta prosper thee." She could not refuse this money and henceforth it was deemed sacred. This cult pervaded the entire Chaldeo-Assyrian religion. It appears in the legend of Istar,

and much that is unearthed from the ruins of that lost civilization reveals the influence of this poison upon those countries. If genuine veneration for life existed in the minds of a few, it was lost with the masses, and the voluptuous tendencies of the Orient were fostered and protected by it. Well does De Pressense say: "It is easy to understand how Syria became the cradle of the worship of the great goddess Astarte, who lays her spell on the senses and suffuses universal existence with a flood of delights; but in Syria the goddess never represents anything higher than the reproductive power of nature, set forth in type destitute of artistic grace, but none the less effectual in fanning the passions of this fiery race" ("The Ancient World and Christianity"). So universal was this conception that this voluptuous Astarte was thought to be the very life of men and gods, and of all things created; sea, earth and sky did homage to her as the object of universal worship.

Sex worship still flourishes throughout the Orient. India is permeated with it. The sacred city of Benares has many phallic shrines, at which non-virtuous women are the chief worshippers. The world-famed car of Juggernath may not be reproduced under the camera because of its obscenity. Sex worship still flourishes in Tasmania, Borneo and Australia. It was openly prevalent in German life until the twelfth century, and in French life as late as the fourteenth. The Huguenots found many relics of phallic worship in the churches of France, which they destroyed under the impulse of reform. Abundant traces of it are yet found among the peasants of Italy. Its grosser forms have passed out of organized Christianity, but its traces remain. Whatever reasons may be given for refraining from marriage during Lent, the idea had its origin in the mourning of Venus for her lost Adonis. Easy virtue, and the enormous rate of illegitimate births which abound on the continent of Europe, attest the presence of this poison in the social life of the Old World. Phallic symbols taken from the doorways of the churches in ancient Ireland, and unfit for public eye, are accessible to the investigator. Whoever looks upon the private museum at Naples does not wonder that Vesuvius buried Pompeii.

The germs of age-of-consent laws are found in the legislation of Solon at Athens as early as 600 B. C. He aimed to meet the demands of passion which sex worship had cultivated, by establishing legalized brothels. He purchased women and fixed prices for indulgence. As a business it soon became profitable to the government. Certain privileges were granted to the women in return. Thus that which pagan religion had sanctified, pagan statecraft converted into a commercial value. The

commercial power of social vice in the United States is the modern form of Solon's scheme.

A similar system grew up in Rome at a later period. "Fornication" is derived from *fornix*, an arch, because the Roman brothels were at first located in vaults or arches in the outskirts of the city. They were also called *lupanares*, a place where she wolves dwell. Registration began in Rome about 180 B. C., when an edile of the city, attempting to quell a disturbance in a brothel, was cruelly beaten by the women. In retaliation the prostitutes were taxed, under a form of license. This system spread widely with the conquests of Rome, and became very popular. Caligula, of infamous memory, established a brothel in the imperial palace, and profited by the receipts therefrom. Regulation, of which our age-of-consent laws are a form, was the direct product of decaying Roman paganism, of effete sex worship.

Regulative legislation began among English-speaking people by the licensing of a group of houses of prostitution in the city of London near Westminster, in 1161 A. D. *The bishop of Winchester received the financial returns from this sale of virtue.* The provisions of Parliament, in the eighth year of Henry II., require that the "stewholders" should allow courtesans to come and go at will, and that all courtesans should be single women. The room rented to a woman should not cost her more than fourteen pence a week; the brothels to be closed on "holy days"; any prostitute might leave her calling if she chose, detention being forbidden; no women professing religion or being married could be admitted; no woman having taken money could turn her visitor out before morning. Soliciting was forbidden. Diseased women must not be kept, and brothel keepers could not sell food, prepared or unprepared, nor coal or wood. All this was under sanction of Parliament, and the bishop received the rents paid for these brothels. It was Babylonian paganism in English dress.

The more immediate fountain head of age-of-consent legislation in the United States, is found in the double standard of morality for the sexes. This is the modern form of sex worship which found expression in the laws of Babylonia. Too much cannot be said against this double standard. The Hebrew religion, and Christianity, which is its spiritual efflorescence, condemn such unjust distinction. It is as strange as it is sad that women are yet found who favor the degradation which ancient sex worship put upon their sisters, under the false plea that some must sin that others may be safe. And worse still, many men openly avow the right and the privilege of seeking lustful gratification, wherever it may be found, for a money consideration.

This is the modern form of the sacred coin, to furnish which was the only obligation placed upon men under the ancient system.

Through all these influences has sprung that legislation which enacts that innocent girlhood may, at the earliest possible age, barter for the most trival reward, or worse still for none at all, her greatest treasure, her one badge of womanhood. And lest men be called to account and made to suffer, the age-of-consent laws stain our statute books with provisions which shield them unless it be proved that girlhood resists with all possible physical ability; less than that is "legal consent." The whole story was told in a sentence by a prominent lawyer of New York City a few years ago, when efforts were made to raise the age of consent in that state; being appealed to, he replied that the age sought "would be altogether too hard on the men." What an echo from Babylonia — and hell!

In view of what has been, and of the existing results as they appear on our statute books, every lover of purity, every friend of manhood and every defender of womanhood must be moved to a deeper sense of the shame and wickedness of these laws. Born in the vilest union between ancient sex worship and animal lust, persisting in their poisonous course along the currents of history, strengthened through Greek culture and Roman power, revived amid the degradation of English life at the close of the Dark Ages, these laws have come to us, a terrible inheritance; vile, vicious, abhorrent. Happy will it be, indeed, if such efforts as that in which THE ARENA is now taking part, shall soon erase them from statute books which ought to embody only Christian laws. It is not enough that the age of consent be "raised." *It must be erased.* It is unchristian; it ought to be un-American. It is a shame and crime against manhood, and a triple crime against girlhood. It outrages motherhood. It leads boys and men into vileness and degradation. It should no longer remain that our statutes, for the sake of protecting male animals, thus make war on the purity of both sexes, and on all that is best in our civilization which bears the name of Christian. Let such facts as these fan the flames of public opinion until all age-of-consent laws mingle with the ashes of a dead past.

V. A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF THESE LAWS, BY O. EDWARD JANNEY, M. D.

The question at once arises, Why an age of consent at all? Why should any age limit be fixed, beyond which a girl may consent to her own ruin? The answer to this brings us at once to a consideration of the sharp distinction between immorality and criminality. An act may be immoral and yet not criminal.

An immoral act becomes criminal when done in violation of a law which defines the crime. Thus unchastity is criminal up to the "age of consent"; after that time it is immoral, but not criminal.

It may reasonably be asked, What good may be expected from the agitation which has for its object the raising of the "age of consent" several years above the present low limit? The object of law is twofold — to punish the offender and to prevent others from committing offences. It is the second of these effects of the enforcement of law that accomplishes the most practical good. It is now a recognized maxim that a penalty for crime should not be administered as punishment, but as a means of reformation. The chief aim of the penalty is, however, to deter others from breaking the law.

It is along this line that good will come from the enactment of laws which raise the age of consent. Several more years will thus be provided, during which the unchaste act is not merely immoral but criminal. Being a crime in the eye of the law, with a penalty attached — in this state* death — men will be deterred from thus offending, and the maiden will be allowed to develop into the woman before she can consent to this form of degradation. These three or four added years of comparative safety will be an incalculable blessing, and the effort to obtain them is worthy the best efforts of our best people.

It is true that the ancient belief that woman is the natural prey of man, has, to a great extent, been superseded by the nobler thought that she should look to him for protection from wrong and degradation; but the old belief still obtains among certain classes of men. These, not actuated by noble impulses but ruled by their animal natures, require the restraining influence of the law; and these are the men against whose lust should be interposed the bar of age.

Until 1890, the age of consent in Maryland was ten years; it was then raised to fourteen. It is still as low as this in some other localities.

Now it is evident that no possession is so precious to a woman as her honor. The law does not allow her to possess property in her own right, nor dispose of it to others, until she is eighteen years of age, and yet it allows her to yield up her honor in childhood, at a period when, in her innocence and lack of knowledge of worldly evil, she knows not what she does. Accustomed to look up to her elders and obey their requests, she is easily persuaded to consent to the solicitations of a man, usually older than herself, and thus, unwittingly, yields all. Yes, the law throws safeguards about the child's property, but leaves her

*Maryland.

open to the loss of that which is infinitely more valuable to her than gold, houses, lands or jewels; more valuable to her than even life itself — her honor. Rather should the age of consent be placed above eighteen years than under it. Let chastity be valued above money.

It should be remembered, also, that the judgment is developed by observation, study, experience and the habit of weighing evidence. A child of fourteen years is only beginning to observe and to study; has had no experience of the world, and knows nothing of how to weigh evidence. It follows, then, that such a child's judgment cannot be trusted. Men, therefore, and rightly, do not entrust important affairs of business, of state, of religion, or even of social life to children of fourteen years, nor allow such to marry; and yet they are credited with sufficient judgment to decide as to what pertains to their vital and probably eternal welfare. Girls are allowed to decide so important a question at a time when they are still wearing short dresses and playing with dolls, and would hardly be entrusted with the care of a watch or the driving of a horse!

In fixing the age of consent it should be borne in mind that some girls are older at fifteen than others at eighteen; that owing to lack of mental or physical development, heredity or environment, or all combined, some girls are mere children until eighteen years of age, and at fourteen are hardly equal to other girls at ten. It is manifestly unjust to subject such children to the dangers arising from the lust of men, as would follow from placing the age of consent at fourteen years, since this would, in such cases, be equivalent to placing it at nine or ten. The only plan which would not be grievously unjust to this class of girls, would be to fix the age of consent at eighteen years. If, then, the object of fixing the age of consent is to decide upon a time when a young woman's mind has developed sufficiently to form an intelligent opinion upon an important subject, it seems evident that no such time can be said to exist under the age of eighteen.

Viewed from the medical standpoint, the case is equally clear. The man who would assault the integrity of a young girl is reasonably sure to be physically diseased. Those who have not carefully investigated this subject, or who have not had it thrust upon their attention, as has the physician, would certainly be shocked at the physical condition of the libertine and alarmed as to its results. The diseases which result from the violation of sexual laws are particularly revolting, persistent and destructive to vitality. They belong to the class of affections produced by the action of animal poisons, and the virus, in many cases, seems to invade every tissue and interfere seriously with the proper

action of every organ. Once this poison has been received into the system, years must elapse before it can be expelled, and in the meanwhile irremediable damage has been done. Moreover the diseased condition is capable of transmission to offspring. It has been recently proved to the satisfaction of physicians that even the lighter forms of such disease, in men, are capable of producing in women, after marriage, some forms of those affections of the pelvic organs which are now so common, and which result in lifelong invalidism or require the use of the surgeon's knife.

It is safe to say that a girl of fourteen or sixteen years knows nothing of the existence of such diseases in men. It is something that does not enter into her thoughts. Too often, however, in her childish innocence and inexperience, intimate relation with a man who has dipped into impurity, brings to her a sudden and bitter knowledge, as loathsome disease stares her in the face, and she perceives the seal of impurity impressed upon herself. Had she been older, it is fair to say she would have had sufficient judgment to escape such a fate. Surely the manhood of this nation will not longer permit such a danger to threaten its young womanhood.

Viewed from any standpoint, there would be a decided gain were the age of consent universally raised to eighteen years. If by such an action even one girl out of ten thousand should be saved from a life of impurity, the action would be wise and humane; and the number saved would in reality be far greater than this. May the noble among men unite in this effort to protect woman from wrong and degradation!

VI. The Age of Consent in Tennessee, by Will Allen Dromgoole.

To the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is due the credit and principal glory of having the age of protection changed from ten to sixteen years in Tennessee. These noble women fought heroically for eighteen years but were compelled to compromise at last on sixteen years and one day. The agitation which led to the passage of the bill arose from a resolution in the East Nashville Union appointing Mrs. Mary P. Bang, of Nashville, Tenn., general vice-president, to prepare an open letter to the Tennessee legislature on the subject. This strong and stirring appeal appeared in the *Evening Banner* on Saturday, and the following Monday two bills were introduced in the house of representatives; one by Mr. Milburn of Greene County asking that the age of protection be raised to eighteen years; the other by Mr. Babb of Shelby County asking that it

be made sixteen years. These two gentlemen, however, fought hand in hand and with all their might for the measure. They were supported by the *Banner*, in which many articles had appeared urging the passage of the Milburn Bill. Letters were written to every Women's Christian Temperance Union in the state requesting the members to see or write their representatives in the interest of the measure for the protection of young girls in Tennessee.

Miss Willard was called upon for a copy of the law raising the age of consent in some other states. Miss Willard referred the letter to Aaron M. Powell, who replied that if the age of consent in Tennessee was but ten years it had been recently lowered, as the secretary of state had informed him that the age was thirteen. Some valuable time was lost investigating the matter and it was found that the secretary of state was mistaken. Then came a season of reflection and of doubt as to who could be persuaded to introduce the measure and steer it through the legislature. On Jan. 2, 1894, appeared the heroic appeal from Mrs. Bang, urging the assembly to remove the "foul blot of Tennessee's age of consent from her escutcheon; and to grant the honor of her girls at least as much protection as was accorded her property." Two days later the bills were introduced.

The Christian Temperance women watched every movement by the enemy to circumvent the cause of higher morality, and worked incessantly to overcome all obstacles placed in the way of the raising of the age of consent. Immediately after Mr. Milburn introduced his bill a number of leading members of the Union wrote to thank him and to offer their services for any assistance they might be able to render toward advancing the measure. He replied at once, giving the substance of the bill, and requesting that those interested in the measure petition the legislature in its interest. This was promptly done. A letter was also written to the editor of the *Banner* thanking him for a line, friendly to the measure, that had appeared in his columns, and begging his continued assistance and coöperation. His response was prompt and noble, and altogether characteristic of the man. Mountains of correspondence were sent out; ministers were urged to go to work for the bill; women who had never written a line for the press in their lives, and women who had written much, all alike took up arms for the great cause.

In the meantime the two bills had passed their second reading and had been referred to the judiciary committee. The real fight over a measure is never made until it comes up for the third and last reading. Before the committee had acted upon the bills Mr. Milburn was called home by illness in his family, and his bill was left practically without a champion. When its

author returned he learned that the judiciary committee had rejected his bill and recommended that of Mr. Babb, amended, however, so as to make the age of protection "*twelve years.*" And right here as good luck, or providence, would have it, the legislature took a recess of about four weeks.

While the law makers "recessed" the women worked. Such a tempest was raised that the noise of it reached the absent members in their homes, from the lowlands upon the west to the farthest mountain tops of the east. The papers were full of it. The "infamous law" was denounced in terms scarcely less strong than the action of the committee called forth. Mothers, fathers, brothers, took up the cry. The pulpit in several instances also spoke in no uncertain way. The columns of the press were not allowed to cool. From Carter to Shelby, be it said to their credit, they took up with one voice the cry of denunciation, and demanded the passage of a bill for the protection of young girls in Tennessee. Only one or two articles appeared against it. The *Nashville Christian Advocate* came out in an editorial denouncing the action of the judiciary committee as "worthy a parliament of Hottentots." It furthermore threatened if the bill, as the committee recommended it, should become a law, to publish the names of its supporters in a manner that would be anything but agreeable to those supporters. When the legislature convened they found public opinion too hot for them.

The ministers of the city met in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. March 13 to protest against the action of the judiciary committee, and to appoint a committee of ministers to petition the legislature to "fix the age of consent at eighteen years." This committee consisted of Rev. D. C. Kelley of the Methodist church, Rev. R. Lin. Cave of the Christian church, Rev. R. S. Gardner of the Baptist church, Dr. S. H. Chester and Rabbi Lewinthal.

Petitions came in from all quarters, and were presented day by day by Mr. Milburn. Mrs. Lide Merriwether and other heroic women were making speeches over the state and at the capital.

When the day set for the final reading arrived the galleries and lobbies were filled with prominent people interested in the bill. It was argued for hours; and many and original were the speeches made against it. One member regarded the measure as the most pernicious that had ever come before the house, and thought it would cause no end of blackmail and injustice. Another used as an argument against raising the age to eighteen years that girls knew as much at twelve as they did at eighteen. One said that a child of ten knew right from wrong. One argument was that it made no distinction between black and white; protesting that the shot-gun remedy was the best that had ever been invented for the protection of virtue. One member declared

that an eminent lawyer had told him that if the bill passed it would so crowd the dockets of the courts that business would be materially blocked. Another, thinking the final end had come, turned to the galleries and "hoped this incident would teach the women not to be petitioning the legislature concerning things they knew nothing about."

After various amendments the bill was put to the final vote with the amendment that fixed the age of consent at sixteen years and one day. The vote stood sixty-six to twenty-nine, and was followed by numerous explanations from those who had opposed it. It passed the senate, after some argument, without a dissenting voice. "All due to the women," the world said, and for once the world was right; though to be sure the women were not without, nor could they have moved without, the good men who shouldered their cause and helped to push it through.

The day has gone by when woman may be silenced by the old "You don't know." The man who hopes to silence her must invent some stronger quietus than that. Because she *does* know; she has informed and is still informing herself, upon all the great questions of the day; nor does she rank second in knowledge, at all events. If St. Paul ever did the world a wrong it was when he recommended that the women "be silent." This has been so often used against woman's public speech that the old mountaineer who declared that "Jesus Christ His own se'f said, Don't let the women talk out in meet'n'," was not alone in his ignorance as to the author of the much quoted phrase.

VII. Another Physician Speaks, by Emily Blackwell, M. D.

By fixing the age of legal majority the state declares that under this age young people have not the experience nor the maturity of judgment which would qualify them for independent action in matters of importance affecting their own interests. They are in consequence made incapable of such action. Their consent cannot relieve a guardian from responsibility in the management of their property. Except in a few exceptional cases they cannot make a contract which will be binding when they come of age. A minor cannot legally marry without the consent of the guardian. Surreptitious marriage with a minor is an offence punishable by law, and such a marriage can be annulled upon the application of the guardian. Thus their power of action is, in their own interest, so limited that their consent is not sufficient to make valid even perfectly legitimate transactions, nor does it avail to protect adults who assume it as sufficient authority.

Even in crime youth is allowed as an extenuating circumstance, from the general feeling that the young are less able to resist external influences, and are less responsible for their actions than the adult. The establishment of reformatories for juvenile offenders testifies to the belief that their characters are still unformed for good or for evil.

In the case of girls the state has not only extended exceptional protection to them as minors in reference to their legitimate social relations, it has also established a sort of legal majority in reference to those that are illegitimate. It has fixed an age below which girls are held to be incompetent of assent to such illegitimate relations. "Consent," as it is termed, varied in all the different states, until recently, from the age of seven to twelve years, and in many of them it is still only ten or twelve. This arrangement amounted virtually to the protection of children only of the years during which the physical abuse of children is so brutal an offence as to excite indignation even among the majority of persons of vicious life. The protection accorded in other respects to minors was distinctly and emphatically withdrawn from girls during the first few years of early womanhood, when it is most needed.

Such legislation is directly in the interests of vice. The line is drawn just where those who are interested in vice would have it. It is certainly as illogical as cruel that at an age when a girl's consent is not held sufficient for legal marriage, it should be held sufficient to justify her destruction. A man may not legally marry the minor daughter of another without his consent, but he is legally free to seduce her if he can.

It would seem that our present legislation was influenced more by respect for property, than by consideration for personal protection. Virtually it is effective only in regard to the well-to-do class in which property considerations enter largely into the question of marriage. In this class the daughters live at home, under the protection of parents and family connections, to mature age. The only danger to which they are actually exposed is to that of an imprudent marriage, and against that the law fully protects them.

The case is entirely different with the majority of girls where poverty obliges them to go to work as soon as they are capable of earning. Ignorant, inexperienced, impulsive, they enter the great world of work, usually into wearisome and ill-paid labor, under the control and direction of men. For except in domestic service, girls do not come much in contact with the great body of respectable elder women who should be their natural guides. These are withdrawn from the world of industry, and are occupied in domestic life, and those whom the girls do meet in work

are usually not in positions of influence or authority. It is with men largely that the girls deal, and upon them they depend for direction and occupation. Even in domestic service girls are removed from home life, and thrown among associates of the most varied character, and for whom the mistress usually feels little responsibility. There is no class in society so helpless, so surrounded by temptation, as young working girls just growing up. They are surrounded by a network of snares and pitfalls. For this is the class which is coveted as a prey by the licentious and by those who live by pandering to licentiousness.

Though unacknowledged and working under cover, there is virtually an organized system of temptation, controlled by old experienced agents of vice, aiming to sweep as much of this fresh material as possible into their nets. How constant and insidious this work is, what craft and what indirect means are employed to entice young girls into some of the many devious paths that lead downward, can only be realized by those whose attention and thought have been especially called to the subject. The testimony given before the committee of Parliament in reference to the working of the Contagious Diseases Act, and in reference to the international traffic in girls, are full of terrible testimony to the extent of youthful prostitution in great cities, to the endless ways in which the victims are tempted or entrapped, and the difficulty of escape when once they fall into bad hands. The experience of all societies that deal with the young, the history of the Michigan lumber camps, all tell the same story, with endless variations, of the dangers which encompass these years of early womanhood on its first entrance into work of all kinds outside of the home.

Society unconsciously works into the hands of the tempters. As cruelly severe toward women as it is criminally indulgent toward men in these respects, it is enough for a girl to be compromised, or even suspected, to make it difficult for her to obtain employment and keep in the ranks of the honest. The whole situation grows out of the different standard of virtue for men and women, that while chastity is the one absolute prerequisite to social consideration and even to decent life among women, it is regarded as an absolutely impossible virtue in men. Consequently seduction is a minor offence in a man — though it means destruction to the woman. Virtually a man who seduces a young woman commits a greater crime than if he killed her, as moral death is a greater misfortune than physical death. Would not most parents consider the death of a daughter a less misfortune than that she should take the first step toward a life of vice?

So long as the state acknowledges any special obligation toward minors in protection of property and person, it is cer-

tainly bound by duty and interest to extend it to those who most need it. To assume that a girl of fourteen or fifteen is not to be trusted in making a legal marriage, but that a girl of eleven or twelve is competent to understand and accept the consequences of an illegitimate connection, is a glaring absurdity, only to be accounted for by the different motives on which such action is based. No reason can be given for the low age of consent that would not tell equally upon every restriction on the freedom of minors. It is surely to the interest of the state that its girls should grow up to virtuous women. It cannot be its interest to facilitate the work of those who would compass its destruction, in order to increase the temptations to vice, already too powerful, which surround young men.

Wherever the age of protection has been raised the result has been for good only. It acts as a deterrent upon those who would mislead youth. It strengthens the hands of the individuals and societies who work for the protection and help of friendless youth. It would seem sufficient to state the case fairly to accomplish the end, but the great, long-continued effort that has been needed to partially accomplish this end testifies to the contrary. And constant vigilance is needed to keep even what is gained. Vice is always watching its opportunity. Two years ago a bill to lower the age of consent to its old standard came very near passing the New York legislature, and was only defeated by the timely effort of a single member. It is said to be good policy to do what your enemy opposes, and there is no doubt that all the vicious element of our cities is opposed to our efforts. They recognize that our present legislation is just what is to their advantage.

It is often objected to the advocates of woman suffrage, that women can have all the legal rights they can justly claim without it, that men are always ready to remove any proved injustice to them. Yet the fact remains that the first states to raise the age of consent to that of majority, were those in which women had a direct voice in politics— Wyoming and Kansas. There can be no doubt that had women a share in legislation the present agitation would be unnecessary, for these disgraceful enactments would long ago have been erased from our statute books. Indeed they would never have been placed there in the first instance.

So long as the state assumes any obligation on the matter, the only just and logical ground to take is that the age of consent should be raised to that of legal majority.

THE NEW POLITICS.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

About the middle of March, 1893, the omnivorous newspaper published a despatch purporting to be the record of a conversation had by Mr. Frederick Alter of Cincinnati with President Grover Cleveland. Its accuracy not having been denied, the despatch may therefore be regarded as authentic. In it Mr. Cleveland is stated to have said: —

> This country is going to have the hardest times . . . it has experienced in many years . . . but I don't intend to raise my hand to prevent it. What this country needs and must have is an object lesson. We must have hard times and business failures and bankruptcy and a certain amount of distress, before Congress will realize its duty and perform it. I propose to give the country an object lesson.

Snow falls on mountain peaks, down steep slopes, piles high in deep gorges, and rests along edges of precipice and shelving rock. No hand placed it there, for weal or woe. Natural causes operative in themselves were behind the base precipitation. But with what care, if present, the mountaineer avoids physical disturbance. To so small an agency may grim disaster be due! The slip of a mountain goat, the passage of a bewildered beast, a falling stone or even the timid step of a human being, may set in motion the tremulous mass. Silently it gathered! Unfelt at first, yet it moves, swiftly accelerating with momentum. The village below rests in its fated security, and there is no escape. Hut and home are crushed — man and beast alike find swift graves! What would be done by an endangered community to one known to be indifferent to such danger — ready even to welcome its horrors?

By this declaration, the president precipitated disaster. His ominous words set in motion the vibrations of terror. Within a month the horrors of contraction were upon us. The action of Congress was not waited for. Money was withdrawn from active circulation. Hundreds of millions were locked up in idleness. Construction ceased; manufactories closed; railroads were made bankrupt; credit dried up. Shop and basket, store and bucket, were empty. The children "clemmed" with hunger; parents and workers grew gaunt and wolfish. Every cowardly purse in the land tightened its strings. The hideous "Tramp! tramp!"

of the homeless, workless and breadless, resounded through long days and nights. President Cleveland doubtless chuckled as he proposed "to give the country an object lesson" in misery such as this land, at least, has never before witnessed. But the people raged. What they think of the "object lesson" and the boasting thereof, was seen in unmistakable fashion on Tuesday the sixth day of November last.

Perhaps the voting was as unwise as the jelly-fish sibilance of the White House oracle on the eleventh of March, 1893, just twenty months before, but it was certainly aimed in a different spirit. The weapon may not have been directed aright. John Sherman's utterances indicate that. But the People's motive stood behind their ballots. That is most transcendently clear, trenchant and direct. In seeking to avoid elemental issues the Democracy trafficked only in petty effects. "Tariff reform," as juggled with, could result only as Tom Corwin said of the pro-slavery compromises in ante-bellum conflicts, "saddling the country with lawsuits." Nothing could be decided and incompetency stood helpless and utterly nude.

The Republican majority embodied far more the stern utterances of discontent than it gave the shrill shouts of party victory. It was in truth the scornful rejection of another paradox. Blindly, it represents an imperative demand for economic security. It stands for industrial order, and was a loud protest from the depths. For there is nothing so conservative as industry. Security is its imperative need. Order must be its controlling law and equity alone can command these. Civilization travels on its stomach — that is, the food supply. When economic life is so organized that it competes for profit upon the eructations of hunger, the inevitable and inexorable law of resistance arrives. That veneered anarchy, plus constable and cannon, which gambles for gain in labor's living needs, is a menace to order and the destroyer of civilization. The industrial democracy will not submit, but true to its dominating law of order it seeks all peaceful roads, however futile the goals to which they lead.

The "new politics" at least embody an intelligent effort to comprehend the causes of economic insecurity and social misery. They represent a conservative demand for the restoration to public well-being, of functions and powers ignorantly betrayed to privilege, or consciously stolen through crafty manipulation. Not all, perhaps a bare majority only, of the two million voters who have enlisted under the new party banners, fully understand the issues involved. But they all comprehend the justice of its stern and general demand *that public functions shall be restored to public control*; *that private profit thereon shall cease, and that*

the property of the commonwealth shall be administered by its chosen representatives, for the sole advancement of the commonweal. The conscious plunderers were not originally spawned by the tariff. Wage slavery, the monopoly of land, the harlotry of franchises, and the abandonment by the community of its natural property and forces, for the enrichment of corporation and class, in place of their being harnessed for the service of all the people, is the fruitful womb wherein threatening disorder is readily generated.

Confidence in the new politics may at present seem strained. Yet the late overturning should only feed courage. Take Colorado for example. The People's Party vote did not desert Governor Waite. The new suffragans, for whose enfranchisement he and they labored, were made hostile by their functional dread of insecurity. Interests were not slow to place untrained anger upon a personality and not a cause. The governor had to bear the consequences by defeat, which, however, in no way destroys. The change in Kansas is due to Democratic votes — a fact which will not, however, rehabilitate that party anachronism. In 1892, the vote of Kansas was: For Weaver, 163,111; Harrison, 156,134; Bidwell, 4,553; Cleveland, none — a total vote of 323,798. In 1894, the total is about 300,000, of which the People's Party is estimated as having 125,000; the Democracy, 24,000; Prohibition, 6,000; Republican, 155,000. These figures give no reason for despair or doubt even. The gains have elsewhere been large: Illinois and Wisconsin have each added thousands to the tally; Minnesota has doubled its figures; Nebraska chooses a fusion governor; Nevada stands for free silver; California is girding her loins, and San Francisco sits by the sunset sea earliest of municipal victors. But the greatest gain is in the dissolution of the "Solid South." Texas gives about 200,000 votes; Alabama was really carried; North Carolina is glowing with assured victory. Elsewhere the bourbon vote is decaying.

The vote of the People's Party does not fall far short of 2,000,000. In 1892 it reached a total of 1,035,572, that being the number cast for Weaver. The Socialist vote was 21,145, and the Prohibitionist, 262,525. There is every reason for encouragement in these figures. How curiously, too, our political history repeats itself. Let us look at a fleeting view of the story of early Republican struggle. Before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise there was widespread antislavery sentiment but no effective political policy. The efforts of Liberty Leagues and Party, of Free Soilers, Conscience Whigs, etc., can be run parallel with the struggles of Greenbackers, Silverites and Alliance nominations. When slavery struck at Kansas, all became one, just as

when it became evident that Harrison and Cleveland alike were for contraction and ruin at the bidding of Lombard and Wall Streets. We have even paralleled the scenes of 1856 by seeing again a revival of sectarian hostilities and of Knownothingism. Ninety-six, like its prototype of sixty, will doubtless see its departure also to congenial shades.

The parallel runs. Do not those who lived in that wonderful decade preceding the Civil War, thrill again with the memory of the heroic thought, the noble literature, the eloquent voices, the brave and courageous citizens who sought the front of fight for freedom, out there in Kansas, thus beginning the making of the new West which now leads the broader fight for a secure, a just, a holier civilization? Shall not the "new politics" recognize its heroes, statesmen, poets, philosophers, novelists, workers? Look at the names already enrolled for the cause if not yet in the practical party. Count the bead roll — Lyman Trumbull, Henry D. Lloyd, Senators Allen, Peffer, Kyle, Jones and Stewart, Eugene Debs, David H. Waite, Gordon Clark, Marion Todd, Professor Parsons, King, Loucks, Garland, Leavitt, and scores of others able and true. Orators like Mrs. Lease, Lafe Pence, Bryan, William Jackson Armstrong and others that are worthy, respond to the call. Jurists, statesmen, executives, writers, speakers, publicists, are gathering at the front. These forces find their foremost types in the statesman of bimetallism, the industrial leader, and the lawyer and editor who has headed the mountain column. In the distinguished statesman who now raises the gonfalon of the new politics we find the foremost advocate of the dominating factor therein.

Those who know John P. Jones, United States senator for Nevada, comprehend how severe the cost was to him, when in pursuance of his sense of duty he wrote:—

> Having become firmly convinced that the Republican party organization is unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver at the American ratio of sixteen to one, or at all, except with the consent of foreign governments, and at a ratio dictated by them, I have to announce that I can no longer act with that party.

Senator Jones belongs to that class of public men to which public obligations are matters of faith and sincere convictions. The United States Senate Chamber offers a supreme field for character and capacity. The opinion of colleagues therein is a worthy test. On all sides John P. Jones is recognized as a foremost figure in any field on which he may enter. No state has been served with greater fidelity or more untiring zeal than that mountain commonwealth which is represented in the Senate by John P. Jones and William M. Stewart. Senator Jones has from the first lifted the discussion with which his own name and that of his state will be forever interblended, to the greater plane

of national interest and to the lofty height of the security of civilization itself. He has identified the use of the precious metals as money with all the most intimate needs of our struggling humankind. It is apparent, then, that the Nevada senator could no longer act with those who have deliberately, even scornfully, opposed and derided his most sincere convictions. Believing that "The elevation and development of all the people should be the highest aim of the nation," how could he do otherwise?—for "In the presence of false industrial and economic systems political freedom cannot prevail."

Entering the Senate with the somewhat uncertain reputation of a lucky miner suddenly enriched, the cloak room soon recognized the wit, humor, tact and social kindliness which are among his finer gifts. An early occasion gave rise to a remarkable debate on money—one in which he stood exactly opposite to his present position. He advocated a gold standard, defended "intrinsic" value and derided legal tender or "fiat" money. But from that moment he was recognized as the peer of any senator. Time has shown him to be the superior of most of them in profound scholarship, philosophic insight, and a power of both logical and eloquent statement seldom reached in or out of the Senate Chamber. It should be recalled in passing, that when Senator Jones favored the gold standard he was a very large producer of silver. Since he has made himself world famous as the statesman of bimetallism, he and his brother, Samuel Jones, have mined more gold than silver.

A man of the simplest habits and frugal tastes, except as to books and art, his own quiet estimate of himself can be illustrated by a reply recently made to a friend who talked about the preparation of a biography: "Oh, no! There's nothing to say, but dressing and undressing." And this is not merely cynical, but impersonal, which quality enables him to apprehend fully the value of his intellectual work, and the stirring changes it has effected here and elsewhere in current conceptions of the money problems. He is a utilitarian in the highest sense. No issue is treated by him upon any plane but that of racial advancement and human betterment. One other thing may be added, and that is that he can in no way be charged with a desire for political advancement, as in the range of promotion he has reached the highest to which under the constitution he may aspire. John P. Jones was born in England, one year before his parents came to the United States.

"The time contract becomes a weapon of enslavement," he says; artificial changes in the volume "create a rise or fall in the products of labor." "An unchanging volume" may be as disastrous as "one artificially changed. It must increase with demand. . . . Dear money . . . is the evidence of low prices and degraded labor." The policies which

"develop wealth and civilization for a comparatively few, must also be charged with the degradation and starvation of uncounted millions. . . . The greatest of wealth," the senator declares, "resides in applied knowledge," for it "develops man's powers of mind and body, and establishes his dominion over nature. . . . Value is subjective, not objective . . . it resides in the mind. . . . Values are extrinsic . . . qualities are intrinsic." So the money metals possess qualities only, not "values," which are born of "human needs." "Money . . . is a public function. . . . As language is a distributor of ideas — the product of thought, so money is the distributor of property — the product of labor. . . . Under a shrinking volume . . . the conflict between capital and labor is turned into unrelenting war." This done by legislation is a betrayal. The state "is proportionate action for a public purpose," and "the compulsory idleness of willing workers," so produced, "is due to a force that acts upon industrial society like a deadly but odorless gas, which because of its subtle character escapes detection. It is the rapacious and engorging power of an ever-increasing value in the unit of money," constantly requiring "more sacrifice for each dollar represented when the obligation was made. . . . A nation is a great family," and there exists "no moral right to cheapen any member of it. . . . Yet . . . legislation has been in the hands of men who have been consumers without being producers."

The senator retired from the Republican party because convinced that on the money question it was deliberately false. He has always held that the demintage act of 1872 was passed without understanding its character; therefore he still labored with those who did it. The Bland and Sherman Acts he regarded as insufficient efforts to increase the volume of money, but when the Republicans joined hand with the Cleveland Democrats, it was to him a deliberate blow, knowingly delivered. He seeks therefore in the "new politics" the coefficients of harmonious action. The Omaha platform is the only one in which this purpose has been effectually stated.

"Old parties," says the senator, "damn the deserter and often fail to welcome the recruit. . . . But a new party affords opportunity for founding new agitations and conditions;" they rise "from popular aspirations. They do not emanate from the contented and successful. . . . They germinate in unrest. . . . They spring from below. . . . They must keep in touch with the masses. . . . Failing in this all parties petrify." The new politics have indeed gained notably by this accession. It came like the marching of a new corps to a hard pressed battle, like the addition of a new people in the struggle for advancing freedom.

In Eugene V. Debs another type appears, marshalling a force perhaps in numbers more potential even than that which the senator may influence. In this leader of an industrial democracy we discern power as well as ability. An American by birth, with the moulding of the common school and the inheritance of labor; trained by its conflicts and taught to direct by its sufferings, this western man is destined to be one of the potential

factors in our "new politics." One needed but to hear him on the Cooper Union platform to be sure of that. A study of his writings and of other speeches but deepens the conviction that in Eugene V. Debs a man appears! No one would take this tall, lean, somewhat angular, professional-looking man, with his acute, scholarly face, keen eyes hidden by gold-bowed glasses, his clean-shaven cheeks and chin, quiet but precise dress and simple, easy manners, to be (if the name were unknown) the locomotive fireman who, serving and leading over a hundred thousand men, has startled the land and affrighted "the classes," while winning recognition as organizer, leader, agitator. He is a writer and thinker as well as an orator and a leader — and all these in no average sense. This was shown by the Cooper Union speech. Mr. Debs looks like the typical Hoosier schoolmaster who has made his way as a country lawyer.

The Cooper Union platform has welcomed many speakers, but of orators, only a few. One thinks of Abraham Lincoln and the speech of Feb. 22, 1860, which made him the nominee of the Republican party. With all the hallowed tenderness that lingers around the memory of the martyr president, comparisons favorable to the railroad leader cannot be avoided. One is reminded of Ingersoll in listening to Debs, but it is not imitation; it only shows study of a master of oratory. The labor leader has intellect of acute, fine, vigorous character. He handles his themes with practised skill. He marshals his points logically and with acumen, and then illuminates them with flashing wit, keen humor and stern, often savage, sarcasm. There is no display, little effort even at modulation, while his voice, though good and sustained, is a little harsh in timbre — a reminder probably of bitter nights on the flying engine when "firing" was the order of the hour. Yet he holds a great audience in sympathetic bonds and fills it with controlling fervor — touch for touch! It is when you grasp his large, long, well-shaped, sinewy hand, that you feel the grip of toil as well as of sincerity. It is a workingman's hand in the best sense. Taking past and present into due consideration, the Indiana railroader is no less a man of power than was the Illinois lawyer of 1860.

Eugene V. Debs in his own career illustrates both the power of personal study and the educational value of organization; naturally he dwells upon its value: —

"Organizations of working-men are," he said to the World's Fair Labor Congress in 1893, "in active alliance with the school." As editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* (1893) he wrote that "Ignorance is the cause of slavery. . . . In evolution as it relates to animals and plants, the strongest survives, the weak go to the wall. . . . This is sometimes styled 'the survival of the fittest,' but always of the strongest." Applying this to "the labor mind," it has "as a whole unfolded to an extent

productive of amazement. . . . Its active forces bear the stamp of practical wisdom." And in the struggle to be "the fittest or the strongest, labor is developing staying qualities," which are creating "anxiety in the ranks of those who believe themselves to be the favorites of evolution. . . . When the men of labor . . . step forth to be counted, the army, the standing army, of labor, appalls those who surmise . . . that it is simply a machine to be operated for their benefit. . . . Labor organizations, separate as waves but one as the sea, will mass their tremendous powers for self preservation. It is the law — the trend; we shall hope to see its sublime exhibition of power. We should like to see it come as comes the dawn, with pencillings of light and rising orb, advancing in a cloudless sky to a noon of glory. . . . But come it must, either gently or with exhibitions of wrath and terror." He declared to the American Railway Union (June 12, 1894) that he did not "doubt that the time is at hand when wage workers will combine and consolidate for the purpose of righting the wrongs that legislators have brought upon the country by vicious legislation, and that this they will do under some banner, on some platform and by the declaration of some policy, which will, like a tide taken at the flood, lead on to victory. The time is not far distant," he said in his Cooper Union speech, "when there will be another and greater strike — that of labor at the ballot box. . . . I believe in agitation; I don't believe in stagnation. . . . It is absolutely necessary to abolish the wage system. . . . The time is fast approaching when it will melt and flow into the coöperative system. Why should the laborer work to keep another man in idleness?"

For himself and the industrial democracy Mr. Debs has declared for free land, free public functions, unwarped for private profit, for free silver and an increasing volume of money, and for the coöperative commonwealth.

Equally as representative an American, of Pilgrim stock, touching English commonwealth days and those of Colonial and Revolutionary fervor, with the best of our middle-grade training, a lawyer by profession, identified with the higher judiciary by relationship, and, better still, a proved and incorruptible citizen, David Hanson Waite of Colorado, the best-abused and most skilfully lied about of public men, retires from the executive office he has made his fulcum in manly effort to overthrow corruption, prevent disorder and compel obedience to law, with a conviction that "Time maketh all things even," and that ere long no one will more regret their first misuse of the ballot, than the women of the Rocky Mountain cities by whose votes the People's Party of Colorado was partially defeated last November.

Governor Waite, like John P. Jones, is of sturdy Welsh stock. His ancestors — three brothers — came to New England about 1660, settling respectively in Vermont, Connecticut and New York. Joseph Waite was the latter settler, and the Colorado ex-governor is directly descended from him. Chief Justice Waite was descended from John, the brother who remained in Connecticut. David H. Waite was born at Jamestown, N. Y., in 1825, and is therefore now in his seventieth year. He studied

law in his father's office, and practised at Jamestown, removing in 1851 to Princeton, Wis. He soon became a stalwart Republican, and was elected to the Wisconsin legislature. After his return to and marriage in New York (1872), he edited a Republican paper and also served as superintendent of schools and postmaster, stumping for Grant and Wilson in 1872.

His recent experience is not the first he has had in running counter to "established" iniquity. In 1859 he was driven from Missouri, while he was teaching school, at Houston, Texas County, because he was "calamity howler" enough to believe in a free state. In 1861 he was principal of the high school at Warren, Penn. After the second Grant campaign he moved to Larned, Kan., and in 1879 settled at Leadville, later removing to Aspen, Col., where he still resides. He acceptably edited the Aspen *Times* and the Ashcroft *Journal*, practised law, served as police justice and county superintendent of schools; quite a remarkable preparation for a "riotous" governor, though appropriate enough for the training of an honorable man, sensitive to the demands of public duty and civic obligations.

He became disgruntled with the financial policy of the old parties, and in 1891 started a free silver paper — the *Union Era*. Some one has spoken of Judge Waite as the "Abraham Lincoln of the Rockies." There is something apt in the comparison. He is a man of experience, shrewdness, wit and humor at least, if he does not possess all of the self-contained sagacity which marked the martyr president. The essential trouble with David H. Waite is that he is a profound believer in his cause. Not all of those who have affiliated with it do that without an "if" or a "but." The ex-governor does.

Perhaps the speech made by Governor Waite (July 11, 1893) to the State Silver League, has been most grossly misrepresented. There was no secession advocated, as charged, and no revolution proposed. If the other side used force, as they threatened, why then, trouble would come. The keynote of that speech was the declaration of Mr. Lincoln, that "If a debt is created with a certain amount of money in circulation, and then the government contracts the money volume before the debt is paid, it is the most heinous crime which a government can commit against the people." Governor Waite arraigned Congress and the executives from 1873 down to date as criminals, and indicted the "classes" and their allies of the press as receivers of stolen goods. Why not? He declared that those who favored compromise, such as the ratio then proposed, of 22½ to 1, were simply and knowingly aiding "to crystallize all the wrongs and injuries which the money power has inflicted upon the people during the past twenty years." The speech as taken down in

shorthand, not as printed for misrepresentation in the daily press, is now referred to and quoted from.

In referring to the proposition for an "international conference," the governor derided it as a surrender of constitutional duty; as a proposition of subserviency to foreign intervention unworthy of the government. If those in power were unable to manage American affairs or were willing to turn their direction over to foreign interests, there might be needed "another revolution" which would send to Halifax more "British Tories" than our fathers did when the War of Independence closed. This was Mr. Waite's only reference to "revolution." He went on to say of the effects of the heinous crime Abraham Lincoln denounced long before, that cries of agony arose from the "mountains and valleys of Colorado against a policy, the most atrocious since Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and banished from France 500,000 of his people." This sturdy, straightforward hitter asked what should be said of the presidents who dared to "assume to drive into poverty and exile a half million freemen?" After alluding to the fact that our Civil War admitted of "no compromise," he declared that the liberties of sixty-four million people were in peril, and "no banker, no broker, no usurer, and least of all no 'peddling politician,' has it in his power to compromise this tremendous issue."

The governor's closing words have been the most widely and perversely misstated. Here they are: —

> The war has begun. It is the same war which must always be waged against oppression and tyranny to preserve the liberties of man — that eternal warfare of monarchy and monopoly against the right of the people to self government, and which, during the last century, has so conquered the masses as to reduce to pauperism the common people of almost every nation under heaven, except the United States. *Our weapons are argument and the ballot — a free ballot and a fair count. And if the money power shall attempt to sustain its usurpation by "the strong hand," we will meet that issue when it is forced upon us, for it is better, infinitely better, that blood should flow to the horses' bridles rather than our national liberties should be destroyed.*

David H. Waite is a vigorous man for his years. Indeed, he can outride, campaign and overwork many a younger man. Tall, straight as an arrow, spare and sinewy, with bushy gray hair and beard (his hair has been gray since he was twenty-five), his eyes still full of light behind the strong glasses he wears; dressed generally in a neat gray suit; quick of speech, facile and responsive; benevolent by nature, if at times a little brusque in manner, the radical ex-governor, like Senator J. P. Jones and Eugene V. Debs, is a positive force — a personality to be accounted for in the yeoman struggles that march abreast of the new politics. It is impossible to detail the story of the Cripple

Creek miners' strike, or of the governor's perfectly legal attack on the "Soapy Smith" ring of gamblers and police in Denver. The evidence in both cases lies before the writer, proving in the one case that the governor's aim, sustained, too, by the shrewd employers, was to effect settlement by arbitration, and in the other that he but exercised his lawful powers to remove proved corruptionists and conspirators. In the one effort the paid lawyers intervened; in the other bullies and ruffians were sustained by bankers, brokers, trust managers and rich politicians. The courts vindicated the governor. The press derided and falsified.

So it goes. The slaveholder's whip still cracks. But the courageous pistol and bowie knife are replaced by slander and suppression. The virile abuse of ancient editors and compromisers and pro-slavery bullies gives place to a cowardly and organized repression or misrepresentation of such current news of the land as may not suit the interests of the Wall Street gambling column or the exploiting relations of the publisher's counting-rooms. But the work goes forward. American methods are still in vogue, and while the ballot remains, even the possessors of millions may not conquer the land. If it was designed as part of our competitive "civilization" to write despair upon the poor man's lintel, the school house should have been barred half a century ago and the suffrage wrested from its more unfortunate possessors.

"Why hesitate? Ye are full-bearded men,
With God-implanted will and courage if
Ye dare but show it. Never yet was will
But found some way or means to work it out,
Nor e'er did fortune frown on him who dared.
Shall we, in presence of this grievous wrong,
In this supremest moment of all time,
Stand trembling, cowering, when with one bold stroke
These groaning millions might be ever free?
And that one stroke so just, so greatly good,
So level with the happiness of man,
That all the angels will applaud the deed."

EXPERIMENTAL TELEPATHY.

BY T. E. ALLEN.

As children we are open-minded. Our eyes fall upon natural phenomena and the strange forms of utility and art in which the genius of man has fixed itself, and after a few examinations, curiosity is satisfied and the wonder-light dies out. The plastic mind has assimilated them to a certain extent. The telephone obtrudes itself upon an adult, grown sceptical through an experience which has taught him that "things are not what they seem"; but it works, he hears his friend's voice, and the appointment is kept. His incredulity is thus shattered at the first blow, another idea is added to the commonplace, and he is more or less alert to grapple with the next invention that solicits his attention. With the scientist in his laboratory the story is the same. In his mind are more pigeon-holes. Whatever finds a place in them can come in unchallenged; all else must wait outside until it can be scrutinized and cross-examined. The severity of the examination increases with the remoteness of the alleged facts from past experience and thought, for new pigeon-holes are not to be added until they must be.

How shall one compel the construction of a compartment for a new fact? In the last resort, the wise man must witness a strange phenomenon over and over again. Then, the mind gradually becomes wonted to the novel idea, the elements of thought readjust themselves, and a new unity is established, of which the disturbing conception is as much a part as any other. Unfortunately, the phenomena which we are to consider can not themselves be repeated upon these printed pages for the reader's benefit. The next best thing is to present the results obtained by those who have investigated telepathy, in such a manner, if possible, as to carry conviction or, at the very least, as to lead the reader to study the literature of the subject, and, I hope, to make experiments himself.

Telepathy is that kind of action of one mind upon another which takes place without the intermediation of the ordinary channels of sense. The mind acting as the cause is the "agent," and the one influenced or that it is sought to influence is the "percipient." Telepathic phenomena are divided into two classes, experimental and spontaneous. As the former furnish the better

evidence, we shall confine our attention to them. The demonstration of the reality of telepathic phenomena provides us with the most fundamental truth in the realm of psychical science that it is possible to have. It is comparable to gravitation in astronomy. It is conceivable that thought-transference might be of every day occurrence without the slightest valid evidence for the genuineness of spiritualistic phenomena; but the existence of the latter would, in my judgment, necessitate the reality of the former. It will be seen, then, that even for those whose interest in psychical science turns chiefly upon their desire for proofs of a life beyond the grave, the facts of telepathy throw light upon a problem simpler in its nature than, and logically prior in time to, any question whatever related to spiritualistic phenomena. Again, the assumption of a revelation in the domain of religion, if a process under law and not "miraculous," carries with it the same implications just pointed out. The proof of telepathy, too, entitles psychical science to the recognition of all other branches of science either as an entirely new department, or else as a division of psychology with rights and privileges of its own which ought to be and soon will be respected. In other words, telepathy, taken by itself, supplies a *raison d' être* for psychical science which is entirely adequate.

The ancient history of telepathy in the light of recent investigations is as yet unwritten. When this work is undertaken, many cases will probably be found. Mesmeric operators noted a "community of sensation" between themselves and their subjects without, however, bestowing much thought upon it. How far telepathy plays a part in hypnotism is an open question. In many cases it does. The pioneers of the spiritualistic movement in this country were by no means blind to the facts of thought-transference as distinct from spirit communion. In his work, "Man and His Relations" (fourth edition, 1868), Dr. S. B. Brittan gives an account of some of his own experiments in a chapter entitled "Mental Telegraphing." Without attempting, however, to estimate the value of spiritualistic and psychical literature previous to 1882, it is to that year that we must assign a most favorable crisis in the life of psychical science, if not its actual birth into the scientific world. In that year, the Society for Psychical Research was formed in England, and the evidence collected by this body now covers the results of thousands of experimental and hundreds of spontaneous cases of telepathy which, transferred from its "Proceedings," from "Phantasms of the Living" (a work in two volumes, now out of print, sanctioned by the council of the society and devoted primarily to telepathy) and from its archives, would fill several volumes of THE ARENA.

In a review article,* Mr. F. W. H. Myers, one of the authors of "Phantasms of the Living," says that a distinguished American, after reading this work "from beginning to end," wrote "that he did not believe a word of it." In reply, it may be said that he was confronted by this dilemma: — Either the evidence proves telepathy, a phenomenon which, *like all phenomena*, can only rest upon first-hand experience and testimony, and is incapable of being proved or disproved by a rational process applied to alien or neutral phenomena, or else all human testimony is subjected to a strain that, to say the least, would demolish all history, sacred and profane alike. This may appear to some an unwarranted conclusion, but I am satisfied that the sober second thought of a large majority of thinkers would sanction it, were they to weigh the evidence cited. I apprehend that the critic failed to consider the evidence *en masse* as he should have done. A single spontaneous case might seem to be due, for example, to imagination, disease or lack of veracity — though even here *à priori* reasoning is readily carried too far — but when such a *mass* of sifted testimony and experiments is under consideration, the case is far different. Let us turn now to some of these experiments.

In 1883 Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, J. P., a gentleman of high standing in Liverpool, became interested in thought-transference and, with the aid of Mr. James Birchall, honorary secretary of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, carried on an extensive series of experiments with two percipients. In the cases from this series which I shall quote, all present acted as agents by concentrating their minds upon the object selected. In the experiments with contact, one of the agents either clasped one hand of the percipient or laid a hand lightly on the back of her hand.

> Almost all the experiments *with objects* were performed under strict conditions — the "subjects" [percipients] being blindfolded, and the objects placed out of the range of their vision, even had they not been thus incapacitated for observation; and silence being preserved during the progress of the experiments. In other cases the precautions were not so strict; but as the rule has been to record *every* incident, without any exception whatever, the full record is presented.
>
> MALCOLM GUTHRIE.

> My attention, throughout the whole series of experiments, has been mainly directed to the strict observance of the necessary conditions. As far as I am able to judge, the experiments here recorded are unquestionably genuine. . . .
>
> JAS. BIRCHALL.†

The following are *all* of the results obtained upon April 20,

* ARENA, Vol. IV., p. 392.

† Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, Vol. I., pp. 263-64.

1883, so that the reader may estimate the degree of success. I shall indicate also whether with or without contact.

With Contact. Object — A square of pink silk on black satin. Result (spoken by percipient) — "Pink . . . square." Answered almost instantly. O. — A ring of white silk on black satin. R. — "Can't see it." O. — Word, R-E-S, letter by letter. R. — Each letter was named correctly as it was set up on the first trial. O. — Letter Q. R. — "Q," first answer. O. — Letter F. R. — "F," first answer.

Without Contact. O. — A gilt cross held by Mr. G. behind the percipient. R. — "Is it a cross?" Asked which way it was held, the percipient replied, "The right way," which was correct. O. — A yellow paper knife. R. — "Yellow . . . is it a feather? . . . It looks more like a knife with a thin handle." O. — Mr. Steel's Exchange pass ticket (similar to a first class [English] railway contract ticket), maroon colored leather cover. R. — "Is it square? . . . longer one way than the other. . . . a dark reddish color." O. — A pair of scissors, standing open and upright. R. — "Is it silver? . . . No — it is steel . . . It is a pair of scissors standing upright."

Upon April 25 objects were selected in the following order: Word "Puella," letter by letter; a diamond of blue silk on black satin; a dark green circle of silk on black satin; a terra-cotta meerschaum pipe, glazed at the mouthpiece, the stem joined to the bowl by a carved bird's claw; a small toy dog; a dark crimson apple; an orange; an electro-plate teaspoon; a bright steel door key; a red ivory ball; a cross of yellow silk on black satin; the name "Tom," all the letters fixed up to be read at once; a gold watch; a jug cut out in white cardboard; a five-barred gate, cut out in cardboard; an electro-plate egg cup; a toy cat; six of diamonds; same; a white toy bird. Result of this series: correct, 7; partially correct, 6; failures, 8. Ten of these were without contact and gave as a result: correct, 4; partially correct, 3; failures, 3.* This paragraph gives only a digest of the results obtained upon April 25.

The reader will observe that a large variety of objects was used. Summing up a series of 457 experiments in which, in addition to objects of the kinds mentioned, pains, tastes and smells were transmitted with contact, Mr. Guthrie found the following results: Nothing perceived, 70; completely successful, 237; partially successful, 82; misdescriptions, 68; total, 457. Other experiments finally brought the total up to 713. Mr. Frank Podmore, from whose work † these figures are taken says: "The experiments were conducted and the results recorded with great care and thoroughness; and the whole series, in its length, its variety and its completeness, forms perhaps the most important single contribution to the records of experimental thought-transference in the normal state." ‡ Dr. Oliver J. Lodge, Professor of Physics in University College, Liverpool, "carried out a long and independent series of experiments with the same two

* Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, Vol. I., pp. 267-69.

† "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," p. 34.

‡ I would earnestly recommend all who take a serious interest in psychical research or who desire further information upon telepathy to read this book. It is the best compendium of investigations extant — perhaps the only one in English worthy the name. As one of a group of workers which has placed the world under obligations — and especially with relation to this very subject — he is entitled to speak *ex cathedra*.

percipients, and completely convinced himself of the genuineness of the phenomena." He says in his report: "As regards collusion and trickery, no one who has witnessed the absolutely genuine and artless manner in which the impressions are described, but has been perfectly convinced of the transparent honesty of purpose of all concerned." *

The following is a set of 400 trials made in batches of 40 or 50 at a time, in June, 1886, by the Misses Wingfield. . . . The ninety numbers [from 10 to 99 inclusive] . . . were inscribed on ninety slips of paper, and placed in a bowl. Miss M. Wingfield, sitting six feet behind the percipient, drew a slip at random, and fixed her attention on the number which it bore; Miss K. Wingfield made a guess at the number, and the real number and the guess made were at once recorded in the table. The slip of paper was then replaced, the contents of the bowl shuffled, and another draw made haphazard. The most probable number of right guesses for accident to bring about in the 400 trials was 4. The actual number of completely right guesses was 27; in 21 other cases the two right digits were given in reverse order; and in 162 others, one of the digits was given rightly in its right place. The probability which this result affords for a cause other than chance is represented by 47 nines and a 5 following a decimal point; *i. e.*, the odds are nearly two hundred thousand million trillions of trillions to 1. It would be a very inadequate statement of the case to say that, if the waking hours of the whole population of the world were for the future continuously devoted to making similar trials, life on this planet would come to an end without such an amount of success, or anything like it, having been accidentally obtained.†

Far more remarkable results have been obtained when the percipient was hypnotized. In a series of experiments made by Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick with a percipient in this state, using 81 numbers (from 10 to 90); out of 15 trials, 9 were entirely correct, 1 was right on the second trial, and one of the two digits was right in each of the other 5 cases! ‡ Space will not permit me even to catalogue the other kinds of effects produced both in the normal and hypnotic states. The theoretical limit to telepathy can not, with our present elementary knowledge, be placed anywhere short of the production of *every kind of mental state that the agent is capable of experiencing*, and the English Psychical School claims that the subliminal consciousness may also come into play and produce states in the percipient which are *not* active in the agent.

Speaking of the evidence for experimental telepathy, Mr. Podmore says: —

If the reader has been able to accept my estimate of the evidence brought forward in the preceding chapters [I. to V.], the possibility of the transmission of ideas and sensations, otherwise than through the known channels of the senses, must be held to be proved by the experi-

* Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, Vol. II., p. 189, *et seq.*

† "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., pp. 653-4.

‡ "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," pp. 66, 67.

ments there recorded. That proof can be impugned only on the ground that the precautions taken against communication between agent and percipient by normal means were insufficient. For if the precautions are admitted to have been sufficient, there can be no question that the results were not due to chance.*

A careful reading of the chapters mentioned has satisfied me that the evidence cited justifies the conclusion drawn from it by Mr. Podmore. I trust, also, that the reader's interest may have been so awakened by this very brief exposition of telepathy that he will consult this author's valuable monograph.

* *Ibid*, p. 143.

POLITICS AS A CAREER.

Two Letters.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN, M. A.

I.

To Mr. A. B. C——, Professor of Political Science.

Dear Sir: — I hope you will not think me a bore for troubling you with certain questions which are very near my heart. I assure you it is only after much anxious hesitation that I venture to address you. But the truth is that I am approaching the end of my college course without having decided upon what is to follow, what my life work is to be.

In looking back I find that I have devoted most of my hours of study to subjects which cannot be of any practical or immediate use to me after I graduate. It does not console me to be told that all this has been a good training for the mind, since it is clear that I might have been training my mind equally well in the study of live topics and pressing questions. I feel a certain vagueness pervading my manner of thought; a dissatisfying, disheartening diffuseness; a want of actuality. They say that this is culture, that it distinguishes the college-bred man from his less fortunate brothers in business. Our professors refer continually to this certain something, this invaluable air of good breeding which college life is supposed to create. I am not so sure that I know exactly what all this talk means, but I do not propose to quarrel with it, if only I can discover some life work to which I can devote myself heart and soul.

In this predicament I turn to you for advice.

The truth is, I have discovered in myself a decided fondness for public speaking. In the classroom and in our debating societies I love dearly to be on my feet — when I have anything to say. But here is the difficulty: I lack decided opinions, fresh, vigorous, pulsating thoughts. The past obtrudes itself continually, with its academic coldness. The present is an unknown quantity. Everything seems to be derived at second hand, from text books or hearsay.

My great ambition is to enter politics, when my college career is closed. This is what I wanted to ask you about. Whenever

I mention the subject to my friends, they are horrified. They speak of the low average of character among politicians. They point to the prevailing corruption in our municipal, State and federal governments. They warn me that I shall find myself in the company of criminals, blackmailers, bribers and professional tricksters, men without scruples of any sort. They draw imaginary pictures of me in my new *rôle*, leaning against a bar with my hat tilted over my eyes, treating profusely a crowd of low-browed ruffians. In fact, everything has been done to discourage me.

Can you hold out any hope to me? I feel myself fitted for an honorable political career, if only I can find vital public questions to advocate without reserve, to work for and live for and, if necessary, to die for.

Yours respectfully,

STUDENT D——.

II.

To Student D——.,

DEAR SIR: Your case, my young friend, resembles that of many another college-bred man in America. I have been through the same experience myself, so that my hearty sympathy goes out to you in your struggle to assert your own individuality. You are suffering from the usual consequences of what is known as a classical education. Your sight has been so long focused on the past that you fail to see the problems of the present in their proper perspective.

By all means choose politics as a profession, but count the cost and be prepared for the worst. No honest man can enter political life to-day without doing so as a reformer — and there is no money in reform work. You will find yourself continually left out in the cold. While the professionals are dividing the spoils, you will have to stand aside. No office will be offered to such as you. The party conventions will dread your appearance as an omen of disloyalty. You will be scorned as a theorist and a dude. In debate they will shake the finger at you as a traitor and a hypocrite. At every turn your honesty will prove a stumbling block to your advancement. For you must first realize to what depths our party system has sunk.

The truth is, competing parties are first of all playing with each other for certain stakes, which are offices, fat places, salaries, etc. If there is any time and money left over, then vital questions are treated a little, as an afterthought. Every political campaign resolves itself into a wordy manœuvre for points of strategic importance. The idea is not to enlighten the voters in regard to the real issues at stake, but rather to distract their at-

tention and fix it upon catching non-essentials. The great aim of every well constituted party is, of course, to counteract the good moves of its opponent, no matter at what cost to the public welfare; if possible to fasten upon it the blame for any national calamity which may overtake the country; above all things to drive it into a hole, as the saying is. To do this cleverly is almost as great an honor as to make a touchdown in one of your Harvard-Yale football games, and on the whole constitutes as great a service to the public.

As a game, I do not see how politics could be improved in this country. There is more uncertainty, gamble and scramble with us in one short election contest than all the effete monarchies of Europe, put together, can show in a whole year.

As a means of making and executing laws I think our politics have reached the lowest stage to which they may safely go. I have no doubt that we can go on like this for a number of years more, but the moment we sink still lower in the political scale, there will be trouble, dangerous and perhaps irreparable trouble. I do not so much accuse our public men, as I deplore our whole political machinery. It is hopelessly out of gear.

I am particularly pleased that you should see the importance of carrying with you into politics certain definite convictions upon public questions. The man without ideas in politics naturally becomes a spoilsman because there is nothing honorable left for him to do. Having no interest in the public good, he straightway attends to his private interests.

I am, therefore, going to suggest two much-needed reforms in political machinery for your consideration. You cannot do better than make them the subject of diligent research. You will find that a great deal has already been written about them, although the politicians for the most part, of course, have never even heard of them. The first is *Direct Legislation* by means of the Initiative and Referendum. The second is *Proportional Representation*. In this letter I can only point out the salient features of these two reforms, leaving you to judge for yourself whether or not they are of sufficient importance to fill your political career.

The *Referendum* means that bills framed by the representatives must be *referred* to the people before they can become law.

The *Initiative* means that a certain percentage of the voters shall have the right to *initiate* or propose legislation.

You can see for yourself why these two institutions together should be called *direct* legislation. There is something as hopeless in indirect legislation of the usual type as there is in indirect taxation. The people must be brought into actual contact with the making of the laws which are to govern them. This is true

self government, and this only. Having our laws made for us offhand by proxy has resulted in shifting the attention of the voters upon persons and away from principles. To restore the proper balance in political machinery the voters must learn to pass judgment upon measures instead of merely upon men.

Although the names Referendum and Initiative sound very Latin and very long, you have probably never even heard them mentioned in your college course. But do not suppose for that reason that these institutions are foreign to our American body politic.

In any New England town a small percentage of the voters can have an article inserted in what is known as the warrant, to have it discussed and voted upon in town meeting. Any ten voters of a town have the right to propose measures relating to the government of the town, such as appropriating money for current expenses, building schoolhouses, highways and all other acts which a town may lawfully do. That is the Initiative. The right to adopt or reject such proposals resides in a majority of the voters at a duly warned town meeting; that is the Referendum. If ten voters in a town petition the selectmen to call a special meeting and the selectmen refuse, any justice of the peace may call a special town meeting, and the acts of that meeting are the laws of that town.

When a town adopts a city charter all this is changed, for the representative form of government has been introduced, and the only vote the voters then have on municipal matters is that of selecting their representatives once each year.

So you see that the Referendum and Initiative are real American institutions; when you get into politics do not let the ignorant cry you down as the introducer of foreign customs. Furthermore, the Referendum is even now frequently used outside of the town meeting system. In every State of the Union, except Delaware, constitutional amendments are referred to the people for ratification. In many states such questions as the location of the capital, of state universities, prisons and asylums are referred. Local option is a form of the Referendum. All that is needed is to extend this principle and we shall soon find ourselves once more a self-governing, self-respecting nation.

But in framing and administering laws we must enlist the very best talent and allow all interests to be fairly represented. It, therefore, becomes necessary to have some sort of an electoral system. This brings me to the second reform which I want you to consider, that of Proportional Representation.

You can have no idea, until you examine the statistics of our elections (whether they be municipal, State or federal), how large a number of voters are practically disfranchised. No provision

is made for minorities. And yet taxes continue to be paid even by those who are unrepresented. On the other hand, in certain states the districts are so constructed that a small handful of voters hold the balance of power. Sometimes the *gerrymander* is to blame for this, but in any case our present system of electoral districts is absolutely faulty. Our legislatures do not represent the people, and the principle of majority rule, upon which we pride ourselves so much, does not have full play.

Proportional Representation is based upon the principle that if a certain political unit, whether it be a State, city or county, has a given number of representatives, each proportionate part of the voters in that political unit should have one representative. That is to say, if a state with four congressmen has 100,000 votes, each 25,000 voters should have one congressman. Proportional Representation accomplishes this by wiping out the district lines, and allowing the citizens to vote as they please in the state. The total number of votes cast at the election is divided by the number of representatives to be chosen, which gives the electoral quotient, or quota, which is the number of votes necessary to elect one representative. Each party or group of voters is then given as many representatives as the electoral quota is contained times in their vote. Nominations may be made as at present by parties or by petition, and the voting done as at present, the only difference being that the successful candidates are taken from the various parties in proportion to their respective votes instead of taking them all from the majority party.

Take the statistics of any recent election; apply this rule to them, and then observe the startling discrepancy between the results obtained by the present system and by Proportional Representation.

In conclusion, my dear young friend, let me once more impress upon your mind that a political career is full of temptations and disappointments. I fear that for many years to come an honest man must be at a great disadvantage in our legislatures. He must resist the lobby which corrupts, and the party organization which deceives. He must place his professional honor securely upon principle, not upon expediency. He must be prepared to be called all manner of names, and in the end, perhaps, to be rated a worldly failure.

Your well-wisher,

A. B. C——.

THE COMING INDUSTRIAL ORDER.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

No one who is not blinded by the smooth assurances of the prophets of conservatism, who for gold, place and influence anæsthetize the brain and soul of their masters, can fail to appreciate the fact that Europe and America are facing one of those mighty crises, which are attended by the shattering of old-time ideals and the downfall of conditions which humanity has outgrown — one of those crises in the history of the race which distinctly mark the ascent of man. Continental Europe, Great Britain and America are affected by this profound unrest, this omnipresent apprehension, this atmosphere of expectancy. In our own land a deep-rooted discontent has spread from city to country, until it has penetrated the most remote hamlets and isolated farms.

The awakened thought due to the pressure of poverty felt by the most industrious and sober on the one hand, and the general intelligence resulting from popular education on the other, has called forth a condition which it is idle for conventionalists to imagine can be overcome by the *threat of violence or the crust of charity*. The world has come to a point where another step will be taken by civilization. The question is whether it will be accomplished by the shock of arms, a storm of violence, and a night of savagery, or through a grand evolutionary movement which shall mark man's rise above the old-time method of progress by brute force; an advance in which the discord of hate, the roar of cannon, will not be heard, but in their stead the laughter of millions of hope-warmed hearts floating from homes now filled with gloom; an advance in which joy, the luminous child of love, shall lead our people into the new time, while amazed history, gazing long before she writes, at last shall pen the story of the first civilization of earth great and wise enough to be just. — B. O. FLOWER, in "The New Time."

OUR industrial order has reached its last form of life and expression. Among the masses it has degenerated out of old-time neighborly competitive rivalry into the questions as to where the next job and meal are to come from, or who are to be the next victims of commercial cannibalism. Among capitalists it has evoluted into the combine, where all individual conscience and moral responsibility are stifled, if not altogether ignored, while greed and selfishness are abnormally developed and stimulated in the pursuit of unlawful spoils, and dividends on watered stocks.

At the same time the sentiment of human brotherhood, the world over, is just rising into its first general expression and assertion, warm with all the vitality and vigor of aggressive youth. More and more the masses are becoming conscious that there is no real "self preservation" save through an extension of the "first law of nature" until the law reaches out from and beyond and above the mere individual, and serves and vitalizes the interest of all. It is too late to ignore or oppose socialism as an *idea*. The principle, as already accepted and applied, has proved so indispensable that a proposition to narrow its orbit would provoke far more discussion and opposition than are now arrayed against its further extension; for latter-day socialism, as understood by its authorized advocates, simply means coöpera-

tive interest and effort — in short, public partnership — in the public advantages and wealth-producing agencies of a community, especially those staple necessities now owned, controlled and manipulated by private parties and limited corporations "for the benefit of the stockholders and for all the traffic will bear." It contemplates *organic structure and order that tend to social and political equilibrium* — a structure and order which are no less essential to a healthy body politic than is a *bone and sinew structure to the flesh, blood, nerves and vital organs of the human body.* Sooner or later we shall realize that less than this means industrial deformity and chaos — such as we now have — including intermittent "fever and chills," growing discontent, enforced idleness as well as enforced labor and sullen submission, capitalistic oppression, and finally, military despotism in the name and mask of necessity, law and order.

In fact the latter and final phase of this condition is almost upon us — fast crystallizing through the military spirit in church, state and school, and through the aggressive attitude of labor on the one hand, and the stupid arrogance of combined monopoly and government on the other. It is evident that socialism is our only escape from ultimate anarchy or despotism. The question is, Shall we make the moral exodus, or shall we remain in bondage to the task masters of Egypt?

More than any other people on the globe we have a natural birthright to a land literally "flowing with milk and honey," and rich in all the elements of the highest civilization — a land that belongs to us by moral title deed earned by patriot blood poured out on a thousand battle fields. Shall we arise like men and recover our stolen inheritance, or shall we continue to cower and cringe before a small organized band of financial schemers, more exacting than Pharoah's task masters, and more aggressive, crafty and merciless than the feudal lords of old? — and all because these same exploiters have gained temporary control of a government resting upon the ballot, and have, for obvious reasons, labelled with malicious lies and misrepresentation the only thing that really represents and embodies systematized and practicalized democracy. In short, shall we continue to fool ourselves with the empty shell of constitutional liberty, while a few privileged characters are subsisting and fattening on the stolen meats? It is a misnomer to call our present "crazy patchwork" industrial medley a "system," when it is characterized by the utter absence of systematic order and by contending elements out of which nothing except socialism or military dictatorship can possibly evolve order.

Which shall we choose? It is folly even to dream of prosperity returning to us through the channels of a dying competi-

tive trade whose industrial torrents have reached the plains of commercial absorption, where they are fast disappearing in the hungry river beds of corporate greed, whose desert sands drink the product of labor and then refuse to render back sufficient moisture to save the original creators from death by thirst or starvation.

Hamlin Garland in an article in a late number of THE ARENA on "The Land Question and its Relation to Literature and Art" says, "Art cannot rise out of the weltering smother of our daily tumult." He then adds: "Our socialist brethren would say, Blot out your competitive system. But it is a lack of competition as a strict matter of fact." It is possible that Mr. Garland and his school of thinkers are in the habit of granting too broad a definition to the term "competition," and that right here begins the seeming conflict between two classes of equally intelligent and sincere reformers who are seeking the same ends and who should work harmoniously together and leave the shaping of results to the "mills of the gods" and to the fingers of evolution.

It seems to me that we sometimes confound competition with *aspiration* — that higher, nobler and more elastic and subtle quality which is the soul of true art, but which the "weltering smother of our daily tumult" and wage-slave competition and corroding uncertainty and dread tend to paralyze. While it is true that competition has been laid aside by intelligent capitalists, there has never been a period when it has been so marked, so fierce and yet so unsatisfactory and hopeless among the many as it now is.

The competitive instinct is in the travail throes of a new birth through which it is to be delivered from the lower levels of animalism and the struggle for physical existence to a plane where it shall take the form of *emulation*. It is certain that economic competition must soon give place to *reciprocity* among the masses as it already has among the classes. The constant tendency intelligently to conserve and utilize human vitality must necessarily force this result. Physical energy and effort, when understandingly organized and harnessed to man's use, can never again be diffused and differentiated into needless, wasteful and warring strife simply for amusement or even for the purpose of giving employment to man. Industrial force along every line of man's material necessities — such as production, exchange and distribution — has, through mutual understanding growing out of more intelligent use of methods and improved machinery, been lifted above the realm of uncertainty and conjecture into processes almost scientific in accuracy of calculation, and cannot possibly reassume its pioneer phase of condition and expression.

Competitive commerce virtually expired in giving birth to its

last but legitimate offspring, the modern trust, which in turn must merge its life in a still broader and final principle of partnership. The central idea involved — the conservation of force — has come to stay and expand, because it is a righteous one that cannot always be confined to its present narrow class limits, but must, in exact ratio with the increase of intelligence and sense of equity, continue in its growing sweep and volume till it swallows up private greed and grinding poverty. While in the past thirty years a comparatively few men have discovered and practised the art of accumulating vast fortunes through the *destruction* of competition and the employment of means not familiar to the masses, the latter have through their reform literature and various organizations been informing themselves and learning that under proper economic conditions the common material wants, and even luxuries of life, are within easy reach of every honest, industrious man and woman. They have learned that the game of "finance" has been played with "marked cards," and they propose now to expose the "tricks" and reform, if not expel the gamblers from the temple of liberty.

The hour is near when humanity shall arise and shake off the superstition that the good things of this life are designed only for kings, nobles and usurers. Of course our conservatives, including certain college professors — who, in their zealous efforts to prepare the upper department of the youthful anatomy for Greek roots and the lower for football, sometimes neglect the intervening space containing the vitals — will deem this ideal utopian. But is it any more so, or any less easy of realization than what the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Rockefellers and Carnegies have actualized in a single lifetime? Surely, if the latter can build $5,000,000 mansions in New York and castles in Scotland, and acquire vast estates and principalities through the cunning management and manipulation of other men's earnings, why may not, why shall not the men and women who create all the wealth be made prosperous and independent out of their own industry? Why should we continue to shut our eyes to the logic of facts and to the resistless push of economic evolution? The time is not far distant when the municipality and the state and nation are to be the only "great capitalists" tolerated in a free republic, and simply because we are fast learning that the former cannot "fail" and become insolvent — unless the people themselves fail *en masse*, which is practically impossible — while the latter, as a rule, fail us at the supreme moment, and invariably consider their own selfish interests paramount to the general welfare. Hence public economy and safety imperatively *demand* state socialism.

The term "socialism" has so long been subject to vague and conflicting definitions — so long misrepresented by selfishly in-

terested parties and misunderstood by others — that the following statements by standard authorities may serve to enlighten the public mind: —

The ethics of socialism are identical with the ethics of Christianity.— *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

The whole aim and purpose of socialism is a closer union of social factors. The present need is growth in that direction. — *Prof. Richard T. Ely.*

SOCIALISM — A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed. — *Webster.*

No thinking man will controvert that associated industry is the most powerful agent of production, and that the principle of association is susceptible of further and beneficial development. — *John Stuart Mill.*

The answer of socialism to the capitalist is that society can do without him just as society now does without the slave owner or feudal lord, both of which were formerly regarded as necessary to the well-being and even the very existence of society. — *Prof. William Clarke.*

The citizens of a large nation, industriously organized, have reached their possible ideal of happiness when the producing, distributing and other activities are such that each citizen finds in them a place for all his energies and aptitudes, while he obtains the means of satisfying all his desires. — *Herbert Spencer.*

Socialism is often summarily dismissed with the remark that "The time is not ripe for it." Socialists have no idea of harvesting a crop before it is ripe. They do contend, however, that the unripeness of a crop is no reason for not cultivating it. Socialism being the product of the social evolution, the only danger lies in obstructing it. — *Rev. F. M. Sprague.*

Note the last sentence of Rev. F. M. Sprague's definition and, in connection with it, consider the desperate efforts of the money power as represented by our great dailies, and the municipal, state and national authorities, to poison and kill the fraternal instinct among the people, thus breeding and nourishing violence and "anarchy," which they pretend to deprecate and condemn. The very existence of socialism, as defined by Webster, depends upon mutual agreement, and this cannot possibly result in oppression to any individual member of society except to him who desires, through undue wealth and artificial social or official position, to distinguish himself from his fellows. Our unjust and abnormal economic conditions have begotten and placed in position a large element of this class — men who are determined to subjugate or destroy all that threatens their designs and ambitions. They hold the seat of power to-day, and having gained it by robbery and bribery propose to retain it through force and blood if necessary. Until they are rendered powerless for evil the "ideal of happiness" proclaimed by Herbert Spencer is absolutely impossible of realization. They must be *deposed*, and state socialism offers the only effective and peaceful means to that end.

I am aware that certain excellent reformers oppose socialism on the plausible ground that *personal character evolution*, through which the lion is to become a vegetarian — "eat straw, and lie down with the lamb" — is the only complete remedy. But we must not forget that state socialism alone can *destroy* the *teeth* and *claws* of the *man-eating monster in our midst.*

It is true that Mr. Spencer became somewhat pessimistic in old age and referred to socialism as the "coming tyranny." This unfortunate degeneracy on his part was doubtless induced — unconsciously, perhaps, to Mr. Spencer himself — by the pressure of a growing aristocratic and wealthy constituency such as gathers and asserts itself around the closing years of nearly every great and successful human career, and which is almost as inevitable and irresistible as the sea fogs that sometimes crowd in and obscure the evening twilight of a cloudless day. It has not only been a powerful anti-socialistic weapon in the hands of financial and civil tyrants, but it has helped to scatter and weaken the reform forces, by confusing the minds of thousands of honest people concerning the peaceful and beneficial aims and ends embodied in fraternal and industrial coöperation. But it proves and settles nothing. It only shows that a man may be a great and profound thinker and philosopher and yet be lacking in the intuitive or prophetic instinct that lifts its possessor above atmospheric earth currents, and which characterized men like Hugo, Garrison, Phillips, Lowell and Whittier — whose moral vision grew clearer to the end of their earthly pilgrimage.

It would be as unnatural for a community based on the idea of industrial reciprocity to evolve tyranny towards individual members as it would be for a sane and healthy man to allow the different members of his body to war with and oppress one another. The more closely the separate community units are knit together by interdependent interests, the more harmonious they become socially and the more safe are the individuals from the danger of oppression both from within and without. Mr. Spencer's latter-day objection to socialism as "the coming tyranny" is as ancient and as platitudinous as tyranny itself. In one sense it is well taken, but only in the relative sense which applies with equal force to the "tyranny" through which the rich man was sent to hades and Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, and to every law or system of laws that have in any manner annulled or abridged the liberty of the individual or the few to pursue criminal or selfish ends at the expense of their fellows and in defiance of justice.

The abolition of the feudal system — which our corporation barons are trying to restore — and of chattel slavery seemed tyranny to the ruling classes, but it was the divine dispensation

of equity which is no respecter of persons, and unless the law of compensation, which decrees that the first shall be last and the last first, is a myth, it is certain that a like form of retribution awaits and must swallow up our present money lords who claim the right to concentrate and hold centralized the great bulk of a community inheritance in land and product while millions of their fellows are — no matter for what direct cause — disinherited and being driven to pauperism and starvation. The parable in which Abraham is represented as saying, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus his evil things: but now he is comforted and thou art tormented," was but the outline and shadow of an eternal law as old and new as the Infinite, whose ultimate penalties cannot be shirked. In every great revolution — either peaceful or violent — we see those penalties literally applied to nations as well as individuals. We need not wait for a spiritual hades to reveal the truthfulness of the words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the *nations* that forget God." Who under the sun *can* be more wicked than men who wallow in untold, ill-got riches while their near neighbors are starving? And what nation more forgetful of God than a nation like this, which, instead of comforting and succoring its famished and pleading children who have been driven out of doors to make room for robbers and usurers, turns loose upon them the bloodhounds of municipal and state authority and drags them to prison to eat, sleep and associate with the vilest of criminals and murderers? Is there any good reason why the drama of Dives and Lazarus should not be reproduced now and here and with all Christendom for an audience, even though the performance may involve seeming "tyranny" on the part of Father Abraham?

Men who have either assumed or inherited undue and abnormal power or position through an unjust apportionment of the product of toil will very naturally regard as "tyranny" any agency, either socialism or even "single tax" — which would destroy landed aristocracy — that removes the foundations of this power or position, and we cannot wonder at their resistance any more than we should at the frantic struggles of a man who, when falling from a tight rope or balloon, protests and kicks in mid air against the decrees of the law of gravitation. Nevertheless, in each case, the law remains and the man falls and takes the consequences. Abstract justice itself is, relatively, the worst of tyranny to those who are persistently and wilfully, or even ignorantly, unjust. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation seemed tyranny to those who claimed ownership in the bodies of their fellowmen and lived in ease and luxury and dispensed the most generous hospitality from the proceeds of chattel slave

labor, precisely as our Wanamakers, Carnegies, Pullmans and other wage-slave masters are doing now. Nevertheless, the abolition of chattel slavery came — as that of wage slavery is surely destined to come — and all the world, including the South, says Amen.

The application of the single-tax idea, which the more conservative reformers regard as just and necessary, will prove the worst possible tyranny to Herbert Spencer's friends, the English aristocracy, whose very corner stone is concentrated injustice and tyranny in the form of law compelling parents to disinherit the younger members of the family in favor of the eldest. Socialism will be, and ought to be, tyranny to those who claim the "liberty" to secure wealth — or even their living — through the misfortunes, mistakes and ignorance of their fellows. Socialism simply proposes to banish all occasion for human buzzards. It is singular that those who defend competition on the ground of "natural law" are, in the same breath, the most zealous champions of the very corporations that wax fat by *killing* all competitors.

Henry Wood, in his late work, "The Political Economy of Natural Law," in which he comes to the rescue of competitive trade — perhaps because it has yielded him a fortune — says: —

> The fault is not with the social system but with abuses which are the fruitage of moral delinquency in personal character.

Mr. Wood's excuse can, with equal force, be urged in favor of every offensive and oppressive institution in the past or present, and is no less a vindication of violent anarchy, or the circulation through the mail of lottery tickets or of obscene literature, than of modern commercial piracy. It simply transfers the responsibility to that old familiar pack mule, "human depravity," and permits every evil to have its own way. Mr. Wood considers the government ownership or control of railroads "unworthy of serious attention," and yet he must know that under private control they embody the very essence of fraud and the most burdensome despotism, and that for the public to wait for relief to come through the elimination of "moral delinquency of character" on the part of railroad kings or their subjects would be much like asking a family of unfledged birds to look for redemption through the development of wings, and the personal reformation of the serpent that is already winding up the tree toward the nest. Socialism proposes to arrest and destroy the corporation snake. Possibly Mr. Wood may yet realize that what he styles "the social system" consists chiefly of certain phases of social evolution — successive "rings" in civilization's horn — and that what he gravely defines as "immutable laws" may, on

post mortem examination, prove to be only the most flagrant violations of, or deviations from, those laws. The fact is, human society has but one immutable law — i. e., equity, or the golden rule, by which all conflicting laws and compromises must ultimately be gauged, but which is constantly being outraged by our great railroad and other corporations, the proposition for whose ownership by the people themselves Mr. Wood regards unworthy of serious consideration.

Mr. Wood's treatment of immutable law is not unlike that practised by the medical "experts" in the case of President Garfield, when they deflected from the original track of the bullet and with their instruments created an independent wound which they diligently worked for all it could produce in "healthy pus," and, in their daily bulletins, proclaimed as the original "cavity." Nevertheless, an autopsy revealed the truth, precisely as it will in the case of certain wounds in the "social system" now being probed by "regular" experts in political economy.

One of the latest productions of our gifted prose-poet, Robert G. Ingersoll, is a premature epitaph for the People's Party, which he claims has "no foundation" for existence and whose platform is chiefly composed of the "remnants and rags of socialism," as expressed in the demand for legal-tender currency and the ownership and management of great corporations by the government — which he styles a "pauper," to be "supported" but never appealed to for aid in a crisis. It is a pity that one so successful in the search for obsolete pagan "gods" and dead Christian dogmas should be so utterly blind to living issues. Mr. Ingersoll is a powerful engine for the generation of mental and emotional force, and, like certain other engines, he has periods of pausing between "trips" to rest and be lubricated and to expel surplus force — a process involving considerable noisy vaporing that really means nothing beyond the temporary relief it affords him, while it appeases the corporations that pay for his services. His large brain is a mine of rich ore out of which many striking poetic phrases have been coined, some of which, unfortunately, pass current in lumps among thoughtless people, before being "reduced" or even "smelted" — much less "puddled" — but he has never given to the world a single new or philosophical proposition, and he is utterly lacking in the prophetic instinct essential in the true reformer. It was not his fault but his infirmity that he was a northern pro-slavery man until the breaking out of the civil war. And while this fact proves nothing either for or against him as an honorable, genial, high-minded citizen and strong social factor of his time, it does prove that he is not the man to judge correctly of new party "foundations" and principles.

There is but one true ideal of government for an enlightened people; i. e., government of, for and by the people. This ideal is now struggling for the fresh air and the light and environment of its new and predestined birth. A nation properly governed is organized citizenship — a complex family in which certain members are chosen by the whole to conduct the community business. To say that these official members constitute a "pauper" which the rest must "support" is not talking to the point, and Mr. Ingersoll knows it. He knows equally well that, practically, our present government is far from being organized citizenship and partnership, and that it is by no means a "pauper," but a small body of rich men who, through corporations and trusts, constitute an organized conspiracy to enrich themselves "by controlling labor through the control of the currency" and by thwarting the will and trampling on the interests of the people who are compelled by taxation to support and perpetuate the infamy. To prove this charge I need only to refer briefly to Pullmanism, Carnegieism and to the history of the sugar trust as exposed by such plutocratic authorities as the New York *World*, *Times* and *Sun* and the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Mr. Ingersoll is aware that this condition — inflicted upon us by the very corporation rule he upholds and defends — is growing constantly and rapidly worse, and that nothing short of a new order can kill the tendency, cure the disease and prevent a relapse. Yet he goes on prescribing the same old-school regular corporation "calomel" dosing and interest "bleeding" system of practice that has brought us to the verge of death, and all because the new party — whose "foundation" is equity — has not yet sufficiently materialized for recognition by his senses, which are always slower than his big heart. In doing this he has made a worse blunder than all the "mistakes of Moses," both real and imaginary, combined.

There is, in the moral no less than in the physical realm, a central and controlling force that makes for equilibrium, that cannot long be defied, and from whose ultimate decrees and penalties there can be no appeal. In the physical world the attitude or manifestation of this force is positive, unmistakable and uncompromising, and, hence, we adjust ourselves to it accordingly, without questioning its righteousness. But in the moral realm, where man's free moral agency, so-called, constitutes a wheel within a wheel, our relation involves experience and more or less of compromise, governed or moulded in degree and expression by circumstances, and thus the penalty, like the offence, is not necessarily sudden in operation but may be prolonged through generations until the Infinite Judge forecloses the mortgage.

Socialism should be regarded and treated, not as a "system"

but as an *idea* — and a final one — in racial progress, subject to natural, rational development. But we must ever bear in mind the fact that the *expression* of social equilibrium, or equality, follows in its evolution the lines and channels of mental and moral enlightenment as naturally as water runs down hill, or as light follows the risen sun when artificial walls and temporary mists and obstructions are removed.

In short socialism, in its comprehensive and *spherical* sense, is the legitimate offspring of justice and intelligence, and grows in stature as fast as ignorance decreases. It can be temporarily arrested and dwarfed in its development by those who attempt to impose fixed, arbitrary conditions upon civil and industrial institutions, on the ground that it is "tyranny" to interfere with the "individual liberty" of a small class to live upon the toil of the many, but this opposition cannot quench the source of light nor prevent the invisible workings of the human mind. It can only, by obstructing natural and gradual processes, invite the flood, the thunder bolt, the lightning stroke, the earthquake and tidal wave — those reserve forces that lie latent behind all the appeals, signs and omens vouchsafed by an overseeing and guiding Presence to save man from his own blind egotism and injustice without overwhelming nations, systems and races with violence and calamity. There comes a time not only of harvest but of planting and sowing, when the seeds of a purer and more divine civilization are seeking higher planes and warmer soil. That time is now and here. The question is, Shall those seeds be irrigated with the dews and showers of peace, or with the blood and tears of another civil war?

I believe that general coöperative industry alone can bring a peaceful answer and solution, and that its rejection by government force means, in a republic, the ultimate extinction of the old order of wage slavery through violence. The word of the Infinite has gone forth and it will not return void. It rings and reëchoes like a trumpet in the very mottoes and devices of labor unions everywhere.

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL.*

All for one and one for all,
  With an endless song and sweep,
So the billows rise and fall
  On the bosom of the deep;
Louder in their single speech,
  More resistless as they roll,
Broader, higher in their reach
  For their union with the whole.

Wheeling systems sink and rise,
  In one shoreless universe,

* Motto of the A. R. U.

And forever down the skies
  Myriad stars one hymn rehearse;
Countless worlds salute the sun,
  Planets to each other call,
Ages into cycles run,
  All for one and one for all.

Kissed by sunshine, dew and shower,
  Leaping rill and living sod,
Sea and mountain, tree and flower,
  Turn their faces up to God;
And one human Brotherhood,
  Pulsing through a thousand lands,
Reaches for one common good
  With its million million hands.

Through all warring seas of life
  One vast current sunward rolls,
And within all outward strife
  One eternal Right controls, —
Right, at whose divine command
  Slaves go free and tyrants fall,
In the might of those who stand
  All for one and one for all.

SHE PLAYED, AN INNOCENT DARLING.

BY JAMES H. WEST.

She played, an innocent darling, 'mid the flowers;
  Hid ivy foully poisoned her. She sang,
  A child, on forest edge — till suddenly rang
Her agony from bee-stings 'mid the bowers.
Grown to fair maidhood, golden were her hours!
  Love beatific, holy, filled her breast.
  A tempter met her. Why reveal the rest?
Above her wave-lapt corse no marble towers.

Happy and prosperous one, by Fortune crowned!
  Thee doth thy "virtue" keep? And was it "sin"
  That wrecked her of her all? Nay, world, begin
More wisely Nature's secret depths to sound.
  Man needs a knowledge not yet taught in schools.
  Seek out yet more her laws. Causation rules.

A DRAMA IN TATTERS: A STORY.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

The Honorable Roland Harte was returning from one of the greatest dinners of the season, and he alternately strummed an air half mentally and half aloud, as he recalled critically or good-naturedly, according to his attraction or repulsion, some of the things which had been said. The dinner had been given in honor of Lord Bufferin, one of the most distinguished diplomats in the British service, and all the most brilliant men in politics, diplomacy, literature and the arts, not forgetting the ears of journalism, had been assembled to make the occasion a worthy and notable one.

The Honorable Roland Harte was one of the younger men in politics, that is, young as senators go, but he was generally regarded as one of the coming men in his party; and by the indefinable concurrence through which such verdicts get immediately into the air, without any point of departure or expression, it was felt by all in the great banqueting hall that he had made the speech of the evening. He felt it, too, and he was filled with the joyousness of life. He was in the prime of life, and he believed he had a grip on the forces which would carry him to the zenith of his ambition; and so those signs of power, those glances and murmured, pursed-lipped judgments he covertly saw and heard all around him, meant more to him than to some other man for whom the coming years could bring only decline or satiety.

He had excused himself to some friends so as to be alone and keep the pictured night in his memory, unbroken by the irrelevancies of a genial warmth that, amid the realities of the streets, inevitably falls to the lower key of banter and gossip. For the same reason he had walked all the way down town to the ferry, because, in a cab, he would have seemed too much removed from this life of the pavements, and he wanted to keep close to his mood this bustling, crowded world, and yet retain his sense of isolated dignity and power in it. Thus, with set lips and a lurking smile in his eyes, which burned now with a little touch of self scorn and now with undisguised self satisfaction, he had

walked down Broadway; proud, erect and sternly self-complacent under the gas lamps — and just a little more philosophic and humble in the interspaces of the gloomy shadows.

The delay at the ferry station calmed his nerves a little, and the long stretch of black water, starred and streaked with light, added a disquieting touch or two to the philosophy that hinted the mockery of such triumphs; but the glare of lights in the waiting room, and the crowd, with its peculiar infection of midnight gayety, swept him back into the mood that was most in accord with the tangle of his hopes, feeding upon the fuel of vanity, which he could now openly acknowledge to himself in the form of early resolves fulfilled in a dominion admitted alike by friends and foes. This was but the latest triumph; it was only a new presage of others in a greater arena.

He had been, as was his custom, very abstemious, and was not in the least heated with wine; but he was drunk with the beating of his pulses, the quick flow and color of his thoughts, the very shadow of himself. He was in that potential mood which blazes in men outwardly calm and marble, and which makes their doings on the stage of life the merest rag of their restless, tortuous imaginations. But this is such men's compensation for the reality of life; and Roland Harte did not starve or pinch his dream with poor realities. He kept mentally repeating his strongest phrases, momentarily tantalizing himself with new turns of thought and then returning with renewed ardor to the spontaneous *coup*. Again he heard the hush — there was electricity in the criss-cross flash of eyes — the sibilant murmurs in the galleries, the pause, an accentuation of the silence before the peals of laughter, the recurring bursts of applause and comment; and later the musical rattle of the women's rich gowns as they crowded to catch a glimpse of him descending the broad staircase. As he walked nervously up and down the waiting room the whole chaotic series of pictures assailed him; his nostrils seemed again filled with the grateful, exciting heat and dust and smoke of the disordered dining hall. He was actually drugged with those illuminated faces, the lights, the sounds, the colors, the beating of his own pulses. Once or twice he caught himself wondering how much attention would be paid to his speech in the morning newspapers, and then, half ashamed of this glimpse of his satisfaction in such vanity, he put the thought away from himself. But as a climax of triumph, it would recur.

On the ferry-boat he leaned over the side, and the splashing of the lacy froth of water seemed to give back to him his own tongue, his own words. In mid-stream, when the water began to fade into the mysterious, pregnant blackness of the East River, and its sombre melancholy fell with its chill hints upon his ela-

tion, he quickly retreated into the more genial light of the cabin; and as he stepped on to the landing on the Brooklyn side, it was with a more erect carriage and a step firmer and lighter than usual. He had a sense at the moment that the world was not so difficult to rule, if one were but of the heroic cast to will, to command it.

The Honorable Roland Harte was certainly a handsome and commanding man, as the world's eye goes for these qualities. His was a face to attract attention from both men and women, and many people turned their heads to look at him as he paced up and down. When the boat glided into the dock there was the usual bustle to get through the gates. It seemed to him, in his preoccupation, very trivial; and he stood aside and let the crowd sway past him. Then he slowly sauntered up the incline in its wake. It was already very late, and that was all the more reason for being leisurely, for nights of such import cannot last long. One or two women, hurrying past him on the arms of their escorts, turned to give him a quick glance, half challenging and half admiring — the glance women often give to such men under such circumstances, in the freedom of unacquaintance and the *chiaroscuro* of the night and the dispersing crowd, and the glance many handsome men, as vain as women, seek and recognize with pleasure and an assumption of indifference or preoccupation almost feminine.

The crowd quickly scattered in all directions, and as he slowly followed the few lagging couples up the fitfully-lighted incline, leading from the ferry to the main street, the chill of that gloomy interregnum between night and morning suddenly seized upon him, and for a moment the gaunt and ugly world about him, with its uncompromising realities, broke in upon his musings and turned their current. He dismissed them with a shiver as merely the impertinences of the damp gray mist stealing up from the river, and regained his self-complacency in buttoning up his opera cloak. But he quickened his pace.

Just as he was about to cross the street to gain the begrudging cheerfulness of a line of wan street lamps, a voice, issuing from a shadowy angle in the wall, arrested his progress with trembling diffidence: —

"Will you buy some violets, sir?"

He was almost startled, and then the note of diffidence and something in the quality of the voice tingled again in his ear, and he stopped. The voice was young and it was very low and sweet. He was in no hurry, and it chimed in with his mood to play the gracious benefactor. He halted deliberately, and said with the ripple of good humor in his tone, which he could command at will: "Well, missy, it is late for favors, but step into

the light and we will see what can be done. We cannot go marketing in the dark."

A woman moved forward hastily, bringing her basket of wares under the flickering gas lamps. He stooped over it, fingered daintily a bunch of the flowers, and then looking up said smilingly, "They are a little faded, aren't they?"

"Are they?" asked the voice, with a suspicion of tears in its hopelessness and lowness.

"Why, you've not been having good luck, eh, little girl?" in a cheery tone. "How is it you did not sell your flowers earlier in the evening? They look rather wan and ghostly now."

"Perhaps — perhaps. I was not able to sell them in time. But they were fresh this morning."

He took out his watch and held it within the arc of the lamplight. The hands pointed to two o'clock. "You mean yesterday morning," he said a little quizzically, with the light cruelty of that deficient sympathy which cannot penetrate the tension of another's hope. She raised her eyes momentarily, with a despairing look in them, and then he added in a kindlier voice: "But one cannot expect violets to be any fresher than poor human nature in this great city. You look very wan and tired, poor girl. Have you been out in the streets since yesterday morning and not sold your flowers — or are you making your fortune?"

"I did not know it was so late. I am a stranger in the streets, and the other flower-girls would not let me sell my flowers round about here. So I had to go elsewhere, and I had no luck and then came back when all the rest had sold out and gone home. The hours have been long, long — but I have waited for every ferry, hoping to sell my flowers and get home, but I get no luck. All the world is against us — even the folks as poor as we are."

"Ah, that is the pity of it. Desperation makes the poor prey upon one another. But if you have been carrying that basket since yesterday morning you must be quite worn out. Poor little woman! and it is getting chilly. What made you stay so late? Ah, I forgot, you wanted to sell out. Well, there'll be no more people who care for flowers along here to-night. I guess I'm a little belated — but then I have whims. Poor little girl! I suppose you do not know the luxury of whims? What would you say, now, if some good fairy came along and bought your whole stock in trade at the eleventh hour — at two o'clock in the morning, when only ghosts should be out of bed? Eh, now; what would you say to such luck as that?"

He thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and leaning against the lamp post laughed heartily. He had thrown back

his cloak, forgetful of the night air, in his complacency of benefaction.

She raised her face with a little more courage, noting his leisurely tone and attitude: but what could she say to such a flow of banter as this? Only light hearts can banter, and life was all tragedy to her. But as her eyes flashed into his, half appealingly, half fearfully, he saw that they were very beautiful. Indeed, although the face was sadly drawn and haggard and anxious, the features and expression held his eyes more steadfastly upon them than he was aware of. A warmer pulse of blood throbbed through his veins and a new light came into his eyes, a new ring in his voice. She was very pretty — yes, beautiful. With a rapid glance he noted her scanty, ill-fitting, poverty-stained garments, and pictured her in warmth and luxury. "Ah, yes, comfort is half the source of beauty," he mentally commented; and added, to keep himself in countenance with the conscience running through his thought, "of morality, too."

The events of the earlier part of the evening seemed suddenly to have become very far away, somewhat vague and almost insignificant. He was wondering whether she was anything like as innocent as she looked or whether there were unfathomable depths beneath this transparence. He glanced up and around at the grim streets, and shrugged his shoulders in a worldly conclusion. It could not be otherwise in such a nightmare world as she must know in this street life. Her reddened eyelids betrayed recent tears, but they were tearless now and seemed to burn. His mental comment upon the haggard, cowed woe in her face was that "She looked sufficiently miserable." If it were acting, and he had all the scepticism of a man of the world, it was certainly good art, and therefore none the less attractive to him; for a part of his scepticism was an endeavor to delude himself in his pleasures, and he only hated pretence when its transparency made delusion impossible. He was interested. The exaltation of the evening, the half-remembered furtive glances of one or two richly dressed women at the ferry, and the feeling of security and power, made the iron in his blood tingle; he was in the mood to look into a pretty face, even if its possessor was not in silks and laces, but in tatters, as was this poor flower-girl.

She knew nothing of what flashed through the mind of the self-indulgent, successful politician. She only feared him, as she feared all the people who passed her in the street wrapped up in their comfort and prosperity — mere voiceless or brutal shadows from another and unreal world. The only real world for her was misery; and there was as vast a gulf, in thought and feeling, set between her and this man as if they came from different planets. The rich and comfortable do not always realize this.

The poor and wretched are vaguely conscious of it all the time. She was no conscious sceptic or cynic; it was merely the habitual despair of misery that animated her, not the low worldly wisdom of disillusion. She lacked the divination that comes to minds suddenly quickened with vice; and so she merely shrank from the pitiless good humor of one of the strange rich. She had belonged to that world forever on the verge of destitution, the world of mechanics and small wage workers, and she was not long enough accustomed to the more precarious penury of the streets to know all its phases. But she was desperate, and undeniably famished, cold and heartsick and ill. She was afraid of this man's careless banter, but she thought of her husband dying for lack of food and fresh air and medicine; of their dark, narrow room; of the landlord's threat of eviction if the rent was not paid; of her ill-success with the flowers in which she had invested all the money she had managed to borrow; she saw that home so dear and precious to her; she thought of the long, dreary hours the sick man, racked with pain and tortured with thought and solitude, passed day after day; of the hunger and suffering they had endured together; of the desolate, horrible streets — and she nerved herself to be brave.

"You are kind, sir. Won't you buy a bunch? They are not quite fresh, but a little water will revive them, I think, and — oh, we are so poor, and I cannot sell them. They'll all be dead, too, in the morning, and God will bless you if you will help me now."

She looked very beautiful with the tears welling from her big, pleading eyes. The Honorable Roland Harte mentally congratulated himself upon the chance of an adventure. He put his hands deep into his pockets and regarded her intently.

"I am amazed that with such a pretty face, you cannot sell your violets, faded or fresh. Why, you are the loveliest flower in the whole lot, don't you know that?"

She colored and hung her head.

"We are starving, that's all I care about. We need money, and I can't sell the flowers. I've tried, God knows. It is money I want, sir, and not compliments."

"Of course. But compliments are often bred of the desire to give, or the desire to possess and pay for possession. I do not know who 'we' may be; but I am astounded that with such a pretty face you cannot sell your flowers. With such a face you should find a ready market for anything — your own sweet self included. Did it never really occur to your sweet innocence that the possession of such a pair of dark, intoxicating eyes was in itself as good as a bank account? Come, you are joking. A woman with such ripe red lips cannot be starving. It is foolish

for a lily to stand in the streets selling lowly violets. If you starve you will lose your good looks, and so rob yourself and your friends. Come, my dear, I'll be your banker, if" — and he leaned forward and whispered in her ear, at the same moment drawing some bills from his pocket.

She started back as if stung.

"I thought you were human," she cried huskily, a great sob rising in her throat. "I appealed to your mercy, because something in your voice and eyes misled me, and because we are literally starving. My husband is dying for nourishment and medicine. But no, there is no mercy, no pity in these horrible streets — only devils, devils!"

She reeled back into the shadow of the wall, exhausted with her sudden blaze of passion.

He was stricken dumb before this despair. Then he approached, and with a gasp, for his tongue clove silent to the roof of his mouth, he extended the bills towards her.

"No, no!" she cried, "life is not so dear to me that I must live at any cost. God knows life is not sweet to us. There is nothing for us to live for, but misery. We can starve, and rot, and die."

He stood silently regarding her, as if stunned with her desperation. He was used to tragedy on the stage, but his philosophy of life did not admit it into the everyday drama of the hunted and the hunter, the weak and the strong. Finally, by an effort of will, he regained control of his voice.

"Take the money," he said, in tones that sounded almost unfamiliar in his own ears, "and may God forgive me."

He threw the roll of bills into her basket, and literally ran up the street as fast as he could go. He feared she would fling his money back into his face.

As he was turning the key in his own door, he said, half aloud: "Why can we men only be generous when we are proved ignoble? Why is our humanity stifled until we are frightened with the spectres of ourselves? Ugh, I have lived too long with the worldly-wise, shrewd Mr. Harte; I have seen the real Roland Harte to-night. My God! what a coward! What a dull, brutal coward! What a mean, successful failure!"

But at breakfast in the morning, when he took up the morning paper and opened it, with a reassuring crackle at the familiar realities of politics, he added, to the reflections that had troubled his dreams and his waking thoughts, "And yet, poor devil, *she may yet* come to it; misery murders much and many."

Still, it was not a triumph Mr. Harte saw in his newspaper, even the party paper, that morning, but the blanched face of a beautiful woman.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

He was breaking stones on the highway. There was nothing about his appearance to distinguish him from the other men of the gang in which he was working. He wore a pair of trousers of no particular color, very much worn, and ragged about the heels, where the tatters hung over his broken, cheap shoes. His shirt was of red flannel, open at the neck, where a button was missing, showing a triangular patch of sunburnt, hairy chest. There was a week's growth of stubble on his chin. His mouth was vague and irresolute. His nose was not classic. His eyes were set close together, and there was no speculation in them as he raised his head, now and then, to answer a comrade, or to rest a moment from his stone breaking. It was very hot. The mellow sunshine of California's November beat full upon his back, and the sweat dripped from his matted hair, and from the ends of his rough mustache, as he toiled, stooping over, breaking stones on the road.

He did not consider his work particularly hard. He was used to it. When he stood upright the inelastic muscles of neck and shoulders still kept their stoop. He could not possibly make a straight back, but it was not hard to stoop. He did not often try to straighten up. The change from the stooping posture made him a little dizzy. The air about him grew dark, and his head swam, curiously. It passed off after a bit, but it was on the whole easier just to keep bent over his work. It was not necessary to stand up straight.

Now and then his hammer struck fire on a stone, and the peculiar, half grewsome odor of flint against steel assailed his nostrils, but the spark did not fire his imagination. He was used to it.

He was not thinking of anything in particular. His brain, like his back, was a little muscle-bound. He did not talk much, either. He said "thank'ee," when a mate proffered him a chew of tobacco, and once, when a fragment of stone rebounded and struck his hand, he swore, but for the most part he kept quietly and steadily at his work, breaking stones on the road.

His breakfast that morning had been bread and coffee. In his dinner-pail, stowed yonder behind some lumber, was his noonday meal — more coffee, more bread and two potatoes, with a little paper of salt wherewith to season them. His wife was charwoman for a business block. They had five children. He made a dollar and a half a day, breaking stones on the road.

A millionnaire was driven by in his carriage, behind a team of high-stepping bays. His correct coachman handled the reins like a very Jehu; only he did not drive furiously, for the millionnaire was taking his friend, the poet, out for an airing, and they were admiring the scenery.

They stopped where the man was breaking stones, and gazed at the varying landscape, the green hills, the beautiful bay, the wonderful coloring. The man stepped aside to make way for them, and stood regarding them, unspeculatively. He did not flinch nor cast down his eyes before the millionnaire's gaze. He was not thinking particularly about the rich man. He was only looking at him. So, a short time before, he had watched a steer being led by on the way to the shambles.

The millionnaire noticed him. "I am impressed," he said, "whenever I observe it, by the spectacle of toil! How it dignifies a man! Notice that laborer, now. He stands there in the simple dignity of his honest labor, watching us, neither grovelling nor cringing, merely observing us, as one man may observe another. I like to see that independent spirit. It augurs well for the permanency of our institutions. After all, say what we will, it is not money but labor that counts in this world. I sometimes think it would be worth the loss of the millions gained by anxious thought and the wear and tear of brain and nerve tissue, to know the pure luxury of breaking stones on the road; to stand in my birthright of simple manhood and the dignity of labor and know the sweets of honest toil.

"How many hours do you work, my man?" he asked the laborer.

"Ten," the man replied.

"Think of it!" the millionnaire exclaimed as they drove on. "What would I do with fourteen hours' respite from the day's cares and responsibilities? In very truth, I would rather be the man who helps make the road, than he who is merely driven over it!"

"I wonder," said the poet, very slowly, "I wonder how the man who helps make the road would feel, to be driven over it?"

The millionnaire and the poet passed from view.

The man went on breaking stones on the road. He did not straighten up again, even when another elegant equipage passed him. It made his head swim so queerly, and the air got so black

when he did so. He dropped his hammer, and bent his back still lower to pick it up. He was growing clumsy at his work. He made some slight mismove. He meant to strike in the centre of the big stone, but instead his hammer grazed the edge. A great splinter of stone flew up and struck him on the temple. The air grew black about him, and he fell forward upon the stones he had been breaking.

They rang up the patrol wagon. He was lifted into it and stretched along the floor. A police officer sat on the seat beside him and another stood on the steps at the end of the wagon.

They met the millionnaire and the poet returning from their drive. The poet looked away. The millionnaire shuddered. "Some drunken fellow, I presume," was his comment. And then he said, anxiously, "How are we to do any good in the world? One longs to help one's fellows, but idleness and drunkenness are the bane of the poor."

They never knew that the man who helped make the road was being driven over it.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD.

THE prime difficulty in this discussion is to keep within the limits of prudent speech. I have been an almost daily witness of the horrors of the sweating system for the last five years. The iron has entered into my own soul. Within five minutes' walk of where I stand several times a week to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, there is iniquity enough along this line to call down the wrath of God on our fair city. There is sorrow enough among the victims of the system to melt the heart of a demon. If the reader could see and hear what I have seen and heard the difficulty of using mild words would be appreciated. Sometimes I have been almost frenzied by the perpetual cry of distress that has come to me. If all the sufferers' voices could be lifted at once, it would make a groan that would shake the foundations of the city and summon all heaven and earth to the rescue.

To get the subject clearly before us, let us have a definition. What is the sweating system? The sweating system is the practice, particularly in the tailoring trade, of employing men, women and children to make up clothes in their own houses for scant pay. There does not seem to be much in that definition to arouse wrath. But if you could see the filthy dens in which the work is done; if you could see the luckless wretches working like mad day and night; working sometimes from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night; working during the busy season thirty or thirty-five hours at a stretch; working without time for meals, eating while they work, working till the blood almost spurts from their nostrils — and all this simply to keep soul and body together; if you could count over with them the paltry prices paid for their toil by prosperous and professedly Christian firms, I think you would feel the sickening sensation about your heart that I often have felt.

In the days of Queen Anne the name sweater was given to a class of ruffians who went about the streets and formed a circle about any hapless wayfarer whom they met, and by pricking him with their swords compelled him to dance until he sweated from the exertion. The sweater is not now looked upon as a ruffian, but he gathers his victims by the score in city shambles and goads them to work until their life blood fairly oozes out of their

pores. In the Middle Ages the name sweater was given to the man who put gold coins into a bag and shook them so that particles of the metal were worn off. The coin passed for just as much and the man had for his profit the gold dust in the bag. In these days the sweater does not grind his coin. He grinds humanity, and out of wornout human bodies and ruined souls he coins his profits.

There are about seven hundred sweaters' dens in Philadelphia. Not long ago only five hundred were reported for New York. Of the nearly seven hundred that Philadelphia has, nearly six hundred are in the square mile of area in which my church stands. A few squares below the church they are most numerous, in a neighborhood celebrated for foul odors and stagnant gutters. Inside the houses the sanitary conditions are still worse. The rooms are small and crowded. In a room ten feet by twelve, will be found huddled together seven or eight people and several machines. Air space is contracted. I have often stood squarely on the floor and laid my hands flat on the ceiling. The walls are as grimy as though they had never known the use of a brush. The floors are at times inches deep with dirt and scraps of clothing. The whole place wallows with putrefaction. In some of the rooms it would seem that there had not been a breath of fresh air for five years. One whiff of the foulness is enough to give you the typhoid fever; yet what you cannot endure for five minutes these people live in from year to year.

In those human stys the creatures who make the clothing we wear work, eat, sleep and perform all the operations of nature. Sometimes they have not the time, at others they have not the spirit, to clean them up, and some of the abominable kennels no amount of cleaning could much improve. The men and women who bend over the machines and ironing tables are ill fed, unwashed, half clad. Proprieties do not count for much in a sweat shop. Conveniences and common decencies are unknown. Nothing counts there that can not be turned into hard cash. The dearest things on earth are given for that. Health goes with the rest. The toilers' hands are damp with slow consumption. Their breath is like that of a charnel house.

Even their children's lives are sacrificed to get the work done. The child is set to work just as soon as it can draw a thread. The factory age in Pennsylvania is thirteen years. They know it, and so if you ask them their age, even if they cannot yet speak plainly, their prompt answer is "Thirteen." And sometimes before you ask, they will say mechanically, "I'm thirteen." It is pretty sure to pull strongly on your heart when you see the little children toiling with the look of age on their faces before they are out of babyhood.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.
But the young, young children, oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In this country of the free.

What do the toilers get for this work? For overcoats, 45 to 98 cents. Frock coats, 40 cents to $1. Sack coats, 30 to 75 cents. Vests, 14 to 28 cents. Trousers, 25 to 50 cents a pair. Boys' knee pants of the best quality, $1 a dozen. Down on Lombard Street a man makes wrappers and is able to earn 60 cents a day. Another earns a dollar a day, but has ten mouths to feed, and pays $6 a month for his hovel of a home. Another, a young woman with whom I talked, received $2 a week before and said, "I know not vot I get dis veek."

The goods made in this fashion are not simply "cheap clothes and nasty." I am assured there is not a clothing house in the city that is not a patron of the sweat shops. I have seen with my own eyes, attached to the goods, the labels of some of the best houses of the city, firms whose names are household words among us, whose members stand high in Christian churches — Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal and Friends'. All sorts of goods are sweated. Letter carriers' and police uniforms are, so is clerical clothing. Ready-made clothing is sweated, of course, but so is custom-made clothing. To pay a high price is no protection to you. I have seen custom suits in those dens of filth, sometimes with the buyer's name on them. The price you pay seems not to be an element in the system.

It is utterly idle to tell me that rigid competition in trade has brought all this evil about. I know the cost of the goods. I know what is paid for the making. I know the prices paid by the customers. No one can tell me that the rigors of competition require any man to make 75, 100 or 150 per cent profit, while men and women starve working for him at fifty cents or a dollar a day. The fact is, as Chauncey Depew once said in speaking of this matter, "It is one of the most painful elements of our human nature that when avarice gets possession of a man, that moment humanity and compassion and a recognition of the rights of others are as completely worked out of him as if they were never put into him."

We are told that in the reign of the Cæsars, Rome's conquests were so frequent and the accumulation of slaves was so great, that in the island of Sicily cultivated young men and young women were sold for twenty-five cents apiece. They were branded with a hot iron on the forehead and cheek and sent to work on

the plantations. Their average length of life after they got there was one month. Nobody cared. It was cheaper to work them to death and buy more than to feed and care for them. That was in heathen Rome, but much the same thing goes on in Christian America.

One man was asked to repair the roof over his workmen. It was giving them rheumatism, asthma and consumption. He said, "Men are cheaper than shingles; no sooner does one drop out than a dozen are ready to take his place."

When another, a woman, remonstrated with a Market Street house about a low price offered, the door was opened and she was ordered out with the remark, "It makes no difference to us whether you live or die."

"Alas that gold should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap."

All this goes on, too, within easy hearing of the bell of the State House where it was declared that all men are born free and equal, and that every human creature has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It would seem time for a new declaration to be issued.

If we feel no interest in working against this system because of its iniquity, another consideration may weigh. It is the easiest thing in the world for contagion to be carried from these dens into our own homes, and it is constantly done. Sir Robert Peel made his daughter a present of a handsome cloak. She soon sickened and died. Typhus fever was the trouble. They could not understand how she had contracted it. But by and by they discovered that in the poverty-stricken home where the cloak was sent for making, a child was sick with the fever. Bed clothes were scant and the air was chill, so the cloak was used for awhile as a covering for the child. In New York in one apartment five persons were making cigars. Two children were sick with diphtheria. Both father and mother attended the patients. They would syringe the nose of each child, and then, without washing their hands, return to their cigars. In another, a garment maker's shop, three children were sick with scarlet fever. Work went on just the same.

Of course as soon as the disease is discovered, the Board of Health inspector forbids all work during its continuance. But the harm may already have been done in the spread of contagion. And if not, it is impossible to keep all under constant surveillance, and as soon as the inspector's back is turned the people are again at their work. The small-pox epidemic that lately startled Chicago is said to have had its origin in this fashion in the clothing sweat shops of that city.

Down on Christian Street, Philadelphia, is a man who does

only custom work. He is being eaten up with a cancer. He eats, sleeps and works in one room, and the stench and disorder of the place are frightful. One physician says that he has found in the dust and dirt of these places, germs of diphtheria, scarlatina, erysipelas, measles and small-pox, and has examined clothing that was infected with the germs. How could it be otherwise? I have seen workingmen wearing the coats given them to make. I have seen coats and filthy bed clothes tumbled together. I have seen a baby half covered with sores lying on a bed of coats, while another stack stood by its side to keep it from rolling off. In this fashion the filth of the slums comes into our own homes, and outraged humanity has its revenge.

Of course there is a remedy, and I have a clear conviction that Christian people are the ones to apply the remedy. They stand, as a class, apart from the parties in the conflict, and so may be expected to be fair-minded arbiters. And then, if downtrodden humanity may not look to Christian people for sympathy and succor, in the name of Christ to whom may they look? But the Christianity that will prove helpful must do something more than preach and pray. There is little use going among these people simply and solely with the gospel. Had Christ so done His work among the needy there would be no Christendom to-day. Their hearts are dulled. Their brains are numb. Their condition has thrust them into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl, who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God is good, said: "No, no, no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

The limits of this article do not allow a statement of the details of the remedy. But it is clear that nothing will do short of a complete abolition of the system, and a legal requirement that manufacturers shall provide large, airy, well-lighted rooms in which the work shall be done. The thing for you and me to do is to make public opinion. Agitate, agitate, agitate! Show people the prevalence of this iniquity, and I have confidence that if it is exhibited once, twice, thrice, to a humane public, the sovereign decree will come forth, "Abolish it." And it would be done. God speed the day!

THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SECOND PAPER, THE REFORMATION AND SOME OF ITS LEADING SPIRITS.

I.

WHILE the new learning was influencing such men as Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, a moral and an intellectual revolution destined to make this period one of the most memorable in the annals of civilization, burst upon the world. It was a profound protest of the sincerely religious against the corruption which was practised under the cloak of religion — a great moral upheaval which in its initial stage was merely a remonstrance within the church, with no thought on the part of its leaders of a separation from Rome. The church, however, was in no mood to be dictated to, even though the cry was for a purer religion, and she vainly endeavored to suppress what was at first a revolt, but which ended in becoming a revolution of civilization-wide proportion — a movement which changed the thought of nations and altered the convictions of millions of sincere, truth-loving men and women.

Many and complex were the influences which made the Reformation inevitable; the primary cause was the corruption of the church, but the printing press had given wings to thought and the influence of the new learning had broadened the horizon of the best thinkers. The New Testament in the original Greek had been devoured by scholars who had hitherto been accustomed to study and discuss the works of commentators chiefly concerned with the writings and opinions of the church fathers. The New Testament in its original tongue proved a new inspiration to the college youths of this age, while its translation into German by Luther and into English by Tyndale gave a new impetus to religious thought and speculation among the less scholarly.

Political contentions also in various ways favored this great protest, and what Erasmus had unconsciously accomplished among the German people, Rabelais had in a different manner and with more daring wrought in France. In England the apprehension felt by patriotic Britons lest Henry VIII. should

die without male issue, and a hated Scot ascend the throne, led many prelates and statesmen to favor a divorce, while the death of the king's sons confirmed the superstitious in the belief that the curse of God rested on Henry's union with Catherine of Aragon. The hesitation of the Papal See to decide as to the right of Henry to put away Catherine and marry again convinced many devout and thoughtful men that policy rather than ethical or religious scruples prevented Rome from taking a positive stand on this important question. These were some of the positive influences which operated upon public opinion north of the Alps. They were tributaries to a deep flowing current of unrest which ran through the brain of the age. Luther and Melancthon in Germany, Calvin in France, Zwingli in Switzerland, Cranmer in England and Knox in Scotland merely touched the tinder of the universal discontent in their various lands.

The Reformation demonstrated the essential heroism which dwells in the soul of man, whether he be peasant, priest or noble. It held before the mind's eye of those who hungered for a higher life and a purer exemplification of religion than was to be found in the conventionalism of the day, an exalted though austere ideal which awakened a responsive echo, causing men, women and children to sink all thoughts of present happiness, comfort or even life, rather than yield what they believed to be the eternal truth. It illustrated anew the wonderful power which an idea or conviction may exert in transforming human lives. As though a trumpet blast had called them to come up higher from a plane of sordid selfishness and license, or a condition of sodden hopelessness, a multitude of high-born souls in various European lands became living examples of a purer conception of religion. To the student of human nature nothing is more instructive than the constantly recurring illustration of the transforming power of ideas or ideals which appeal strongly to the imagination, and the Reformation furnishes a striking illustration of this truth, which when appreciated by civilization will render a redeemed humanity an assured fact instead of a persistent but elusive dream.

II.

The spirit of the Reformation was unconsciously heralded by the Italian priest, prophet and statesman, Savonarola. His was essentially the spirit of Luther, Zwingli and Melancthon. He was a man entirely possessed by what he conceived to be the divine truth, and from his advent in Florence until he entered the torture chamber he ever manifested an utter contempt for self and an absolute allegiance to a high but sombre conception of religious duty, which made him one of the most striking figures

of his age. Savonarola was a poor, obscure monk when he entered Florence, and Lorenzo de Medici was at the height of his power.

At that time, to the superficial observer, Florence was one of the brightest jewels in the crown of civilization. She was the patron of art and letters, the throne of culture and beauty, and her noble sons and daughters seemed to move in a ceaseless round of gay and joyous life, though the outward forms of religion were scrupulously observed. But under this engaging mask seethed uncontrolled passions. Cruelty and injustice were practised on every hand by the rich and powerful. The spirit of soulless selfishness seemed to have anæsthetized the people, from the prince to the peasant; even the church was honeycombed with immorality. In one of his sermons preached in Lent, 1497, Savonarola boldly declared "that the priests were slaying the souls of their flocks by their wicked example." "Their worship is," he adds, "to spend the nights with strumpets and their days in singing in the choir. The altar is their shop." Savonarola beheld with horror the profligacy on every hand. He felt that he was inspired of God. He heard voices and beheld visions. In his sermons he seemed to lose himself in the thoughts which filled his brain.

His terrible prophetic predictions were fulfilled in a manner which startled the Florentines. Even Lorenzo, whose evil conduct had not escaped the scathing denunciations of Savonarola, when on his death bed sent for the austere monk. In the dark days which followed it was Savonarola to whom Florence turned as to a wise father. He proved his patriotism and statesmanship to be as lofty as his spirituality. His one great desire was to make men better, to bring them to God. But after the glory came the gloom. He had sought to throttle the hydra of evil, and it at length struck him down at a time when virtue was still weak in the city of Florence. His fate was one common to high-born souls who choose to be the pioneers of truth. At the moment when the flames wrapped the body which had endured the most frightful torture, faint hearts doubtless felt that all was lost for which he lived. As a matter of fact, however, his life, deeds and teachings were to prove an inspiration to the Reformation. The influence of a noble life lives in memory and in story, ennobling all who come under its spell. So also the lofty utterances of a truth-inspired brain carry the contagion of moral heroism which mould and shape other lives. The ashes of Savonarola were thrown into the waters of the Arno, but the mighty spirit of truth which he had awakened lived in the hearts of others, and long ere he died men were born destined to carry forward on a broader scale the work he had essayed in Florence.

III.

At the time when the divine fires were burning brightest in the soul of Savonarola, and the glory of the beyond was mantling his brow, north of the Alps in the German town of Eisenach, Martin Luther, a poor student with a charming tenor voice, was singing for alms before the homes of the well-to-do. In early life this young man caught the spirit of his age, which is essentially the spirit of our time; he sensed the universal unrest and the ill-defined desire for something better, purer and truer. He turned to religion as naturally as did Titian to art, Copernicus to the stars or Columbus to the ocean. In 1505 he entered the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt. Here he found a Bible and greedily devoured its contents. But it did not give him peace. A great fear canopied his mental horizon. An angry God and a lost world filled the range of his vision. "I tormented myself to death," he declared, "to make my peace with God, but I was in darkness and found it not." Fortunately for him Staupitz, the vicar general of his order, had passed through a similar ordeal. "He had learned *heart religion* from the mystics," and he greatly aided Luther.

In 1511 Luther went to Rome. Here he was disillusioned. Instead of a holy city, he found a gay, pleasure-loving, voluptuous metropolis with a sacred college composed of men who were the antipodes of his ideal of holy fathers. The scandals current, the easy morals, the prodigality and profligacy he witnessed on every hand, where he had expected to find profound spirituality and an all-compassionate charity, filled his mind with horror. He returned and took up his life work. In 1517 he boldly denounced the sale of indulgences, and shortly after was summoned to appear before the cardinal legate, James de Vio of Gasta. The cardinal expected to crush him with a few words. Luther convinced him that he had a man to deal with.

"I can dispute no longer with this beast," the cardinal exclaimed, "he has two wicked eyes and marvellous thoughts in his head."

Another ineffectual attempt was made by Rome to bring Luther to submission. The breach widened. The reformer's voice and pen were busy. He electrified the German people. The vigor of his thought, his sincerity, earnestness and undoubted religious fervor touched the hearts of his countrymen, and his appeals to their patriotism fired them with admiration for the bold, brave man who was battling unaided for a purer church and a truer life.

In 1520 Pope Leo X. issued a bull condemning Luther as a heretic. This bull Luther publicly burned. He was next ordered

by the Emperor Charles V. to appear before the Diet of Worms. His friends urged him to remain away. His superb courage was displayed in his memorable reply, "Were there as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs of the houses, still would I enter." He faced his accusers, and departed under the safe conduct of the emperor.

From this time he worked indefatigably. He translated the Bible into German; he wrote much and preached frequently. He became the great incarnation of aroused religious thought of his day, and as such was recognized alike by the nobility and the people. This fact explains the extraordinary results which attended his labors and made it possible for an obscure monk to change the faith of nations and kindle the fires of reformation in many lands. In the history of Protestantism Luther will always remain a colossus among giants. Yet he was not without his faults. His language was often intemperate, coarse and bitter. Moreover, he was intolerant. The great man who braved Rome was not great enough to accord the same tolerance to the pure-souled Zwingli which he had demanded for himself.

IV.

Second only to Luther in the *coterie* of great theological reformers of the sixteenth century stands John Calvin. The influence exerted by this stern but sincere man has colored the thought of millions of human lives, and largely shaped the current of history in many lands. He was educated for a Roman priest, but afterwards studied law, and thus became at once a master in ecclesiastical learning and an astute reasoner. Indeed, an aptitude for scholastic philosophy seemed natural to him. In life he was simple, severe and inexorable. Even when a youth at school, he condemned all frivolity and absented himself from all popular pastimes and pleasures. He was a tireless student, and pondered deeply upon religious problems.

His rigid views of life led him most naturally to dwell upon those texts in that library of many minds and complex thought, the Bible, which coincided with his gloomy musings. It was as natural for John Calvin to focus his intellect upon the passages from which he drew his inferences and upon which he builded his theory of unconditional election, as it was for Whittier's thought to rest on those luminous passages which feed instead of poison a civilized soul. We are largely what our ideals and thoughts make us. Calvin's conception of God colored his every thought and deed. The frightful philosophy which foredoomed babes to eternal damnation was a part of his conclusions based upon passages which appealed most strongly to him.

To question the accuracy of that philosophy which to him was clearly the eternal truth, was to be guilty of a heresy worthy of death.

Calvin failed to comprehend the important truth that the great ethical and spiritual verities can differ only in degree as we ascend from the savage to the most loving and tender nature who follows the Golden Rule as the supreme law of conduct, and from this truly civilized child of the Infinite, to the source of all life, love, justice and intelligence in an All-wise God, who while greater as the mountain is greater than the hill, nevertheless is of the same nature as the most luminous expressions of these attributes in the noblest of His children. *These great moral verities which in the savage are a rivulet, in the barbarian a stream, in the civilized man a river, are in God the ocean of life.* But this supreme truth Calvin failed to discern, else he would never have drawn inspiration from a chain of passages which logically made the Creator of the universe a monster, who in His creation of man committed a crime of measureless proportions.

In justice to Calvin, however, we must remember that in his day religion was on a much lower plane than to-day. Crude literal conceptions of texts had created an atmosphere of savage intolerance. The most sincere believers who followed the masterly reasonings of the founder of Presbyterianism, interpreted all the seemingly savage passages literally, but when they came to such passages as "The letter killeth and the spirit maketh alive," they passed them over as something meaningless or incomprehensible. Therefore they believed in the resurrection of the physical body, in a lake of literal fire, and an endless sentence to undying torment for those foreordained before the foundation of the world to be damned, even though they died in infancy. The popular conception among those of other faiths at this time held none the less jealously to the theory of a never-ending torment in a lake of fire and brimstone in which the bodies of the condemned would forever writhe. Thus the church came naturally to seek to destroy heresy by a weak imitation of what she conceived to be the divine method of punishment. This is a fact we must bear in mind when viewing the atrocities of this age, the intolerance of Luther or the crimes of Calvin. Their actions were the reflection of their ideals. They were imitating the God they worshipped.

Calvin was a very young man when the powerful spirit of the Reformation spreading over France took possession of his susceptible nature. He studied the Bible in French, and later the New Testament in Greek, and soon became an influential teacher among those who dissented from the prevailing faith. Indeed, when only twenty-four years old he was recognized as the

leading spirit of the Reformation in France. It soon became necessary for him to fly from city to city and land to land to escape the fires of Rome. In 1536 he published his great book, "Institutes of the Christian Religion," a work which though it came from the brain of a man not yet thirty years old, has shaped the faith of millions of thoughtful people. The "Institutes" gave Calvin prestige as a logician, and he soon became regarded as the foremost reasoner of the Reformation.

In his twenty-eighth year he settled in Geneva, where he sought to establish an absolute theocracy. He insisted on his religious views being taught in the schools, and sought to compel the people to conform to his ideas in regard to their mode of living and the cut of their clothes. This, as might naturally be expected, excited the indignation of the citizens, and Calvin was for a time banished. He was, however, recalled in the winter of 1541, after which he succeeded in carrying into effect his views of reform. He was an indefatigable worker, a man of deep convictions and absolutely sincere. He lacked the enthusiasm and fire of Luther and most of the other leaders of the Reformation, but he was far superior to them as a logician. After his return to Geneva, he labored night and day. There is something pathetic in these lines taken from a letter to a friend:—

> I have not time to look out of my house at the blessed sun. When I have settled my usual business I have so many letters to write, so many questions to answer, that many a night is spent without any offering of sleep being brought to nature.

During Calvin's supremacy in Geneva many persons were banished on account of loyalty to religious convictions which did not accord with his views. But the deepest stain on his reputation is the part he played in the terrible death of his old-time adversary, Servetus, whom he caused to be arrested, and who was vigorously prosecuted by Calvin. A sentence of death by burning was passed. It is claimed that Calvin exerted his influence to have Servetus slain by the sword instead of being burned. In this, however, he failed, and Servetus met death at the stake. As before observed, intolerance permeated the spirit of the age. Calvin, who when driven from France had written, "Every step towards its boundary cost me tears," afterwards abetted the banishment of Dr. Bolsec from his home and practice because he opposed Calvin's view of predestination. Indeed it seems that tolerance is the hardest of all lessons for mankind to learn, unless it be *faith in freedom;* and yet not until humanity stands squarely upon the Golden Rule, which is the epitome of both, will man be truly civilized.

John Calvin was simple in life. He ate little, dressed plainly, and avoided all extravagance and ostentation. There is some-

thing very attractive in the simplicity and purity which characterized this life; but one cannot fail to regret that a soul so gifted and so sincere could not find a resting place on the lovelit peaks which reflect lofty spirituality in the Bible, and which contain the prophecy of that dawn when all shall abide in the light.

V.

Luther and Calvin were the two great luminaries of the Reformation. But there were many other bright lights. Zwingli in Switzerland drew his inspiration from the New Testament in the original Greek. He was a great friend of Erasmus and essayed to purify church and state, but he perished on the battle field. Knox, the Calvin of Scotland, by his superb intrepidity, his intense earnestness, his profound belief in the truth of what he preached, moulded the religious thought of his people. Melancthon was another colossal figure. He was the friend and counsellor of Luther, a scholar who almost always counselled moderation, who strove to live up to the maxim, "In essentials, unity; in matters of doubt, liberty; in all things charity"; yet even he failed to entirely escape the intolerance of the age, for he justified Calvin in compassing the death of Servetus.

All these men possessed that dauntless courage, that intensity of conviction, that love of truth, that stern morality, which are eminently the characteristics of reformers. And while they were frequently fanatical and intolerant, in justice to them we must bear in mind that their ideal of God tended to make them intolerant toward all who preached contrary to what they believed to be the saving truth, and the spirit of their age favored persecution. It was a period of brutality which was soon to pass into a night of such merciless savagery as has seldom been equalled in the history of man's ascent. The exhibition of the spirit of intolerance to-day cannot be excused or condoned; but it would be manifestly unjust to judge the great souls of the century of Sir Thomas More by the standards of the present. And aside from their fanaticism, and the intolerance which was so largely due to their low ideal of God, they were noble figures towering above the popular exemplars of the religious thought of their age. They were men who believed they were right, who had the courage of their convictions, and who sought to make the world purer and better.

CHARITY, OLD AND NEW.

BY REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN.

At the beginning of the Christian era the foundations of the social structure were militarism and slavery. Atheism among the upper classes and a brutalized superstition among the masses, were the common expression of the religious life. A certain kind of liberality, however, with some phases of pity and survivals of such civic virtues as patriotism, physical bravery and public munificence, were not wanting; but compassion, the recognition of the sacredness of human life, was unknown. The whole world was bent beneath the crushing weight of hopelessness and decay. Slavery, tyranny and licentiousness had destroyed the ethical stamina, the very vitality of the Græco-Roman world.

Into this waste of life came the gospel of Jesus with its realization of the Divine Fatherhood through human brotherhood. Christ's brotherhood was the great democracy born of the ideal that every man is a divine being whose true nature is expressed by a self-sacrificing activity for his fellows. Christ never attempted to teach an elaborate system of philosophy or theology. He lived an applied philosophy and taught men how to live and love. Breaking with the formal static religions of His time He inaugurated the dynamic religion of service. He sent out His disciples on errands of human helpfulness, arousing hope, deepening faith in the kindlier virtues, and bidding them proclaim that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. Christ's philanthropy was based on the recognized value of common human life, and did not partake in the least of that weak sentimentalism, the source of so much modern charity, which gives because it lacks the courage to face the misery upheld by its own selfish luxury. Jesus never instituted a charity ball where amid the voluptuous swell of the dance, the rustle of silks, the sparkle of diamonds, the stimulus of wine and of women dressed *decolleté*, He could dissipate His love for the lowly. It was not so in that early time. Christ bore the cross in life as well as in death, to bring life and hope to the despised classes. He demonstrated the magnitude of the Christian paradox by building His kingdom of those elements which were considered the refuse of the old

civilization — the poor, the untaught, the uninfluential, women, children and slaves.

His gospel of human service, expressed by His brave words and compassionate life, and crowned by His martyr death, stamped on His followers a character of kindliness, which embodied the democratic ideal that "God is no respecter of persons." Pentecost was the larger birth of this social ideal.

The new Christian brotherhood instituted a community of goods which though never compulsory was the spontaneous expression of their spirit of helpfulness. This established on the plane of property, the ideals of their faith, and sealed their entire devotion to their cause. Christianity became an enthusiasm for humanity, and taught its votaries to minister to all needs, making no distinction between the physical and spiritual, aiming only to help every man to realize his truest self. The church developed into a monster fraternal order, which offered a refuge from the increasing poverty which followed the disintegration of the empire. In common with their age they lacked the scientific spirit, for which they have often been blamed, but their clear intuition, inspired by their noble purpose, led them aright in meeting the conditions of their time.

The laws of government and the methods of industry being absolutely under the control of Roman despotism, all hope of political or social reformation was necessarily shut out. The strength of their activity was thus confined within the brotherhood which now became the social and labor movement of the early centuries. It spread from city to city, to the uttermost bounds of the then known world, carrying everywhere the spirit of tenderness, fraternity and democracy. They accepted the slave into their communion on the basis of perfect equality, so that they were called by their enemies, "brothers of the slave." Masters were taught that before God, the slave ranked equal with them; thus the spirit of respect was developed and emancipation encouraged until at last it became a religious act. It grew in sentiment until slavery was abolished in Europe. Thus we see that the charity of the early church was based on a deep-seated recognition of the worth of human life, the uselessness of money and of rank, of all material things except as they minister to life.

The early method of expressing a Christian humanitarianism was the only one possible in a world order in whose management they had no voice whatever. Its limitations cannot possibly be taken as a criterion for the expression of the same spirit by men of different powers and in different circumstances, but the freshness and vigor of the fraternal spirit in the primitive church must be the inspiration of all true beneficence. In short, Christian

helpfulness uses all the forces and institutions of life over which it has any control, which may include political and industrial ones, to its one redemptive purpose, the uplifting of human life. This was the old ideal in its purity, this is again the new ideal awakening the world to-day.

In the fourth century the church entered a great period of ethical decline marked by its assuming the power and authority of the empire. Luxury and worldly honor corrupted the leaders and changed the spiritual tone of the activities of the church; while on the other hand, to offset this worldliness, the spiritual devotees fled into the wilderness and developed the great movement of asceticism. From this time on the charity of the church was for the most part utterly devoid of that heroic hope and redemptive purpose which impelled the early fathers. It ministered only to the conditions that were, and made the then existing order endurable. This charity needed to be constantly applied, and was, according to their debased ideal, not a means to a virtuous end, but a virtue in itself.

In the Middle Ages, true to the spirit of the institutionalism of the time, the monasteries were the great resources of the poor. With all their abuses they still kept alive the spirit of tenderness and obligation to the weak. There was a partial excuse for the action of the monks in the Middle Ages, in confining themselves to personal almsgiving. With them also there was little hope of changing the political or industrial methods that caused the poverty of the people. They could be little else than good Samaritans to bind up the wounds of the suffering. The immense landed endowments of the monasteries were the only sufficient bulwarks against the greed and heartlessness of the ruling classes. Notwithstanding the heroism and compassion manifested by large numbers of priests, monks and saints, it can scarcely be claimed that the church universal has at any time since the fourth century shown the heroic fraternity of the first three centuries. Possibly one reason why the later church failed to see the beauty of the true democratic spirit, was that the tyranny of their time was labelled Christian, and shielded by all that was to them most sacred in organization and historic association; while the tyranny and greed which confronted the early Christian was heathen in name and tradition, and their very partisan zeal aided them in seeing its baseness.

Another marked feature of Middle-Age beneficence was seen in the guilds of that period, the great secular fraternities of the people. The guild included all the members of any given craft, and held a monopoly of its entire business as a social function, administering it with due regard to all interested. Every member was a brother, whose rights were protected, whose wrongs

were avenged, who was cared for in sickness and buried in death. As the guilds increased in power and wealth they, too, became aristocratic and finally succumbed to the spirit of their time. Notwithstanding their imperfections they were a protecting power to the industrial classes during the beginnings of commercialism.

With the great growth of the commercial spirit under Henry the Eighth, with the destruction of the guilds and monasteries, and with the wholesale enclosure of the common lands by the barons, for sheep pastures, thus depriving the people of their inheritance and an opportunity to till the soil, England was confronted by a monster unemployed problem. Her sturdy yeomen were compelled by thousands to tramp her highways, begging for work and bread, and were met with the severest repression, being hanged by hundreds for being vagrants. The widespread destitution caused a serious social unrest, and led in the year 1541 to the first legislation for the relief of the poor in England.

The first acts of Parliament only systematized the voluntary contributions, but in 1601, the famous statutes of Elizabeth were enacted, which with a few modifications remained in vogue until 1834. They were not acts of mercy and beneficence, but of self protection by the upper classes, a guarantee against social revolution. They protected the working classes against starvation by giving them a certain right in a pauper's income. While they seemed to be very considerate of the laborer, they utterly failed to recognize his manhood, and treated him only as a beast of burden whose ferocity was to be assuaged. Their methods were demoralizing in the extreme. The unthrifty could lean on them, while the honest toiler's wages were gauged to be supplemented by the poor rate until both barely sustained an ordinary family. So utterly was the laboring class pauperized that it came to be the custom to pay "a minimum wage," which was a close estimate on the bare necessities of a family of three, an added allowance from the poor rate being given whenever this number increased.

In 1834 these abuses were largely rectified, as a more humane spirit was abroad in England. The first breathings of the new time were manifesting themselves in many directions. The outdoor relief was in a large measure reformed, and the distribution of funds for the poor was placed in charge of a central board of commissioners, who were to see that the expenditure was not abused. From that time until the present there has been a gradual increase in the ethical quality of this social function, which is most markedly seen in very recent years in what is called the Associated Charities. Side by side with public

care for the poor there have developed a large number of religious and private charity organizations.

In our large cities the distribution of the charity work through so many societies, became wasteful to the funds and hurtful to the morals of the recipients. The recent movement aims to put more ethical quality into their work, and to unify their activities through some central body of investigation. Its strongest points are its ideal of unity, its demand for knowledge before action, and its aim of helping to self support. The central organization seldom dispenses any funds, but acts only as agent for the various charity organizations. The applicants for aid are thoroughly investigated by visitors and past records taken into account. If an applicant is considered worthy he is commended to some one of the affiliated bodies for help, and is also apportioned to a friendly visitor whose duty it is to look after him, aid him in securing employment, and to give him all the assistance that friendly counsel can lend. In details these methods differ in every city. When this method, at its best, is contrasted with any past methods, except those of the mediæval guilds and early church, where those helped were personally known and their conditions understood, it must be recognized as a great step forward.

Other means of helping the weak are seen in various colonization enterprises. In Germany private beneficence has endowed country homes, where vagabonds may find work, free from the temptations of drink, where under kindly influence and good industrial training they may receive an impetus toward a new life. In Holland, the state established penal institutions for tramps on something the same line. In America, the reformatories with the indeterminate sentence, which always gives the hope of freedom, as soon as the prisoner can be trusted with it, also embody this idea, which is becoming more and more popular every year. Special charities, such as asylums for the blind, the feeble minded, and others, have been highly developed in recent years. These are noble efforts to bring out the latent possibilities in the unfortunate, and are perhaps the most worthy feature of general charity.

It is seen that the expressions of helpfulness have taken great varieties of forms, and been inspired by a diversity of motives from the highest to the lowest. Thus the charity of the early church was impelled by a dynamic ideal of altruism; that of the Middle Ages expressed a medley of perverted religious sentiment difficult to classify. The guilds show a manly, democratic spirit, which was confined, however, to their own members and was very limited in outlook. The poor law *regime* was the most degrading and heartless of all. It has been only since the new

ideals of our time that charity has been systematized into something suggesting scientific order.

Our age is both one of rising sentiment and of scientific method, and the combination of these two principles promises much for the future. But there is a new expression of the philanthropic ideal arising to-day, which while it embodies the spirit of Christian beneficence transcends all its former expressions. Occupying a higher point of view, it is at variance with the whole spirit of the present charity movement, which is criticised for merely sustaining men in an unhealthy social order, when it should be a regenerating force to create a higher order; for being paternal instead of fraternal.

The new ideal asks for the realization of brotherhood and equality instead of the doling out of life's necessities, in a manner to emphasize and make permanent the inhuman inequalities. It has studied the cause of the social unrest, of poverty and of crime, and with the true insight born of the altruistic ideal and the scientific method it sees that these causes lie in h man selfishness, as expressed in the institutions of the political and industrial life of to-day, with their accompanying special privileges, class distinctions, pride and brutality. It would arouse the community to abolish class privileges, to remove from wealth the power of controlling the destinies of the millions; to equalize opportunities in life by the establishment of the coöperative commonwealth. In short it is the rejuvenation of the Christ ideal again going forth to conquer the world, in the name of universal brotherhood, peace and love. Many believe this to be the second advent, the coming of the immanent Christ, when the Divine shall abide with man.

It is not surprising that the method and hopes of the mere charity worker are severely condemned by social idealists of this larger purpose. They see that the great problem of extreme want represents a social disease, which can only be cured by awakening society to discover its cause and inducing it to observe the hygienic laws of life, which will lead to health. Recipients of charity are themselves members of the body politic, thinking, feeling, acting units, joint guardians, with their fellows, of the social inheritance, and with them responsible for their present conditions. Each paroxysm of pain, as expressed in seasons of special want, should be used to arouse them, and all who sympathize with them, to the need of something more than a social opiate. Society should search for health as its ultimate ideal, and for such methods of social life as will lead to it, and not be content with those eleemosynary activities, which but bribe the weak and smother revolt, resting on the idea that society is hopeless, man prostrate and God impotent. The enthusiasm of hope

and of promising ideals, must be infused into the drugged and deadened senses of the pauperized class. Temporary help must be made to coöperate with the advance of permanent progress.

The government being the only representative of the whole people, this progress must be secured through its instrumentalities. The municipality, the state and the nation each in its own sphere should increase its functions of public service as far as is practicable, assuming the ownership and management of street cars, docks, railroads, mines, insurance and other activities as fast as they become monopolies, or inimical to the public welfare.

Among other reasons why these should be operated by the state, is that a standard of wages and ideal conditions of labor might be established, which private enterprise would have to approach, and that in times of special dulness in the labor market, the public would have an industrial plant that could easily be expanded to employ large numbers of men for special work, thus tending to establish an industrial equilibrium. Even before these enterprises are assumed by the public, the unemployed should be organized under the management of a state commission, whose duty it would be to find public work for them. The help thus given the unfortunate would not rob him of self-respecting manhood, but would be the simple right to labor.

All these steps are but preliminary until the state guarantees to every citizen the right of being honorably employed, and of receiving the full product of his labor. Once having provided the opportunity for employment, then all vagrants should be colonized in reformatory institutions with an indeterminate sentence, taught to labor and made to earn their living. In short, man must not only be helped, he must be respected. There must not only be the tenderness which cannot look upon emaciation and disease, but there must be the democracy of fraternity which cherishes no privilege which all do not share.

The antagonism to charity in its present form, by the working classes and social reformers in general, does not arise so much from opposition to positive methods as to the spirit of reactionary conservatism which the charity movement in general represents, and which so often zealously opposes the programme of social progress. The fact is, charity organizations are sustained largely by people of wealth, whose financial interests represent the wrongs of to-day's civilization. These well-to-do people are willing to express certain tenderness toward the poor man if he will remember his place of inferiority; but to treat him as a man, to grant him an equal right in the social inheritance, to guarantee him, by law and economic methods, his proportionate interest in the soil which God gives free to all His children, to so organize the work of the world that he will not

need to bow at the feet of privilege for a chance to toil, and to so provide universal education, with economic opportunity to utilize that education, that the child of the poor may rank with the child of the rich — these demands of the spirit of human brotherhood, the well-to-do donors of charity absolutely refuse to consider; but these are the reforms which the fraternal ideals of our time demand, in order that the present degrading charity may be abolished forever.

In the meanwhile, until these reforms are accomplished, there will be need of relief measures, but they should be made to coöperate with the great movement of social progress. If organized charity can be induced to stop posing as the solution of the social question, and recognize its place as a subordinate and a temporary one, it may become a more useful social function.

On the whole, the survey is luminous with hope. During the last century and a half there has been a constant development in ethical quality. To describe this progress by the familiar ethical terms, it was egoism, it is prudentialism, it promises altruism. The English poor laws were selfish and egoistic to the last degree, but they have been gradually improved by the introduction of a more humane feeling, until the present charity activities represent the spirit of prudentialism that is everywhere so expressive of commercial ethics. But the rising tide of idealism is clearly discernible; the altruist is everywhere proclaiming his message, and the masses are gladly responding to his call. The future is most certainly his.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A Note on Transcendentalism — Old and New.

The New England of our day is not altogether lacking in a certain old-fashioned tranquillity in its social atmosphere, which is painfully and conspicuously absent in the jostling social extremes of New York and Chicago, and this is in some sort a compensation to the literary man, who lives obscurely within its borders, for the dwindling social and popular interest in all such literary occupations as do not revolve about the State House and local celebrities, and find their expression and glorification in the Sunday journals. There is still a superstition that the intellectual stimulus is stronger and keener in Boston than in any other city in America — but of this belief all that needs to be said is, that, like every other superstition, it has taken the place of the fact, since nature abhors a vacuum; and we must suppose these vanities, held in community by good honest curmudgeons, who would scorn to be saved by sharing a moiety of any virtue, have some root in human nature.

There is something in the physical aspect of some of the older streets of Boston that both stirs and rests the imagination; and ordinary poverty does not seem such an unbroken horror here as it does in New York. Here one can find a roof and warmth in the South End, or in South Boston, or in the suburbs at a cost which leaves enough for bread out of a small wage. In New York there is hardly any mitigation, any forgetfulness of poor devildom, for the man of fine sensibilities. In a wilderness of cold and draughty rookeries the most everyday conveniences and necessities, such as warmth and good sanitation, are impossibilities, and they are heroically dispensed with by great armies of clerks, salesmen, saleswomen, porters, carters, reporters and the whole host of small wage-earners, who can be put aside from the New York, which Paul Bourget and other literary adventurers have kindly discovered, and classified in the aggregate as Poor-devildom. The good nature of these literary snap-shot camera fiends only permits them to discover pleasant things, because it only pays to discover pleasant things.

This thought may seem a little aside from the subject suggested in the caption of this paper, but it arose in my mind as a contrast to the life pictured in the pages of a book before me. I have not had any intimate acquaintance with the monotonous round of any idyllic existence, but I have lived long in poor-devildom, and so the contrast came into my mind in reading of the courageous idealists of Brook Farm who put their idealism into real life, and gave fortitude something to dream of in the passing years. And this brings us back to Boston, and such provincial comforts as are within the reach of those of mediocre fortunes, if they are content to live in the awful social desolation of the

South End, and are not troubled because they cannot share in the shine and wit of more distinguished quarters, where money talks. This is the circumstance that holds many a man in Boston who could find a better market and earn a larger income in New York — but not prosperity enough to secure any moderate share of the ordinary comforts of civilization.

The charm of Boston, then, is largely material, instead of pervasively intellectual, as is hinted in certain quarters in the city where pink teas diffuse intellect. Perhaps, after all, there is actually more intellectual society, and more geniality and intimacy and hospitality within it, in New York than in Boston. But the compensation we get for this fact lies in the consideration of the small physical comforts aforesaid. In the domain of intellect and the morality of opinion, a sphere in which mere good-nature cannot so easily swing us into any such comfortable complacency, a compunction of conscience, a twist of literary integrity (that does not necessarily involve the everyday morality of the individual), compels a less flattering verdict.

It may be that the indifference to the higher and nobler aims of life is no greater in Boston than elsewhere, but it is nevertheless in strong contrast to the strenuous earnestness of the best minds, which infected a good portion of the so-called intellectual class, above the want-level, in the fifties and sixties — if history is to be trusted. And making all due allowances for the warm retrospections of historians, there is the literature of the period, which is the best and truest testimony of the times. There is certainly some interest in literature in Boston to-day — in a literature of play — but scarcely much in a literature of thought, which cannot but touch upon distressing and disturbing realities. It is not, perhaps, too much of an exaggeration — as exaggerations go, for the presentation of dominant facts and factors — to say that the aggregate mind and conscience of New England is so decorous and comfortable in our day that only the most impossible and unreal crusades can arouse its enthusiasms — hence the prosperity of Indian and foreign missions. Its conscience is heroically screwed up once and forever to the sublime conviction that "All the world's *a shop*" — and the best of all possible worlds at that; and its divine constitution must not be assailed with rude arguments and evil pryings. It is assumed to be blasphemy to question the authenticity of the thirteenth article in "The Whole Gospel of Smugness," which declares that Nature divided mankind at the beginning into sellers, holders, profiters, buyers — and paupers.

Of late the sacred Gospel of Smugness has been so insistently impugned by abandoned heretics that stricter measures are to be used with the reprobate; only recently a man of my acquaintance was branded as *an anarchist* (that's the cant spanking phrase of the day) in the *Morning Sentinel*, because he was overheard repeating certain passages of the Lord's Prayer, above a whisper, in a public place.

The literary expression of this philosophy of life is somewhat amusing to the genial cynic, who would be bitterly disappointed in life if mankind ever gave up playing the fool. We do sometimes wish a little latitude were allowed them to play the fool with more originality of design and intention; but the polite literature we get makes up for its lack of reality in thought, imagination and native impulse, in a profundity that has not even the weightiness of learning, the accumulation of delightful and sober error, but the profundity of mere smug respectabilism. One has to have the unjaded appetite of a raw boy, subtly compounded (recipe not easy to obtain), with the tolerance of boredom, in order to squeeze any wanton merriment out of this sort of severe sobriety. But it is no doubt excellent discipline for us all; for those who have never sat and grinned on the penitential benches in the Devil's school of philosophy, cannot have enough experience of human life and character to recognize truth, with its many faces, among the sincere and devoted workers who suffer and struggle to create the world's real thought.

The younger men of this day and generation can scarcely realize that fifty years ago Boston was the centre of an intellectual ferment, that was not simply a lukewarm conspiracy of chrysanthemum and pink teas, but was actually a commotion of sincerity, whose fantastic and grotesque features came from an excess of enthusiasm, that knew nothing of the fantastic diversions of *ennui*. We are familiar with the dainty whims and unstable moods (omitting the mode) of ineffable poets, who play dainty battledore with their strangest vices for the edification of witty young "buds" of both sexes, who estimate talent in the exact ratio of its wickedness — all done with a suitable background, in a drowsy atmosphere of green or yellow, sipping what appears to be the most subtle of enervating poisons, drawn from a Russian *samovar*.

We are also familiar with the severe person of the other sex, who, just as theology is being discredited and laughed out of religion in the real world where religion belongs, suddenly, without notice and without mercy, imports the whole hideous lumber into fiction, and — has her portrait taken with a writhe of appalling solemnity depicted therein. To this new and painful sobriety of the feminine imagination, often so happy in other fields, we owe those unforgivable abominations of unmitigated dulness, "John Ward, Preacher," and "Robert Elsmere." The people who are brave enough to endure the martyrdom of *reading* such books from end to end are the admiration of my more mortal mind; but the persons who had the courage to face the manuscript page, day after day, and solemnly endure the excruciating misery of *writing* such depressing stuff, deserve the Victoria cross for heroic conduct. These people have a strange and horrible fascination for me, just as hashish or opium eaters have. I am possessed of a morbid curiosity about *the inside of them*.

We youngsters look back with timorous curiosity upon the dark dangers of that benighted fifty years ago, when a man of the most ortho-

dox faith, with the best of moral intentions, rejoicing in the conviction of total depravity — and with an abundance of good comforting lies, imparted in all innocence at his mother's knee, always in the background of his memory, to silence all inconvenient arguments — was in constant peril of being suddenly assailed by some devouring and destroying heterodoxy, in turning any boisterous corner in life's pilgrimage, where contending devils of reason and doubt snatched for body and soul. We read of these rude, violent gales of opinion as men read stories of adventure and shipwreck and the battle field, with a tingling heroism in our blood, which but adds a gentle pang of flattering regret to our complacent reflection, that we shall never be called upon to play the hero, either in the battle field, or in that more fearful conflict of the commonplace, the everyday world of thought and party and conduct in which heroes are mostly known by the vile names hurled at them.

We can all of us enjoy the society of rough-spoken heroes, moral and otherwise, with our slippered feet on the fender-rail; but we should not know what to make of such uncouth pagans if they stepped across the threshold of our Christian counting rooms, and we thank the good God we are not called upon to live adventures. And as for moral heroes, we have discovered an antidote for riotous blood in the *Policeman* — our perplexing symbol of a government of *mind!* We shiver with delight in conjuring up the perils of only forty years ago, perils which crept into the spiritual and moral life, even here in America, which ever since the arrival of the Puritan has been abandoned to the virtues and worship of Respectability, and we reflect complacently that we have dissipated all these menacing spiritual gases by periodical appearances in frock coats and clean linen in a pew at Trinity, and we have exploded all the pressing problems of life with more or less apt epigrams. God was not always so respectable; in the old far away days when He lived among the Jews in the provincial world of Asia Minor and Syria, He was somewhat more moody and eccentric and was addicted to what we should consider disreputable company — but we have with exhortation and intimidation reconciled Him to the usages of the best society, *and also to a contented, ceremonious life within its well defined boundaries.*

Our philosophy is charming. It has but one drawback, examined critically. It presupposes the possession of a full stomach as its main premise, and this, besides being prejudicial to the minor proposition, often seriously imperils the conclusion; for it is hazardous in a world in which the chief satisfaction of life, gluttony, would lose all its potent charm for epicurean imaginations, without Lazarus, empty-bellied, at the gate begging for the crumbs, to believe that life can be wholly and satisfactorily explained by any philosophy, which, in assuming a surfeit that pinches the many into emptiness, aggravates wits sharpened by penury into rebellion. And so perhaps we must fall back upon those fine Christian promises that compensate the emptied-bellied thousands with alluring dreams; or some empty bellies in collusion with hot,

seething brains may produce a philosophy that may threaten gluttony with anarchy; and what pious, reverent, God-fearing man could expect the sun to rise on a world in which the divine institution of gluttony had succumbed to the vulgar, clamorous pangs of empty bellies? Surely in such an event the wrath of a justly offended deity would consign our crops to eternal darkness, and so the anarchy of misery would be complete.

But our epigrams are amusing. "The poor ye have always with you," is one of them, and it opens up a delightful field of light-hearted speculation, and gives our literary men something to exercise their wit upon. They most of them have sufficient experience of it to color all their philosophy and observation with our ingenious doctrine of hopeful contentment, and their fine transcendental, alluring pictures of poverty are amusing reading in the light of their biographies. We fill them with the wind of our digestion and hope — and they betray their flesh and blood and are happy. Misery in poetic language is the one most splendid thing in life and literature. We must be careful never to endanger it as a source of inspiration.

Oh, yes, in order to keep happiness in the world we must support gluttony; and that is only possible at the cost of misery. It is the rich who keep the poor miserable, because if there were no hunger and suffering to be alleviated how could gluttony entertain those pleasant after-dinner thoughts of benefactions? If we unlocked the doors of all our barns and storehouses, and threw open God's world to the vulgar, how long could credulity blink gratefully in the wind and noise of our fine Christian sentiments? What the deuce would virtue do in this world without our delightful overplus of villany to serve as a dark background? One candle does not throw a great light at high noon. If we once disturb established villanies we shall discover that everything will go with a crash, as the displacing of one stone in a mountain pass starts the landslide — and all our virtues would be the first to go. A curious cynic will find that all our most cherished virtues flourish best in the rich, rank soil of villany. It would only imperil the truth of a divine inspiration to meddle with the rich, who are well content to cling desperately to the one rag of Scriptural truth that has no sting in its tail for them — "The poor ye have always with you." This one chance bit of pessimistic commentary, wrung from a seared heart, makes good Christians of millions of villains who lack the virtues of pagans and cannibals.

We are sadly in need of a philanthropy that will end the miseries of its beneficiaries on the butcher's block. We are too sensitive, too mean and cruel to be cruelly kind — and so, for a merely selfish shrinking from the sight of blood, we cut ourselves off from the pleasures of a new dish; and deny the superfluously wretched the balm of peace. Here is a new dish, a rival of pork, if shipwrecked mariners' tales are trustworthy, awaiting the generation that is bold enough to practise mercy, and not

simply prate of it. It was a keen philosopher who remarked that the world would be more indebted to the man who should discover a new dish than to the man who should discover a new star, for we have a sufficiency of stars and but a limited number of dishes. The world is deeply in the debt of the great Dean Swift; but his beneficent solution of the social question is opposed and combatted by the Jews and money-lenders who, while admitting certain advantages in the scheme, still claim that it would create a scarcity of laborers, that would react injuriously upon the elect and divine calling of usury; and so the fine precepts of Christian morality are invoked to thrust the too tender-hearted Dean into an undeserved odium. And so until the world grows wiser an epicure's lips will have to fawn tremulously upon, and water in anguish at, the sight of every poor devil, jogged against in the bustle of life, who would assuredly be far happier trussed and spitted, than limping forlorn through this pitiless world on crutches. There is, unfortunately, however, a popular prejudice against the mercy of cannibalism; and as Doctor Johnson said, one must accept the universal opinion of mankind, for it is useless to combat it. It is possible mankind cannot defend their way of thinking, and in morals the multitude undoubtedly sits in a fool's cap; but it is certainly as perilous for any man to defend their vices as to oppose them. And so we must play the hypocrite and desert the good Dean, and abandon the poor and miserable to the rough and merciless paw of charity.

The poor are deliciously picturesque in their poverty — not to themselves, probably, but to the spectators. Life has its compensations for the æsthetic temperament. Look at that bent back beneath the load of fagots; how the legs wobble and totter, the feet slowly shambling forward from the knees; they have long lost all easy relationship with the hips, except that of creaking pain — delightful picture, look! There now! with a pale gleam of crimson sunset stealing through the bare trees, at her back, crowning her with its fickle, tender irony. How typical of Nature's game with all of us! And that weazened and scarred and wicked old face — so dull, so alert, so impassive, so cunning, so changeful, so immobile, a paradox in wrinkles, with all the soul fled from it, and only greedy expectation or indifference printed there. Misery has such a grim, unpoetic touch! — what a splendid study for an artist with *a soul!* Oh, the picturesqueness of dead souls! All the picturesqueness in life would be gone if all were as secure and serene as we comfortables, who have such fine sensibilities, such capacity for enjoyment — and pain. There is no face makes such a fine study as that, in which the low greed of desperation has clawed out the soul, and left but a horrible mask. Life would be insufferably dull without these fine shocking contrasts. Our small hearthstone virtues need this remorseless machinery of misery, crushing men and women into mere carrion creatures, lacking only in their courage, for they only comfort us in the presence of utter depravity.

II.

But to take a glimpse of the dangers we have escaped. About fifty years ago there were some men who carried nut-crackers for our nonplussing epigrams, and I'm afraid they'd have made short work of many of them. Those two grim leash-fellows, freedom of thought and freedom of speech, the remorseless, sharp-fanged foes of all sweet, innocent broods of lies, had for the nonce slipped their collars, and all sorts of unoffending and unlikely persons were badly bitten and suddenly caused their friends great anxiety. There was a great hue and cry of "Mad dog!" for a while, and a devil of a shindy was kicked up in the respectable kennels of the spotted dogs; for these good domestic brutes were also occasionally bitten — in the hind quarters, usually. Then the hubbub died out — human nature cannot stand any protracted pitch; it is like a dog leaping for the moon — it must down in a little while upon *all fours;* and in our day we are peculiarly fortunate in knowing that these perils are exorcised by potent spells.

A brooding peace lulls us into a content in which our virtues bear interest for the satisfaction of our vices, to say nothing of the principal. It is a glorious epoch of civilization, progress, tolerance, forbearance, love, pity, justice; — what was *that* sharp cry? Oh, only some poor devil, baying the moon — cursing God and man! Those mad dogs are in the secure keeping of smug conservative opinion — a jailer who can be depended upon to make no *sentimental* errors. No? — then the devil! — that dissonance is jarring. Surely — yes, that is another cry of "Mad dog"; and all the domestic whelps are sitting up on their heads and cogitating deeply with their hinder ends, and yelling all the while, "Anarchists!" 'Tis the latest catchword whispered by the Devil, who loves a good joke, into the ear of one of the whelps, and forthwith he tumbled head uppermost convulsed with a great idea, which has been communicated like the itch to all the other respectable fools, who can think with equal facility with their heels as with their heads, *and do.*

When one meets one of these always imminent noises, it is a good plan to anticipate the explosion by quietly whispering the formula, according to the latest bulletin, in its ear.

These good people have their day's thoughts thrown down the area, wet and dirty, every morning; their thoughts come with the milk — and an examination would reveal adulteration in both. From what lower depths in Hell those thoughts come, only the poor devils of divers can tell. If you want to hear a good story get one up in a corner, when he is hungry or thirsty, or both. It may be thought exciting to dive into the bottomless void of Hell between sunset and midnight to fish up "a public opinion" which shall not stink before high noon; but it is not. It is insupportably dull work — the tragedy of the story lies elsewhere — for while one learns to abhor and loathe one's self, one never has the great good fortune to meet the Devil.

Indeed, we must aver that ours is an exceptionally blessed generation, without any impious discounting of the benefits showered upon our forefathers, who grew fat or lean, according to their stars (a dispensation lurking just *this* side of Heaven); for our consciences are happily in the secure keeping of the holy saints and sages of the morning newspapers. We are, therefore, out of temptation. We cannot ruin ourselves with any generous unthriftiness of hospitality; for our doubts and consciences are beyond the corruptions and contaminations of our lower world of mere expediency — and, indeed, it is intended we shall never possess them again, for, judiciously and conservatively managed, they earn cent per cent in encouraging merchants to advertise their goods.

'Tis well to send children to schools and colleges to prevent them finding out for themselves the truth in the wrong books; and to secure the same desirable end among the mature we have but to aid in the wholesale dissemination of newspapers. So long as we manage the business of our morality with so much economy and foresight, though the interest may be small, and not compounded at that, we need never fear any dreadful catastrophe overtaking our investment — that is safe for the ages. The mad dogs will never get loose again, now that it is thoroughly understood that the safety of democratic institutions depends upon a sort of intellectual "hush!" obtaining in all utterance, written or spoken, on any of the difficult relations of life. Look at all our polite literary men, grave and reverend preachers and teachers, moral, social and political, and our respectable journalists — look how discreetly they all walk the stage, a-tip-toe; if it were not positive blasphemy I should remark that they remind one of stage burglars; as it is I simply put my finger on my lips discreetly, and warn any disrespectful young devil not to use the simile.

But we have to guard against the importation of foreign ideas. It seems, if we may put any reliance in the telegraphic despatches from Europe, and also certain depressing editorial commentaries thereupon, that there are actually ideas flying about Europe, and there is a very great peril that some of the Europeans who land at Castle Garden have the audacity to smuggle these seditious fevers into the country, under the very noses of the quarantine and customs officers. It is rumored that there is a conspiracy on foot to undermine the congenital ignorance and complacency of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent, and so destroy the moral health of the community, and civilization itself, maybe. The thought is too dreadful. Let us be warned in time, and whenever we see a head raised that gives unmistakable evidence of containing ideas, let us hit it with vigorous discretion, and if possible tear it from the trunk and roll it into the gutter, yelling in the meantime, with outraged patriotic fervor — "Anarchist!" The domestic whelps, sitting round on their haunches, will furnish a permanent and inspiring chorus. They have yelled so long, with so many varieties of deafening assurance, that they have succeeded in convincing God, and He has abdicated His

sovereignty of this universe and left matters in the hands of the managers of the morning newspapers.

It is an admirable arrangement. Under the new *regime* none of the melancholy philosophies are allowed to prosper; there is a charmingly optimistic, contented, beatitudinal note in all the expressions of *the popular voice.* All the evils which afflicted our forefathers have been abolished, and as it has been discovered and demonstrated by modern science that thinking was the original source of the harvest of these ills, thinking has been made illegal — that is, any man caught at any such nefarious business will be tried by the newspapers. Trial by jury is, it is rumored, soon to be abolished — and no one can regret its passing.

The advantages of popular education are exemplified in our day, as it was impossible for them to be in their early development, fifty years ago. For instance, our poor dear forefathers, who no doubt had a choice selection of foul words for men who dared to think, had not discovered this vigorous epithet, "Anarchist" — so effective with all who love to sit on their haunches and yell themselves hoarse (the majority of mankind) without inquiries. A sublime triumph for Cadmus, truly!

In looking over the newspapers of fifty years ago one is impressed with the pathetic inadequacy of the abuse used by the Devil's imps in that far away twilight time. I am writing away from documents, but I am inclined to think there is no peril in asserting that, this was before the Imperial Abdication referred to above. The records wear an attenuated, yes, a miserable, threadbare look compared with the magniloquent bawdy and rich Billingsgate of the modern engine of enlightenment; and perhaps this circumstance robs biography and history of something of their potent charm; for the attraction of these for most men is, not that they may get a glimpse of the more tolerable aspects of mankind, but a pitiless glare of human nature at its worst.

The next generation, turning over the files of our day, will be assailed by an army of stale stinks that will forever envelop the memory of some of the noblest men of this time — or we are sadly deceived in human nature. I can see the rows of reverend parchment skulls of the next generation poring over the worm eaten records of our poor, shrunken day — digging out the miserable, unrespectable villains among us, and holding their noses meanwhile over our too robust vernacular, but enjoying the pungency of the villainous odors heartily. Jackals like their meat "gamey"; and if human nature could only be coaxed out of its piety and reticence and made to turn state's evidence, for one honest moment, it would own up, that it loves to worry the nose off a man who is on his back in the gutter. This is the consolation of the good worthy souls, whose wits are coined into lies, with which they pay their way in the world, and having such an abundance of the accepted currency of all respectable associations and parties, reach the highest dignities in life; they can wrap the reputation of some deluded saint in some foul

and damning lie, that can never be contradicted with evidence or satisfactorily explained away, because so utterly unsubstantial, so audacious and so probable, and which, therefore, will persist so long as human nature loves to listen agape at the back-door to the gossip of scullions and sluts and historiographers, and relishes the worst about every man — saint or sinner. The only man who cannot tell a lie lives all alone on a grim peak of one of the great Andes — and his shadow only escapes corruption by being stone deaf.

III.

I have been led to touch in this way some of the most obvious phases of the intellectual rebellion of fifty years ago, and certain of the most iterated superficial aspects of that which is rumbling and gathering beneath the clear skies of smug contentment with our sordid civilization (in which the portion of the successful is almost as tragic as that of the miserable, since the reality of misery always outweighs the incumbrance of possessions that bring no love), because the radical thought of fifty years ago is now respectable, and the superior wits who derided it are ridiculous. The inference is that history may repeat itself. It is really worth while to study those writers of our era, who are impressed with a deep consciousness that, let human nature be what it may, changes are at work — the race is moving wearily onward. It is easy to make a jest of such men's credulity; but Nature in her slow, cruel way, does prod us painfully forward, and we can never hope to fiddle at old Nature's funeral. Her patience outwears our villanies.

The starting point of these reflections was a book of memoirs, just fresh from the press, Dr. John T. Codman's "The History of Brook Farm," which brings the parallels and the differences of those times and ours vividly before us, and I return to touch certain other salient points.

The revolt of 1840–50 was largely from the old, harsh conceptions of God and life and destiny that were formulated in the Calvinistic doctrines. Almost every great social movement begins in a revulsion from some pinching theological dogmas, that cramp and falsify men's moral impulses and intuitions in the sphere of everyday mundane existence and affairs; at any rate, the downfall of such harsh religious doctrines inevitably precipitates an intellectual quickening, and that brings a reëxamination of social codes and conventions. The theologians and all that scurrilous crew of respectables, who dare not contemplate either sublunary happiness or celestial bliss that does not involve the damnation and misery of others, waxed wrathy and noisy, and reason was solemnly damned with Billingsgate arguments, and honesty of reverent opinion banned and excommunicated as impious, silenced with all the foul anathemas of the orthodox Hell. But the vast majority of men, whose only concern in the subtleties of theology is a humble acquiescence in the uncompromising damnation of such of their neighbors as

do not share their vices, here and hereafter, are slowly becoming reconciled to schisms in religious opinion.

Since it was only the God of Terrors whose theoretical existence was threatened with the looming up of a more agreeable abstraction, the majority of good honest *bourgeoisie* of fifty years ago regarded their contemporaries, the Transcendentalists, with more or less amused indifference. They were assured that these visionaries, who were possessed of an intellectual foppery to get to Heaven by a bridle-path of their own, instead of taking the turnpike of respectable communion in one of the rival orthodox churches, were all predestined, by an ironical Providence, to suffer the eternal torments of the damned, as the penalty of their heretical fastidiousness; and as for their vagaries and whimsies, touching the meaning and purpose of life in this world, as they did not seriously threaten the existence and sanctity of the eternal symbol of those saved by faith and theological magic — the divine institution of THE SHOP, and the commerce in sugar, cotton, rum and the promiscuously and conveniently damned among humans, they laughed in tolerant contemptuousness of such dreaming simpletons.

This indifference to alien ideas is characteristic of our phlegmatic race. That great modern political phenomenon, the Anglo-Saxon porcine biped, has become swollen with a well-nigh inexpugnable mental flatulency as his ugly commerce and usury have gained dominion over and disfigured a once beautiful world, and incidentally spread the blessed tidings of his fantastic religion of pantomimic paradox, along with its incidental vices; and now that he can scarcely see or hear the rest of creation on account of the immensity of his belly, he fancies his strange philosophy of THE SHOP has actually exorcised and forever destroyed every vestige of the idealistic philosophies of the poets and prophets and pagans of old, which declared the only realities to reside in the tumult of the spirit, and exposed the cruel mockeries of the poor self-divorced carnal life. But the Anglo-Saxon and his fine virtues is one of the most devilish ironies with which Dame Nature teases the perplexed spirit; and as he has no sense of humor you cannot convince him of his own absurdity with any web of metaphysical evidence. But 'tis a sad and ironical destiny for the human race if all the tragedies of history have been slowly working, as some alarming bogle-men aver, for the gradual evolution of the complete ascendancy in the world of the Anglo-Saxon, with his rapacious maw, this monster whose God has neither heart nor soul, whose religion is greed, and whose imagination lies deep hid in that ponderous belly, where it frets and goads him with new and fantastic desires and appetites that devour the flesh and bones and subsistence of his wards.

Ah no, let us plump ourselves down upon our marrow-bones and send woful supplications to the God of Terrors, and all others who have ears and influence, to avert this catastrophe. It would be far better to have another Attila and see all our dreams and philosophies crushed beneath

the iron heel of stern, intolerant fanaticism, than to see the whole world pass forever under the chill, dolorous shadow of the Anglo-Saxon maw, with its greedy toleration of all sorts of pernicious error, that does not interfere with its divine mission of buying and selling and usury. If all the world goes down before Mark Lane and Threadneedle Street, we shall really, in an extremity, be compelled to abandon the gods altogether, Pagan and Christian, and confess that the world after all is only A SHOP, and that man is primarily a bargainer, and not a marvellous spirit in temptation.

The tolerance of the Anglo-Saxon in certain remote regions of speculation is due to his congenital complacency concerning every question under Heaven that does not involve the shop and the four per cents in any sort of moral doubt. You can scoff at the Anglo-Saxon's conception of God — a strange monster evolved from a shoppy imagination, with a morality of the Poor Richard type — you may revile his theology, mock his credulous hypocrisy, laugh at his greed and pride and self-satisfaction, and he has but a patient shrug of complacency and good humored condescension for answer; but beware how you drop any light remark betraying any wavering hesitancy as to your acceptance of the doctrine of the divinity of the iron laws of competitive commerce and its logical train of exigent circumstances — disease, degradation, cold, hunger and misery, for two thirds of the human race. This is the only article in the whole exegesis of faith relating to the divine government of the world, or indeed to any deities or divinities, that your respectable Anglo-Saxon cares a straw about.

His mind is made up, once and forever, into one positive knot of contemptuous affirmative, upon all the absolutely unsolvable perplexities of life, and he has but an amused indifference for all those who are weak enough to confess to being caught in the toils and doubts of the questioning spirit, to whom a philosophy of beefsteaks and beer is decidedly foggy and unsatisfactory. He settles the question of free will with a guffaw. He exorcises the Devil with a pot of beer; the doubt as to the worth and purpose of life in a bawdy house. He is tolerant, if laughing one into silence is tolerance. He says: How can one reason with a man who would rather remain in a quandary of tormenting perplexity than accept the facts of life, as they are, reasonably? What is the good of turning the mind upon itself when spiritual peace lies in a good dinner, and those who cannot get one are evidently predestined to perdition. *This is life;* but the other man has his compensations, for doubt brings some knowledge, if not peace.

People of this positive moral complexion, whose sole interest in life is wrapped up in such abstractions as dividends, stocks, imports and exports, beef and beer, catch but one glimpse of the real world as it is, and that is the last flashing thought before they close their eyes upon the world forever. This wisdom comes belated, like a sot's regrets and resolutions. Let those who love to dally with the strange paradoxes of

life take this commonplace to heart, to lessen their resentment, expand their charity, to add a touch of scrupulousness to ambition, and broaden their whole view of life; the misery of every man is the end of the world *to him*. All these realities are but a buzz in the ear of him who is drifting out on the tide of eternity; we should remember in our lusty strength that death begins from the moment of birth. Let one be never so heroically moulded as a master of destinies, never so occupied with one's affairs and business, with the prosperity of nations and portentous statistics, one cannot avoid expending at last some useless charity upon one indifferent poor devil, who drops suddenly, almost without warning, out of this world of significant realities. That poor devil is *one's self;* and this one great tragic moment of self pity, that reveals the whole tragedy of life, is death. This old tragedian reconciles every one of us to idealism, to the most vagarious hopes; and in a sudden flash the tragedy in the half remembered face of every poor devil, with its primal claims of a perplexed human soul in anguish, has outweighed in significance the whole bustle and stir and triumphs and stern code of the game of gain.

IV.

The Transcendentalists of fifty years ago in revolting from a morbid theology, soon found that religion was wrapped up in those conceptions a man holds of life and humanity and destiny that affect and color every act and thought in everyday conduct. Every broader conception of religion inevitably brings with it a corresponding broadening of the conception of moral obligation in all the relations of human society; it increases the awe we all should feel at having God among us, divinity reproaching us in a million human faces, as we abase ourselves before our idols. We imagine we have shot the bolt on God, and have Him safely locked up, oblivious of the outer world, in our magnificent temples; but He clamors for recognition in rags and tatters at our street corners. Ah well, the poor wretch is dumb; he has but misery to plead his cause, and how can we be interested in, or get *en rapport* with a man, who has neither wit nor culture to make his present or future of any concern? Nature has wrapped the poor devil up in dulness, and we are too busy to stay to learn his language. Ah, a little learning is indeed a dangerous thing. It so often cuts us off from a sympathy with the tragedy of commonplace misery and mediocre capacities. We ride our hobbies and forget to be human. A man's conception of the dignity of human life is the truest measure of his reverence for his Maker, and his religion in this broadest sense is the pitiless appraisement of his life. And here let me remark, parenthetically, that it cannot be seriously maintained that the Anglo-Saxons do *not* belong to humanity.

When once a certain measure of moral freedom was attained in the intellectual and religious life, the real intimate relation between true religion and the largest culture and self-culture, forced itself upon some of those who had been most stirred by the new currents of thought, and

the Transcendental movement soon broadened out into an attempt to found a community where, in the words of our historian, "Agriculture and education should be made the foundation of a new system of social life. Labor should be honored. All should take part in it. There should be no religious creeds adopted. The old, feeble and sick were to be cared for, the strong and able bearing the burden of the labor. There would be no rank, to entitle the owner of it to superior considerations because of it; and truth, justice and order were to be the governing principles of the society."

The leader of this particular phase of the Transcendental movement was George Ripley, a Unitarian minister, a graduate of Harvard college, a lover of literature and a theological scholar. The great bulk of theological literature makes a very respectable advocacy of the Devil, getting round sharp corners where doctrine and practical decency of conduct accidentally resolve into unanimity, with the most admirable intellectual mastery; but according to the author of these Memoirs the logic of these writings "had impressed Mr. Ripley with the truth of the divinity of man's nature, or had convinced him more thoroughly that his own ideas were right." We do not find this dangerous latitude in orthodox theology, which seldom gives much warrant for the divinity of man's thought and actions; and we have only discovered such dangerous doctrines among those lay preachers, whose truths are true long after all the formulas and dogmas have yielded to the changing times — the Poets.

But every man must go his own way to the truth, and some must crawl through the brambles. Calvinism was holding all imagination, all conscience, in the bondage of a foregone conclusion, pitiless, irrevocable, which mocked at virtue and morality as the ironies of the damned, who could not even share the vices of the elect; and the miracles and testimony of the Scriptural writings were held to be the only *proofs* of spiritual truths. The Transcendentalists had the audacity, and it was profanation and sacrilege then, however mild and amusing it may seem to some of us now, to declare that these *proofs* were insufficient, in any case might be supererogatory. They claimed that there was in the human mind and soul an intuitive faculty which clearly discerned spiritual truths, and that spiritual knowledge was not a quality of special grace but the heritage of mankind. Since this threatened the stability of the doctrine of the innate depravity of man, the inevitable counterpart of a doctrine of special dispensations, there was quite a hubbub, and *the damned* who dared to revolt were a most conspicuous minority; for strangely enough this idea of depravity and damnation is very dear to the tender imaginations of mankind, and they relinquish it with great reluctance. Indeed, in a clamor of this sort, in which the popular sympathy is almost entirely with the damning party, the number of the elect is so numerous and convincing, and the minority of the protesting damned so small and insignificant, that it sometimes seems scarcely worth the trouble to get them acquitted after all.

Mr. Ripley presented the views of the heretical faction from his pulpit: "There is a class of persons who desire a reform in the prevailing philosophy of the day. These are called Transcendentalists, because they believe in an order of truth that transcends the sphere of the external senses. They maintain that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition nor historical facts, but has an answering witness in the soul."

This was the impulse and point of view, with the variations of individual temperament, of the earlier group of Transcendentalists, before what was simply a clamor for fresh air in the intellectual and spiritual life, suddenly broadened out into two different phases. From the moment of the split there was little affinity, either in aims or methods, between the two wings. Indeed the Brook Farm experiment scarcely belonged to the Transcendental movement at all, although its founder began the work under the influence of the Transcendental revolt, and was one of the earliest and most strenuous members of the Radical or Transcendental Club. One grew into the robust, philosophical idealism of Emerson, Thoreau, Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol and the literary *coterie* of the Radical Club, — whose heresies are nowadays read as mere literature, with a delight that does not entirely comprehend the reality of their moral radicalism, by all the good respectables. The other, coming under the influence of the social unrest of Europe, at that time finding voice in the philosophical and economic writings of Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, and others, attempted to set up a social community, in which some of the fine sublunary virtues preachers and philosophers have recommended for centuries, in the abstract, should be put into everyday practice.

The community was a limited Utopia in the beginning. Every Utopian was to have something to contribute toward the venture — which was reasonable enough, in the social isolation of such a community. It was a community of idealists, who combined the pleasant vocation of training strenuous, hardy young minds in the *realities* of books and thought, as they could not then, and cannot now, be taught in the schools and universities (where a chalk mark on a certain milestone on the path of knowledge warns the instructor to leave the sunlit road and take to the woods, on the penalty of being turned out of his chair by the elect, who encourage culture but abhor thought) with the delightful, grateful occupations of a dairy farm. This was a long way from the comforting total depravity theory, and all the devoted champions of orthodoxy were up in arms, exasperated and maddened with the horrible thought that the Devil might lose his own. But outside of the curators of the public conscience, it is believable that these strange proceedings excited more amused curiosity than holy indignation. We are told in this record, and in other reminiscent and biographic glimpses, that "All thoughtful people in New England seemed to be agape with curiosity and wonder."

As the Brook Farmers were neither dogmatists nor active fanatics, but simply idealists, whose shocking latitude in moral conceptions was not propagated by any vociferous methods, and indeed led them to gentleness and justice and mercy, their doings created among the starched respectables of Beacon Street an excitement in which there was that ripple of amusement that affords an acute sense of superiority to all who are well content with iniquity. It was the lack of decorum and not the sacrilege and enormity of the experiment that offended them — though, to be sure, this might perhaps be the thin end of the wedge, making way for loose conceptions of social and moral obligations. Once let the certainty of total depravity be arraigned and disturbed, and it is apparent the whole stability of organized society is threatened. Its foundations are shaken. Get a good Christian gentleman, who has "a stake in society" (that's the phrase) into a corner, and ask him if he is willing to see love and justice imported into life and law, and he will grow red and puffy, and thunder, "*That's* Anarchism!" If you remind him gently that a certain Jew, one Jesus Christ, laid the foundations of the Christian religion on just *those very teachings* and nothing else, he will be shocked at your impiety. If you quote the prophets and saints of the Christian Calendar, he will say that that sort of idealism was *not* intended to be taken as anything but the poetic passion of the spiritual life. If you quote modern scientific realists, he turns on you cheerfully, with a note of triumph, "Ah, *that's* all gross materialism." And so he lives by *faith* — and the sweat and blood of his fellows, whom *his* God cursed for *his* benefit. But so long as all this demoralizing latitude of opinion and teaching was properly restrained within the limits of the class room, where some speculative freedom and fantasy could perhaps be allowed to certain vigorous minds, that are safest in the widest possible field of abstraction, it did not seriously awaken the resentment of those, who argued, with the most profound learning and worldly wisdom, that to question the dominion of the Devil in this world was to render insecure all those conditions of society and government which contributed so much to the cultivation of the propitiatory virtues — whatever effect they may have had upon ordinary morality. The propitiatory virtues are the only ones our modern fishers of men care anything about: they are the big fish in the tempestuous sea of morality, and if they gorge themselves upon the little fish, what of it? By this means the elect at least can hang together — to be damned or saved as the God of ironies shall ultimately reveal. I sometimes pray hard for belief in the damnation theory.

Human nature in our liberal century can forgive a good deal of heresy and immorality of opinion (though some palms may itch to collect fagots) as long as it is not allowed to degenerate from mere philosophy into something *positive*. Therefore these speculations are offered in the merry after-dinner mood of some corner in good society, where politeness has brought in again some measure of the old generous charity of

Pagan speculation, which the rise of Christianity overthrew and destroyed. Knowing that honest thought can do no harm we let these merry heresies roar up the chimney, and, if they can survive the chill air, out into the world. We can thank Heaven that we are beginning to enjoy some small measure of this sort of intellectual tolerance in our social life; though I cannot say what reception ideas would receive in the inner circles of "society" where brains are a disqualification. I do not honor parrots and fools with my presence; life is too short. Still if one is rash enough to propose to set about *doing* something, in any society, the folly and impiety of denying the Devil is at once startlingly apparent. Personally I should never dream of denying the Devil; and even at this late day I have occcasionally considerable hesitation about treating the doctrine of total depravity too lightly. There is much to support it. I find only men of independent fortune, who do not need to earn any honest livelihood, and are troubled with no necessity of complaisance or dependence, have any optimistic certitude upon the question of the permanence of the exorcisement of fifty years ago.

A day came, however, when George Ripley and those nearest to him felt the pressure of other social currents from below, that were more concerned with the portentous bread and butter question than about theological freedom, or about the essential rights and necessity of identity of the intellectual life. Up to this time Brook Farm had been a more or less idyllic *coterie* of people of more or less intellectual or spiritual affinity, and it had derived its revenues more from the scholars in the academy than from its farming operations, which formed the least successful and satisfactory part of the undertaking. The community was not paying its way. The social life was charming, and the school increasing in reputation, *but it did not pay.*

It was a period of strange hope and faith. There was a stir in all classes of society, in Europe and America. Many experiments in community life, on a basis of justice and equality of labor and opportunity and rewards, were being made, and the pressure of circumstances induced the leaders of Brook Farm to join the expanding movement of communism on a labor basis, that seemed to promise to settle many of the worst evils of the wage system. As our historian says, the new departure demanded a great deal of courage; for a man of Ripley's intellectual interests, something of heroism. "It was not entirely palatable to all who had looked on the little community as their pet property, their ideal home; for the sainted individualists and for cultivated bookworms; and fearing a loss of selectness some departed." It was a little singular that at the beginning of the enterprise, only two members of the Transcendental Club, Hawthorne and Dwight, joined the community; and when the Farm developed into an industrial organization, the Transcendentalists apparently lost all interest in it. Our historian sadly records, and we put the burden of proof upon him: "He [Ripley] was practically deserted by Emerson and his *coterie*, by some

of the associates and pupils of the school, and boarders, who were scared out of their propriety by the fear of losing social caste, and they showed their disfavor by leaving him alone."

The Brook Farm then practically ceased to be considered as a factor in the Transcendental movement, which sought more to establish the independence and sanity of unfettered thought, than to bring about any Utopia which should at one stroke morally enfranchise all God's poor players. Within five years, in 1845, the Brook Farm attempt to build a society founded upon equality, justice, labor, order and love, failed for lack of funds. Experience has seemed to prove that these experimental communities, simply withdrawn from a surrounding antagonistic and invincible society, beating like the sea upon their fragile foundations, can effect little or nothing in bringing about a better world for humanity. The process of emancipation from the bad dreams of the centuries is painfully slow, and must always outwear the love and patience and enthusiasm of many reformers; but a glance at the crowds in our streets ought to show us where we must begin, idealists or what not. Ignorance and passion are the twin gaolers of the mind, and misery is the fruitful mother of both. The Transcendentalists were moving along the lines of evolution, of least resistance; enfranchise the minds that like corks rise to the surface first, and let the leaven work, as it must, slowly and painfully downwards.

To begin, the old horrible God of the theological imagination must be driven into exile, before the children of Nature can learn to obey her stern, inexorable laws and inherit their brief space of sunshine. The mind of man cannot be entirely free, and he cannot see the world, and the God everywhere in it, until he has done with the God and the Devil of orthodox creeds, that have spun themselves in and about all social systems, forever. The only Devil is Nature, the Mother of ironies, and our ignorance and passions tempt her in her most caressing moods to multiply sorrows upon us. Science is teaching us that she cares nothing for our philosophy, our political economy, our religion, our prayers; that even our intellectual progress, when at the expense of *the animal*, does not impress or concern her, that she stands ever between us and the God of Terrors of traditional fear, and indeed holds him, too, a helpless prisoner in her unruffled mockery and indifference — but she demands implicit obedience to her inexorable laws, a social order in conformity with her implacable demands upon the individual, or she exacts the penalty from the just and unjust, the devout and the scoffer, the loved and the unloved, the poet and the clod. The God of the orthodox cannot hear their prayers, because Nature robbed him of his pity and his power of petty tyranny in his cradle; she has lulled him to sleep in her arms, and with other fantastic deities of the awe-struck wits of primitive man, he is waiting for the end of Nature's game. Do not let us wax too sentimental over his pitiable fate, for Zeus and Jupiter, and Ammon and Osiris, and all their companions, are in a like condition;

and the whole civilized world once would have treated a jester who dared to refer to *them* thus, to the severities fitting for irreverence and lack of faith.

Nature teaches us two things — order and justice; and the one is impossible without the other; and Nature does not consider who or what caused us to offend against the law. It is no good praying to the God of man's fears and perverted conscience for relief. Nature never changes her decrees; there is no higher court of appeal. But the spirit of man need not feel wholly abandoned upon discovering that man-made religions and philosophies and governments cannot outrage the code of Nature, that has outlived a thousand civilizations, governed millions of despots and governments, without the penalty falling somewhere; there is a greater Spirit in and behind Nature, than any of the petty Gods of the creeds we have worshipped, and, whether we are to put on immortality or perish utterly, the true and noble spirit can escape somewhat the base allurements of the senses in this world and come into more or less fugacious touch with the immanent Spirit of the universe in Nature and in humanity. But the "half-gods" must be repudiated first; not brutally, but with all the tenderness we feel for old friends, who would enslave our minds out of sheer good will, and so must perforce be abandoned, though not forgotten.

In the meanwhile, it is true, we have to put up with compromises; and until Science, the true revealer of God in the universe, can find time to civilize man sufficiently to devise a social state that shall recognize the laws of Nature as the core and substance of all the virtues and all religion, and so make the translation of religion into life and life into religion an easy matter, we must face another consideration, which has been admirably put by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his Breakfast Table books: "The churches know very well, that the fear of everlasting punishment, more than any or all other motives, is the source of their power and the support of their organizations. Not only are the fears of mankind the whip to scourge and the bridle to restrain them, but they are the basis of *an almost incalculable material interest.* Talk about giving up the doctrine of endless punishment by fire, there is more *capital* embarked in the subterranean fire-chambers than in all the iron-furnaces on the face of the earth. To think what an army of clerical beggars would be turned loose on the world, if once those raging flames were allowed to go out or calm down!" And so it seems that the wicked radicals who look for a smiling God in Nature, and in the revelation of the divine spirit of man, are not nearly so interested in maintaining the supremacy of the Devil as the elect, the good disciples of St. Peter and St. Malthus, who are sure of their election here so long as misery and injustice, in supporting them, breed each other, — whatever doubts they may entertain of their election in another world.

The Brook Farm experiment failed, and its members returned to the world and drifted apart; and some achieved a competence in the ordi-

nary walks of life, and one or two attained a bad eminence in temporizing villany. But the history of Transcendentalism is practically the history of all that is great and permanent in American literature. It constitutes the one great period of heroism in letters, stern, uncompromising grandeur and reality of thought, in America. It may be true enough that it did not permanently instate in our civic life any of the realities of the human mind and soul and passions that transcend the round of bed and board; and it certainly failed to materially influence or leaven the character of the popular periodical literature, which has always obstructed the development and progress of robust thought in America by pandering to indolence and hurry, that will have nothing to do with *real books;* but it quickened all the fine isolated wits in every crowd and village, and it stands apart from the great body of English literature, without any rupture of traditions, because of a wind-blown subtlety of the freed spirit in it, that breathes nowhere else in the range of English literature.

The popular "literature," for which there is a formula, as easy of comprehension as a recipe for mixed pickles, still holds its own, and it grows in bravery and prosperity, until now we are gravely assured by more than one successful practitioner of it, that there is no other sort of literature worth considering but that which is included in the morning round of the milkman. As Lincoln said, "For those who like this sort of thing, of course, this is the sort of thing they like." We suppose this is one of the disadvantages of democracy, which should be taken in silence with a wry face, since mediocrity of sentiment and cowardly subserviency to absurd popular prejudices must always accompany the desire for wide popularity; and with the growth of democracy comes the desire to buzz in a million indiscriminating ears, instead of the reasonable ambition of *earning* the approbation of the thinking and discerning, few or many; and so we must in charity find room for the popular literature, as an encouraging manifestation and infallible indication of the growth of democracy, and the most palpable sign of the sway of the masses.

We could forgive and admire a mediocrity of talent that strove to serve the multitude in the exercise of its highest faculties, and whose limitations were palpably inherent in the disabilities of the individual and the long mental servitude of the millions; but the peculiar circumstance in our popular literature is, that with the complete ascendency of popular ideals and the smug sentimentalities of the comfortable life, it is becoming so rare to hear the voice of one of those heroic unmistakable poets of the people, that were fairly common enough, even in the days when the people were dumb, and the inspiration of literature was that anomaly of egotism, *the patron.* Why is this? Let us whisper it softly into Lazarus' ear, while he lies stretching himself, grinning over the sugary, sentimental, Christian sermons in the Christmas periodicals — he has just got his annual charity feed under his rags, and see how

gratitude beams in his cheerful gaunt face! — Plutus panders to your ignorance and prejudices, my dear deluded Demos, and employs the Muse, as well as the sublime Journalist, to help him, in order to the more successfully *exploit* you. In a democracy there are various ways of keeping one's balance on the perch; and Poetry, after having been the chief of the Muses, the eternal tongue of poets and prophets, the voice of the oppressed from deepest hells of darkness — it would not be exaggeration to say, the voice of divinity itself — now sits on a high stool in Plutus' outer office, writing romances and apologetic religion and philosophy to tickle and delude the masses. Bah! a suit of motley, a blown bladder and a patron gave more license to honest thought.

But still the old literature, even the books of quite recent date, filled with horrible heresies and anarchical doctrines, have not yet been burned by the common hangman, and, though it is the fashion to doubt it, we may be sure that *all* the fire is not burned out of the human heart and mind; the few poets and thinkers in our day who realize that literature in its highest function is the embodiment of *the moral and spiritual essence in human life* can turn to these old books, and — oh yes, books, books! — but the poets live in a real world. We have eyes and ears. Let us turn our memories inside out, our hearts and souls inside out, go out into the streets, test political economy and charity reports in the rainstorm sent for *all*, amid the corn growing for *all*, in the light of all human sorrow and joy and pain, and all the spiritual intuitions of the common mind; and who can doubt but that the reward of all life is in the lives of others, the reward of all thought, all art, is in the influence it may have in touching the reality of some life with a golden joy, a gleam of consolation, of hope, or even some deepening sense of chastening sorrow? Ah, yes, there are still some among us who are striving to put all the reality of their inmost hearts and minds and lives into their work, into their daily relations in life, and, with all the din in the air about the folly of serious thought, of art for the plaything's sake, we ask Plutus whether he would care to pay the price of a few pages of work done at this cost, putting *life* against *dollars?* A page or two would bankrupt the richest Crœsus in the world: but such things are *given away*. We may sell words, but God keeps back the *soul*.

V.

There can be no morality, and social progress is impossible without morality (since peoples who are immoral or negative die of inanition), without sufficient nutritious food in the bellies of, at least the vast majority, of the members of any society, to insure some measure of emancipation of the intellect and social passions from the individualistic concerns of life on a purely physical plane. This fact was clearly recognized in the earliest tribal forms of society, as all readers of the New Literature of the New Science know; and empty bellies are recognized vaguely even by our modern commercial society, as a menace to the

comfortables — and hence the hospitality of the stone floor of the City Hall in Chicago for the outcast and unemployed and hungry and houseless, and the Soup Kitchens, where "charity" cozens Nature out of threatened insubordination into accepting the Christian doctrine of "Sufficient unto the day is the *forgetfulness* thereof." This is not the exact quotation: it is the whole spirit of organized charity, and that strangely illogical thing under a system of government that is supposed to embody the holy doctrines of *laissez faire*, public relief. What does *public relief* mean? It means that the class who owns the government, for the advancement of its own selfish ends, under autocracy, limited monarchy, or a democracy, in which tariff protection fosters capital and protective combinations in trade, and abandons labor to the iron laws of competition, this class is fearful of the logical conclusion Nature devises for untempered *laissez faire* philosophies — which may include the disagreeable feature for the philosophers of hanging as high as Haman to that modern decorative pole, the electric-light shaft.

These good "charitable" people are often heard complaining that the indigent and unemployed are "ungrateful." My dear, sweet, dainty, well fed, elegantly clothed, satin-shod young lady, reclining among your silken cushions, and pouting your divinely intoxicating carmine lips, as you put a question on this momentous matter, affecting the dignity and *status* of human nature, let me answer you by asking another riddle. If I suddenly drew a bowie-knife and slashed those dainty purple veins in your wrist, and let that riotous life blood slowly pulse and ebb away, — and then as the color paled and fled in your flaming cheeks and lips, and your brain reeled with faintness and horror and despair, and your limbs felt the chill embrace of that grim lover, Death, my tender susceptibilities were seized with a sudden compunction for the havoc I had wrought, and I bent over you to stanch the let of blood with a Judas kiss, and hope throbbed strong again in your dulled brain only to mock it, for I but kiss to amuse myself, and step back to leave you to die without pity among your silken wrappings that clog and chill you, helpless and alone — would your dizzy brain and numbed, expiring spirit, cherish any fervent gratitude for that obscure ephemeral instinct of pity or fear — which was it? — that was but a fresh dagger thrust in your poor cowed heart?

The picture is a trifle realistic, Lady Dainty mine, eh? Ah, yes, the smug gentleman of uncertain middle age, there in the corner, who lives upon property inherited from his father, and has a devil of a time with his tenants, but is quite patient and indulgent, who reads Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophy of civilization and morals, and fancies he has a pretty wit as a pessimistic philosopher himself (as a decadent his intellectual attraction is toward the philosophies rather than the philosophers), chimes in, in his low, musical, kindly, purring insincerity. He thinks my imagination brutal, indecent a pot-house imagination! Ah yes, pardon me, do not trouble to rack your wits for a suitable epigram.

I can get along fairly well as a cynical wit myself, with Dean Swift, Schopenhauer and some others at my elbow, and permit me, you were going to remark, "*Fustian and sentimentality!*" Pardon me, one moment longer, and then, if you care for the experience, I will slowly roast you in the ovens of your own pet philosophers, whose idealism does not include the tame feline man of your peculiar species.

And now, my dear young lady, whom I have selected for an illustration, because these things do not so often come home to you in your nest, as they do to others of your sex, just as soft, tender, dainty, as fragile and as sensitive, — I'll finish my first murder! I leave you to die in a few hours. Horrible! Not at all — *this is charity*. In a few hours all is over; and, but for a sentimental objection, your body would make good broth for the miserable, while your spirit would have solved the great secret. When I see the misery in the streets of our cities I shiver to think of the waste of our cemeteries. It is the testimony of all the greatest philosophers from Job and the unknown pessimist of Ecclesiastes to Schopenhauer, that life is a cheat, and affords more pain than pleasure to all, to those comfortably situated as well as to the poor and wretched; indeed, Schopenhauer suggests that hard labor and even misery and penury may be a relief from boredom. "If the world were a paradise of ease and luxury, where every Jack obtained his Jill at once and without difficulty, men would die of boredom or hang themselves." We are all but poor players, and whatever *rôle* we may play, the real inner subjective life can only bring dissatisfaction and weariness in the end. All is vanity — and therefore to die at twenty-five, to precede one's illusions to the grave, is happiness. Why, such a lot as that is as enviable as that of Borgia's lovers, who stumbled blind with love's delirium into the grim clasp of death; and passed so suddenly from this world into the next, that they must have arrived in the morn with all the beady ecstasy of love still dewy upon their lips.

But now consider the case of the ungrateful recipients of "charity." There is the mechanic, at his forge, his bench, in shop or factory, the sewing woman, the tailor, the miller, the corps of the great industrial world, which produces those dainties and necessities upon which you dine and sup, and which encase your ease-loving, indolent body in beauty, my dear young lady. Suddenly the wages of bare subsistence are cut down, or there is a lock-out — the market is overstocked with food and clothes and chattels. Now the charity of murder in comparison with the villany of commercial conspiracy is shown, my dear young lady; if, like a stage heroine, your murdered corpse will just sit up and listen attentively. The worker's arm is stricken down, because the world's storehouses are bursting with commodities; and as a decent, law-abiding citizen he must go quietly to his hovel, and sit down to face slow starvation with his wife and little ones. It is not all over in a few hours, as it would be with you, if I should add your pretty pink and white carcass among the Christmas porkers, in the glut of unpurchasable food in the meat market.

Ah yes, you are going to ask about thrift. Did you ever consider a proposition like this for the making of Pie? We used to get them in arithmetic at school. If you had a pound of flour in January, and a pound of plums in March, and a pound of lard in June, and nothing in the intervals, to produce a mince pie in December? There is no possibility of thrift on the wages of subsistence; and, moreover, the wage-earner who solves the problem of saving on the limit of subsistence, but robs himself and his fellows; for such an important discovery is followed by a sympathetic decline in the scale of wages. No physical law of Nature is more certain. The rate of wages finds the level of subsistence under the competitive system everywhere. Thrift is treachery to one's fellows in misery; and it punishes its possessor. This is the law of supply and demand, in which the cheapest workers pay the penalty of success in competition, in riveting their chains in a still narrower circumference. The Jews in East London are an instructive illustration. They are the most naturally thrifty people on the face of God's earth, and they have driven the English workmen out of the market with their competition; and with competition among themselves have reduced wages to the slow starvation point.

Neither in this country nor in Europe is thrift the solution of the social question. It is only an aggravation of it, and its strong advocates ignore the unbudging factors in the industrial equation as it practically confronts us. These are in the cost of production — cost of production on the margin of cultivation, which is equalized to all producers, since what they may save in labor per commodity is counterbalanced by the greater mass of commodities they must produce in order to bring in the rent. Labor counts in the sum at the exact cost of mere subsistence — no more. Where the landlord comes in is instructive. The orthodox economist always performs an acrobatic feat on this delicate subject, since the importance of private ownership of the whole earth must be kept in the background. He first shows that economic rent does not enter into the cost of production on the margin of cultivation. Then he shows that the cost of production on the margin of cultivation determines the price of a commodity. He argues first that rent does not enter into the price; and second that the value of commodities is fixed by their cost of production, the inference being that landlords cost the community nothing, and that the exchange values of commodities is their cost *in labor*. The theory is ingenious; but the laborer is the least expensive item in the whole bill of production. The great item is rent — it complicates the whole problem, both of solving the proportion due to economic capital and labor, and of the problem of the existence of the laborers on any plane of decency fit for domestic animals of some value and utility. As George Bernard Shaw puts it in one of the Fabian Essays: —

> We have seen the appearance in the market of a new commodity — of the proletarian man compelled to live by the sale of himself! In order to realize at once the latent horror of this, you have only to apply our investigation of value, with its inevitable

law that only by restricting the supply of a commodity can its value be kept from descending finally to *zero*. The commodity which the proletarian sells is one over the production of which he has practically no control. He is driven to produce it by an irresistible impulse. It was the increase of population that spread cultivation and civilization from the centre to the snowline, and at last forced men to sell themselves to the lords of the soil; it is the same force that continues to multiply men so that their exchange value falls slowly and surely until it disappears altogether — until even black chattel slaves are released as not worth keeping in a land where men of all colors are to be had for nothing. This is the condition of English laborers to-day;* they are no longer even dirt cheap; they are valueless, and can be had for nothing. The proof is the existence of the unemployed, who can find no purchasers. By the law of indifference, nobody will buy men at a price when he can obtain equally serviceable men for nothing. What, then, is the explanation of the wages given to those who are in employment? Their wage is not the *price* of themselves; for they are worth nothing: it is only their keep. For bare subsistence wages you can get as much common labor as you want, and do what you please with it, within the limits of a criminal code which is sure to be interpreted by a proprietary-class judge in your favor.

Oh! but those conditions do not apply to America? Indeed! then human nature has been arbitrarily coerced by a geographical expression; but the facts *are*, that what is true of the competitive system in one country, is true, modified only by the facts of population, of every other. There are a million tramps in the United States. The last census returns show also that ninety-one per cent of the 12,690,152 families in the United States own no more than twenty-nine per cent of the wealth; and nine per cent own about seventy-one per cent of the wealth of the country. Of this nine per cent, or 1,096,265 families, a little select society of 4,047 millionnaires, three hundredths of one per cent of the families of the country, own one fifth of the nation's wealth. So that the extremes meet in this sentence: twenty per cent of the wealth is owned by three hundredths of one per cent of the families; fifty-one per cent by nine per cent of the families (not including the millionnaires); seventy-one per cent by nine per cent of the families (including the millionnaires); and twenty-nine per cent by ninety-one per cent of the families. About twenty per cent of the wealth is owned by the poorer families that own farms or homes without incumbrance, and these are twenty-eight per cent of all the families. Only nine per cent of the wealth is owned by tenant families and the poorer class of those who own their farms or homes under incumbrance, and these constitute together sixty-four per cent of all the families. As little as five per cent of the nation's wealth is owned by fifty-two per cent of the families, that is by the tenants alone. Finally, 4,047 families possess seven tenths as much as do 11,593,887 families.†

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* A young man only a few months back advertised himself for sale in one of the New York papers. The circumstances are related in detail in B. O. Flower's "The New Time." Boston, Mass., 1894.

† It is well to vary Transcendentalism with facts and figures, and these statements are copied directly from the article by George K. Holmes on "The Concentration of Wealth" in the *Political Science Quarterly* for December, 1893. They are absolutely reliable, since they are taken from the census returns.

These figures need no sentimentality, no rhetoric, no fine writing, to enforce their lesson. They tell their own tale of corrupt legislation, of corporation robbery and outrage, of a government and a nation's franchises and privileges and territory sold shamelessly to the highest bidder, of conscienceless usury and commercial conspiracy. It is the history of the contraction of the currency, which mocks the power of the franchise and the ballot, and reduces the wage earner to a commodity that is glad to realize the cost of its keep in the open chattel market — and asks for, and gets, no margin of profit. Nature and God Almighty have flooded the market with superfluous images of divinity and deity. The natural increase of population within the next two or three decades will put the wage earners of America into a far more deplorable and degraded condition than the negro slaves of the South ever were. We may also expect our Cæsar to appear within a quarter of a century, and the mercenaries of murder and rapine will support a civilization of luxury built upon the multiplication of misery.

Those who are looking for the millennium will find much to interest them in Charles Booth's "Statistics on English Pauperism," in this connection. What is a pauper but a wornout serf who never owned himself? Among the working classes and small traders the rate of pauperism for all who live to be over sixty-five is not less than forty to forty-five per cent — about one half of this whole class die in the public kennel. Including *all classes* fully ten per cent of the whole population between the ages of sixty and sixty-five are paupers; twenty per cent between sixty-five and seventy; thirty per cent between seventy and seventy-five; and forty per cent over seventy-five years. And of course these figures take no account of those who never apply for relief, but are content to die in the gutter or in a hovel in an alleyway, crowded in and living upon the sufferance of prostitutes and thieves and garroters. I have explored Drury Lane and Whitechapel and Shoreditch and Ratcliff Highway, and I know that the poor seek the protection of the criminal, and prefer such dependence to the grim morality of the workhouse.

It is my candid opinion, that the proletariat, and that includes all the small traders who are being crushed out by commercial conspiracies, monopolies, rings and trusts, has *no moral right* to bring any posterity into this world, unless they are prepared to face this issue, and band together for the winning of this world for humanity. If they are too cautious, too law-abiding and respectable to play this earthly game as *men*, if they despair of overthrowing iniquity merely because it is *law*, if they think equity and justice and the rights of the producers to the wealth they produce, wild Utopian dreams, then let common sense assert itself over their cowardice, and let them not sin against the innocent — let this generation of superfluous poor devils leave no posterity to bear the curse of its apathy and cowardice; let us depart cowed and fearful, and leave Plutus and his merrymakers in undisturbed posses-

sion. He at least has the courage of a wolf at bay, and so deserves his prey. We have the audacity of a surprised hencoop — we fall into his open mouth — and pray. This means no revolution; it is not anarchy; it is simply the last shred of decency we could perform in this world. Men who have not the egotism to stand up and play the *man*, should crawl into their graves and confess as much to Mother Nature; who, if she wants to try any fresh experiments, can see to it that she does not commit the same error again.

In the new Eden mankind will be discovered on all fours, with snouts and tails — grovelling, full and content. There will be no more terrors of the intellect and spirit, and no more achievements and glimpses of the infinite and the divine for the coming race. It can never revile Nature for the torturing dreams *we* have had, of the slow progress of mankind, from the contentment of the instincts to the spiritual love and wisdom of demi-gods, at least. But the demi-gods are not law-abiding in the sense attached to that phrase by Plutus and his courts and legislatures, and so let's to it at once — let's bend our eyes and snouts to earth and grovel as befits our spirit. If we will not be *men* of mind and reason and spirit and courage, Nature will soon force us on our crude instincts, whether we like it or not; and this choice is no mere figure of rhetoric or passion. We must claim our heritage as men, or accept the stern decree of Nature, and fall back upon our instincts as mere beasts.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

MEDITATIONS IN MOTLEY.*

What is it about? I do not know, and yet I have read the book twice. Some say that the author wrote these papers purposely to confound the critics and defy the teachers of rhetoric. Still one looks in vain for malice prepense, although there is much oxide of iron; and in the intervals when the critic is not tearing his hair, he will find whole sleeves full of smiles.

It seems much easier to tell what the book is not, than to say what it is.

We will first boldly state that "Meditations in Motley" is not imbued with the sobriety of midnight. Furthermore it is not a scientific treatise. It does not seek to reform society; to do away with certain wrongs; to bring about better ethical conditions; to solve certain economic problems. Neither does the author seek to make men "good," or better their physical condition, or throw new light for them on moral calculi. It does not teach how to make hens lay, and I have searched in vain for anything bearing on agrarian rights. Throughout it all his attitude toward the dear reader is exasperatingly indifferent.

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* "Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight," by Walter Blackburn Harte. Price, cloth $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

He is more than usual kam,
He does not give a single dam.

With him it is a delightful June day, not too warm and not too cool. He sits on a bench in the park and watches in the water the reflections of the great, white, billowy clouds. He might look up and see the blue sky if he wanted to, but he doesn't want — it's too much trouble. So there he sits in the warm sunshine, the pleasant breeze fanning his cheek, all regardless of the flight of time. That is his chief characteristic, he is in no hurry. He throws crumbs to the gold fishes and carelessly watches the swan-boats come and go; and out of the corner of his eye he sees the people as they pass — young and old, happy, miserable, proud, ambitious, vicious, vain — it's all one, yet he makes mental note of each and weaves in his fancy a future for them all. School is out and noisy children romp by; fire engines with clanging bells rush past, then the factory whistles blow for one o'clock and all hands to go to work: but our man does not leave his bench. He is meditating; he talks to himself and chuckles; he philosophizes and speculates. He works out a hypothesis and blows it up like a beautiful soap bubble until it bursts.

His fancy flops off in great, long, lazy sentences; drops, dives, comes up, balances in mid air, sails away, returns, goes higher, higher — so near the sun that you cease to watch — your eyes are blinded, or is it lost in a cloud? But one thing is sure, this fancy is no fledgling just learning to fly. It is an eagle with beak and talons and strong stretch of wing; lonely, solitary, unafraid; and if you have extraordinary eyesight, you will see that this eagle's plumage is unmistakably motley; and if you listen very closely to his scream, you will hear that he cries, "Motley's the only wear."

And all this time our melancholy man sits on his bench in the park and throws crumbs to the gold-fishes, and watches the swan-boats and the swaying branches of the trees across by the bridge. The rumble of the city traffic as it falls on his ear is only a soothing sound. He is meditating, that's all; meditating on life and its thousand manifestations; on books, music, art, women, men, marriage, follies, whims, wealth, suicide, religion, death.

Who is he? I do not know, but I can guess. I think he is a fool off duty; his cap and bells are hidden not far away; he belongs to some dazzling court of the sixteenth century. He has strayed away and got lost in this work-a-day, commercial world, and he is resting here a space before he goes back to where he belongs. Someway his meditations, wise, foolish, funny and poetic, have become tangled up in a very tastefully printed book, and the title of the volume is, "Meditations in Motley."

Strong Lines from "Meditations in Motley."

If a man is so destitute of resources that he can only hope to get his bread by deserving it, he merits hanging.

Most people have no idea of the social utility of a good stock of prejudices.

Those of us who enjoy the advantage of the society of witty women know how much their prejudices contribute to their charm.

It is healthful to be honest occasionally,

This nightmare world.

The brigandage of journalism.

Grotesque intellectual pigmies that cast portentous shapes upon the screen of the passing hour.

My eyrie garret study.

Our *wants* crowd our *needs* out of our lives.

Man's poverty is increased with his faculty of spiritual vision.

The world has no ears for prophets and poets who come not arrayed in purple and fine linen.

Our liliputian literary dictators.

The man who goes into journalism under the hallucination that it bears some sort of intermittent relation to literature sells his soul to the devil.

I do not think common sense incompatible with genius.

The long servitude of expediency.

A plaguy passion of industry.

Leagued and mortgaged to public opinion.

A jovial confession of poverty.

The favored of the gods, who cultivate literature on a patrimony.

That healthful government by the minority.

Metaphysical hindrances are as valid as mental or physical ones.

Some amiable and virtuous knave.

Mere lovers of "editions" with no true reverence for books at all.

There is a distinction between lovers of books and lovers of literature.

More authors read books than the tradition allows; although it is often more raiding than reading.

We are always alert for the new prophet: but our insight is less than our curiosity, and we have usually a poor discernment of prophecy.

Rudimentary mental furniture.

Certain critics who cling to the skirts of literary orthodoxy.

Dreams alone are real.

Music is the sea on which all the argosies of our hopes go safely into port.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.*

I confess I experienced something of a shock when I learned that the author of the work under consideration had written a book on "Women in the Business World." I knew her to be a brilliant woman, a writer by no means unknown in the literary world, a worker as well as a

* "Women in the Business World," by One of Them. Pages 322; price, cloth $1.75; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

theorist, whose arduous and wide experience in her chosen profession had failed, as is frequently the case, to transform the moral enthusiast into a gloomy pessimist. I knew her to be one of those fine natures of the new time, given to high thinking, and whose life was an expression of her high and true philosophy. But when I learned that she had essayed a work on the above subject, I feared the author who might have succeeded in a marked degree along other lines, had fallen most probably a victim to some well-meaning but injudicious friend, and had written another of those wearisome volumes which are turned out to order for the news trade, and which are stale, tasteless and as hopelessly uninteresting to the general reader as were Lindley Murray's grammars to the children of half a century ago.

There are few people who can take a subject like the one discussed by our author and make it glow with interest which holds the attention of the reader from cover to cover. Professor Smiles in his "Self Help," and indeed in all his works, succeeded in a marked degree. But where he succeeded scores and hundreds who have attempted work along the same general line have signally failed; because they have written to order, or because some injudicious friends have convinced them that such works are salable. Instead of being fired with the divine afflatus which forces the prophet to deliver his message, even though unavailing and unheeded. I knew the author of this work to be gifted, but I feared she might have yielded to outside rather than inner influences. After reading a few pages, however, my fears were lost in admiration for a work so clearly the child of a brain on fire with moral enthusiasm, but balanced by the presence of common sense which makes the book as practical as it is charming. If the fervor of intense conviction illuminates its pages they are also permeated by that excellent practical judgment which is born of personal experience in the school of life.

This work differs from the general run of volumes of this character as a man differs from a manikin. It is alive with moral energy; the author's convictions are contagious; the reader partakes of the spirit which burned in the brain and compelled the writer to pen her helpful thought. I can only compare the volume to Professor Smiles "Self Help." It is in no sense an imitation, and in some respects it is superior to that work. In all of Mr. Smiles' works the reader is cloyed with illustrations. The attention is frequently diverted from the subject in hand by the multiplicity of illustrations employed. The author of "Women in the Business World" never makes this mistake. Illustrations are used, but with rare judgment, and in all cases they are so subordinated to the thought in hand that the story never obscures the idea which the author desires to illustrate. The diction of the work is excellent. The sentences are bright, clear, strong and sometimes epigrammatic. Here are a few lines from the opening chapter:—

I have a saving message for all women. It is that on self-dependence hangs their salvation from poverty and other evils. Only by means of self-dependence can they

ever achieve anything, or be anything but feeble, undeveloped creatures, mentally, spiritually, physically, socially and financially. *Use, action, these are the means by which all growth is accomplished. It is disuse of their faculties that has made women a weak and dependent class. They have robbed themselves of their privilege of growing to full stature by yielding obedience to the voice of mind-weakening custom and strength-destroying prejudice.*

I say that the woman who is and always has been sheltered and protected from all knowledge of the struggle for existence has missed something which would be of inestimable value to her to know. Every experience enriches one. The woman who has been forced out into the thick of the battle for bread has been more blessed than her sheltered sister, if only the experience has taught her to stand alone. Women need to learn the great lesson of self-dependence. When they have learned it we shall see a new heaven and a new earth, for the earth will be made over into a new heaven. Think of a world in which no disability on account of sex exists, a world where all are encouraged to make the most and the best of themselves, where there is no leaning on anything but the God-given spirit within us.

Everything is within us. The business of life is to bring it forth. Every invention of man was first an idea. In the mind originates everything. Women, then, who let their faculties lie idle, are inviting decay, yes, a decay of the immortal part of them. Indolence is closely followed by destruction. Use is the measure of every value in nature. Disuse is the forerunner of destruction. I know that whatever the soul determines to do that it can do, if it stands secure in its own strength. Never in my life have I failed to accomplish that which I steadily and determinedly set myself to do. Before this wonderful power all opposition goes down. Will, alone, is great. Strengthen it, take your stand upon it, and conquer the world.

Our author holds that the only true way to help women is to teach them to help themselves, and in this volume she opens before her readers the broad arena of life upon which the women of this generation have won victories. The purpose of the book, in part, is to emphasize the very important truth, that woman's place in the business world is not a corner fenced off by prejudice based on the time-worn idea of sex limitations. It also seeks to show woman how she may succeed if she wills, on whatever plane of advancement she may be. It points out woman's greatest need, and in chapters pregnant with suggestive hints the author discusses "Finding One's True Calling," "Training and Efficiency" and "Perverted Pride." This last chapter is very valuable, inasmuch as so many women to-day who might have been ornaments to society and conspicuous examples of noble success, are wrecks in the ocean of misery, having allowed a false pride to hold them back from humble service while want drove them along that pathway, which if sometimes rose-strewn at first ends in degradation and death.

Because I believe this volume will help every man and woman who reads it, owing to its possessing that subtle power which awakens courage, enthusiasm and a determination to succeed on the part of the reader; because I believe it will prove a "saving message" to many a struggling girl, and because it is a fine illustration of the work which the brave, fine women of the new time are giving the world, I am tempted to give an extensive notice of the contents of several of the most important chapters: —

The simple science of success — How to bring forth the ability within us — How we can get new light — Giving our best — Fortune must not be wooed half-heartedly —

Business bread which cast upon the waters returns again — Think success — A great philosophic truth — The state of mind that compels prosperity — Attention to business and what it results in — The first condition of success and the second — The law of success without sex limitation — What an editor says — What constitutes success — Let your intentions be known — The philosophy of waiting — Hard work with divine uses — The attitude of faith which dispels terror — How destiny works for us — The gifts which follow gratitude — Desire and expectation make a strong combination in wooing fortune — Overcoming disheartening obstacles — An important branch of the art of getting on — The contagion of being in earnest — How one woman found fortune through an expression of love and sympathy — The good things which come when we give forth love and kindness — What is promised to them that overcome.

Systematizing and shaping ideas — The art of getting before the public — Catching the world's attention — Little histories of women who conquered in new paths — Special teaching — Tides taken at the flood — Build up your own business — Own yourself and your talents — The lesson of serving and the lesson of managing — The weakening effect of the weekly salary — Employer and employed — A special word of wisdom to young girls — Coöperation the greatest of all powers known for the abolition of poverty — Its share in the solution of the economic problem — The spiritual element of the coöperative principle — Through it women can achieve financial independence — The enforced sympathy of interest which precedes the true sympathy of spirit — An even sea — One method of attracting the good things of life — A lesson in metaphysics — Avoid the atmosphere of hurry — The prosperity that comes to the self-controlled — How words can make or mar our success.

Self denial and its uses — The saving that means using and the saving that means losing — The road to great spiritual and material possessions — Self mastery and what it brings — The time to save — Where to apply the economic pruning knife — What constitutes economy — Old saws with destruction in them — The first, greatest and only essential economy — Woman's business sense — The business armor — How it will prevent the speech of scandal and protect the wearer — The mental uniform of the business house — Keeping hours and appointments — Your word represents you — The religion of fulfilling promises — The great system of evening up which is ever in operation — The harmony of the universe must be represented in business — Wives understanding their husbands' business — Talent for business is sexless — The cultivation of the executive faculty — The quality that will put you in high places — Learning business methods — Instructing children in the same science — Law in the business world — Putting ourselves in harmony with it — Study the accords of the business world — The temptations, sins and needs of the business world.

The sword of business — The best capital — The magnetic threads which draw to us prosperous conditions — Business currents — Business letters — The potency of written words — Photographs of thought and ideas — One of the best advertisements — The invisible spirit of written correspondence — Legible handwriting and its benefits — Pushing your business — The potency of imagination — The state of mind makes material conditions — The value of self-assertion and self-esteem — The tact that avoids offence — A recipe for obtaining good will — Don't make your own clothes — The philosophy of it — A federation of labor — The evolution of dress — The true economy in clothes — A good-luck method — Suitability the necessary thing — The relation of clothes to success — The bondage of dress — Wealthy workers — The rights of the rich woman — Who helps and who hinders — The tendency toward universal industry.

Never too late to begin — A hint about feeling young — Some suggestions to women who don't know what to do with themselves — What some women achieved who began late — What gives one a hold on life — Criminal helplessness — Salvation for the industrial world in the development of the individual — The gospel of the practical — A deplorable feature of the age — Self support the duty of everyone — Unoccupied women — The spiritual qualities that make prosperity — Our attitude toward others and its material consequences — Sowing and reaping — The wide significance of sowing — What underlies all the dealings of man with man — How good will expresses itself — The best investments — Helping others to live — Giving and getting — The question for us to ask and answer — The blessings promised to givers — The practice of tithing and its

material benefits — The spiritual secret of the universal business success of the Jews — The "path to wealth" — Withholding tendeth to poverty.

Over-crowded professions and the remedy — The rocks on which many a woman's barque goes down — The heartache and lost time of misproductions — Supplying the real wants of the world — Asking for work — A question of need and supply — The foundation of all business — Ask and ye shall receive — The sure reward of those who earnestly seek — Finding new industries — New conditions and new occupations — Reasons why some are poor — Woman can do what she will — Opportunities made within fifty years — No occupation closed to women — Don't talk about your business — Occult reasons why you should not babble — The golden quality of silence — Early bird wisdom — Subtle causes which make success — The great natural law that underlies an old proverb — The potency of faith — The things we say and what they bring us — Words and their burdens or blessings — The industrial education of the future — Handicraft a necessity — Don't watch the clock — How the "get-there road" must be travelled.

Woman as a conservative factor — The story of four fortunate daughters — Women in medicine — The smooth path of the woman doctor to-day and the rough one of a couple of decades ago — Instances of eminence in this profession — The extension of medical education to women — The doctor's spiritual as well as material rewards — Women in dental surgery — Women pharmacists — What one of them says about the work — Women mathematicians — Some mathematical celebrities — The weary road they had to travel in the past — Applied design — A school of it — Decorative art — Some examples of success in it — Practical painting and what women might do in it — Photography and its opportunities — Cameo carving — Architecture — Newspaper work and what it offers — Newspaper illustration and its chances for the genius of the woman artist — Advertising and its opportunities — The publishing business — Book agents — The business described by one who made it win.

In the pulpit — The slowness of the churches in permitting women to preach — What women have done and can do in spreading religious philosophy independent of organizations — Their amazing success in modern metaphysics — The world is woman's to work in spiritually without the sanction of synods or bishops if she wills — As orator she has much to do in the coming years — Kindergarten work — What it promises to teachers and pupils — Room for more kindergartens and more training schools — The law — A woman lawyer answers some pertinent questions — Practical lectures — An important feature of modern education — Pioneer lecturers — Musicians.

Educators of the neglected — There should be more of them — Women as experts — Invention, and its possibilities for women — Banking — Electrical engineering — Simple principles put in practice — Packing trunks — Costuming — Manicure — Hair-cutting and hair-dressing — A story with wisdom in it — Jewelers — Box-making — Little things to do — Making artificial flowers — Feather curling — Manufacturing overshoes — Making neck-scarfs — Giving lessons on the sewing machine — Express messengers — Operating stage-lines.

The chaperon — Her widened sphere — Trained nurses — Attendants for the helpless — Matrons — The need for more of the right kind — Saleswomen — Their woes and the remedy — One who solved the difficult problem — Her interesting story — How improvement must come.

Women of culture and refinement the first to embark in horticultural enterprises — The moral and pecuniary remuneration which followed well-directed effort — Hop-farming — Grafting and budding — Raising tube-roses and cotton — Raising berries — Fruit farming — General farming — Surplus of the vegetable garden — The little patch of ground and what can come out of it — Raising celery — How a woman made half a million of dollars — Gardening — "Come South, young woman" — Violets, sweet violets.

Poultry raising — Scientific methods — Description of a New Jersey chicken farm — One girl's effort — Bee-keeping — What the busy bee can produce under the manipulation of science — Dairying — "The poor man's cow" — Silk culture — Home fruit-preserving — How to make a market for it — Women homesteaders — The pleasures of making a home — Vienna kitchens — A hint to women of executive ability — Travellers' luncheons — The opportunities uncultivated which they present — Supplying cooked

food to families — Operating bakeries — One woman makes a new department and wins — Groceries — Cooking-schools — Woman's exchanges, what they were and what they have become — The change made by the application of business methods — Special food for invalids — Another new departure.

The little implement that has slain more than the sword — The crush of the wheel added to the stab of the needle — Two remarkable coexistent facts — A clue to the cure of the sewing woman's misery — An untrained army whose members devour each other — How to thin out overcrowded ranks — Efficient dressmakers always make money — What would make the sewing woman free and independent — How they established a millinery business — Head-wear and its opportunities — Work and money waiting for the bonnet reformer — Lace-making.

Home-making — An art which expresses the soul — The true purpose of homes — A centre of sympathy — What the controlling spirit of a home can do to benefit society — Neighborliness as a civilizing factor — Housekeeping schools — Departments of domestic economy in colleges — Housekeeping — The letter and the spirit — A return to deserted paths — Where there is both space and opportunity — Why one young girl struggles on in shops — Light on a dark subject — The word that kills — Dispensing with inferiors — A coöperative household — A solution for the household service problem — How to keep boarders.

Business women's clubs — Coöperative raisin-growing — A business romance of four women who were weary of the school-room — How they made the desert blossom like the rose — Benefits of coöperation — In union there is strength and pleasure too — Another story of successful coöperation — Promoting the employment of women — The business fatherhood of employers — What the employer owes his people — No accidents in the business world — The stewardship of wealth — How one business firm expresses its sense of moral responsibility to its employees — A seaside institute for women workers — A practical expression of sympathy — Masters of your fate — A final message.

I trust the above will give the reader a clear idea of this work and its positive value to all sincere, aspiring minds. I do not wish, however, to convey the impression that I regard the book as free from defects. Personally considered, I think our author at times falls into the very weaknesses she fights against. Prejudices or conventional ideas at times, I fear, obscure for her the full significance and bearing of some problems. Nowhere is this so noticeable as in her remarks about the dress of the business woman, in which her position, if not ultra conventional, certainly is not in accord with the spirit of her book, and evinces the fact that the gifted author does not appreciate the real ethical and practical significance of dress reform for the business woman. She does not realize what I am persuaded she will see if she carefully considers this question — that the skirt has been for ages the badge of bondage; that it fetters the limbs and retards locomotion; that it places woman at a distinct disadvantage in her struggle for bread; that so long as it is worn by the business woman it will compel her to be to a very great degree a slave to the caprice of fashion; that the ethical significance of emancipation along this line is so far-reaching in effect and so fundamental in character that to counsel "concession to the popular idea of what women ought to wear, however absurd the idea is," while it is what we would expect in a conventional work, is in distinct opposition to the spirit and teachings of the volume as a whole.

Looking at the work from my own point of view, such blemishes,

though few, are exceedingly unfortunate in a book which, on the whole, is so noble and inspiring. It is "concession to popular ideas, no matter how absurd," which has for generations kept women in a condition of dependence, and woman's progress in the business world has been marked from first to last by her challenging such ideas and exercising common sense in opposition to absurd and unphilosophical "popular ideas." In spite of these slips, which happily are very rare, this work is a noble volume. It is a book which will awaken dormant energies in the reader. It is a work which should be read by every woman in America who is progressive enough to think independently, and alive enough to appreciate vital thought. B. O. Flower.

The Book of Light and Life.*

In this remarkable volume of 240 large pages, we have an elaborate concentration of the mysteries of the Christ, the soul, the Kabala — such a book, in fact, as every advanced mind ought not only to read but to thoroughly *study*. We have the arcana of the Christ, of the church, birth, life, death and the ancient initiations lucidly and succinctly explained.

Chapter VII. is altogether a phenomenal selection of prophecies from every quarter bearing upon the coming advent and the coming Reformer of the nations. The author gathers his remarkable testimony from the most varied sources, from the sages of the Orient, the ancient saints and prophets of the Occident, as well as the significant prophecies of a more recent date. Altogether the contents of this chapter are of such a remarkable nature that the most apathetic cannot but feel interested, and inclined to exclaim, "There must be a basis of truth and confirmation in those weird prophecies, all referring to the same momentous subjects." At least, the whole volume fully demonstrates that the author is deeply versed in those theories upon which he treats, as also that he is thoroughly in earnest upon the coming times.

The Bridge between Two Worlds.†

A book is the child of some man's brain, and when we peer into its pages we see the outlines of its parent's nature. It is not strange that a book-child should resemble its parents; we are taught that all things are like the source whence they emanate. All books bear the ear-marks of their creator.

A book is the incarnation of a man's thoughts in the flesh and blood of paper and ink. It is wisdom effervescing from the skull of one being, and flowing into the crevices in the skull of another. It is the mirror in

* "The Book of Light and Life; or the Essence of the Sohar, pertaining to the mysteries of man, the Christ, and His Coming Kingdom," by P. Davidson, author of "The Violin," etc. 8vo; pp. 240; price $1. Published by P. Davidson, Loudsville, White County, Ga.

† "The Bridge between Two Worlds," by Abby A. Judson. Paper 75 cents; cloth $1. Published by the author, Cincinnati, O.

which we see the man as he stands stark naked in the full effulgence of the noonday sun for our inspection. Every thought in the book has a color, and in the multitude of reflected rays we behold the rainbow construction of the author, we observe the brightest colors in the reflection, we see that which is nearest and dearest to the heart of the maker, and it is on these lines we love to linger.

The book child has a mission in life; it is cast out into a heartless world to earn its living — to get bread by the sweat of its brow. And like other children, its place of birth has much to do with its success or failure in life. It matters much where the dawning of the first morn found it; it matters much in which room the dancing sunbeams welcomed it. It may have received its first glimpse of day in the garret, it may be in the cellar of a "tenement" situated in the "North End" or "East End" of somewhere, where things were not as cheerful as they could have been, where poverty and want reigned supreme; or it may have been born in the midst of luxury, with every blessing near at hand. If it be of humble quarters — as from the manger — its raiment will not be of "many colors." Indeed, for the lack of the necessary robes, the marrow in its bones will quiver when some soulless iceberg from the highest point in society passes by. Its complexion being not that of magnesia, nor of prepared paint, pencil or paste, it will experience much difficulty in finding its way into the inner circle. The Fifth Avenues in life will be hard to find, and when found, will be hard to travel.

But if it is fortunate enough to have for its parent one that is "rich in houses and lands," who can and will, with money wrung from the frail bodies of his fellow creatures, purchase for it food, raiment and shallow fame, and whose influence will carry the youngster over the land, and equip it with the passport necessary to admit it to the glad (?) homes of wealth and happiness, and find for it a hearty welcome in every quarter of the globe — the career of such a book is a brilliant one. It will find lodging in the cosiest of libraries, and will be handled with the daintiest of hands. It will be a success so far as the extent of its sale and kind of purchasers are concerned, but they are like the mushrooms, quick in coming and swift in going.

There have been, are, and will be, many kinds of books. But there is only one kind worthy of thought and consideration, and that kind of a book is the one that has a true mission, a worthy purpose in its existence. The true mission of a book is to impart knowledge unto all readers thereof; any book falling short of this is wasted energy. The knowledge may be of many sorts, but whatever its kind, its sole object must be to kindle into a flame that naturally slumbering element within man, which, when dormant, tends to cause him to descend into and live in the valley of his being, but when awakened, inspires him to ascend to the summits of his nature, and there dwell in harmony with the universe.

Into the kaleidoscope just presented you can put the latest product of

the fine and high mind of Abby A. Judson, and behold the beauties of a noble nature. Such is the nature of the parent of that child christened "The Bridge between Two Worlds."

The author has the interest of mankind at heart; she knows of their sufferings, and her sympathies are warm and good. Knowing that all good comes from within, she strives to better the world by developing the souls of men, and in doing this, she "seeks to lessen poverty, to cure bodily diseases, to prohibit undeveloped persons from indulging in what poisons the human system, and to adjust conflicting claims, so that the rich may not oppress the poor, and so that monopolies may be forever abolished, and marriage be the fruition of spiritual love." This clearly exemplifies the necessity of individual character building. And after clearly establishing a reasonable foundation for our individualization, she says: —

> From this fact grows our obligation to use every means, to give every possible condition, for the development of this germ, thus making the building of our personal character the main object of our desire and our labor. When each human soul does this, as it will in course of time, injustice, poverty, wrong of every kind, will have left this earth. We who grieve over human suffering would sweep it from the earth at one stroke, applying outside force and executed legislation to prevent the commission of all wrong. Such a mode of procedure is like, to use a homely phrase, "putting the cart before the horse." All reform, to be lasting and effective, works out from within. To reform the world by the development of one's individual character seems a slow way. It is a slow way, but it is the way by which all steady and lasting growth proceeds. It took unnumbered ages to gradually develop this earth to be the home of human beings. This was not done in six days, as superstitious minds have ignorantly believed. The oak tree takes many years to develop its giant strength, and to make the solid wood so useful by its durability. Many years are required to develop a human being from the embryotic stage to complete manhood. Lasting, strong character is not built in a day, nor does it influence others in an hour. Still it influences others to build the same, and in this normal, natural method will the human race go on unto that perfection that is its destined goal, from the very conditions of its origin. The main duty for you and for me is to begin with ourselves, to develop truth, purity, justice, love, reverence and aspiration in ourselves. In this way can we do our part effectively toward the improvement of the human race; and true improvement, from core to outer expression, will bring increased prosperity in material conditions.

To develop the soul, she sets forth a process, embracing five mental and five physical steps, which, if thoroughly learned and applied, cannot but cause the soul to grow outward and upward. The system, if properly adhered to, will prove to be a "ladder of life." If we do not fully coincide with the author in all the theories she advocates, we must admit that the teachings embodied in the chapter on "passivity" — the first mental step in soul culture — are fine.

In reading this book, the "inner eye sees celestial forms and the inner ear hears a music not of this earth." It makes one feel like the author when she says: —

> I must be good and true, reverent and aspiring, else I debase and disgrace, not my high parentage, for that is impossible, but my own relation to infinite beauty, truth and goodness, which is a finite mind's conception of the infinite intelligence of the universe.

C. Wesley Taylor.

The Fairy Festival.*

This is the most sumptuous gift book for children that we have seen in many months; it is a work which will delight all the little ones who are fortunate enough to secure it, not merely because it is profusely illustrated with exceptionally fine photogravures printed in tinted inks, but also because the fairy stories are told in a jingling rhyme well calculated to please the young, even though the subject was one far less attractive to children than that chosen by the author. Of the pictures it is difficult to say too much in praise; artist, photographer and printer alike have contributed their best endeavor to make this work an art album of superior excellence.

The work is richly bound in ornamented cloth stamped in silver with gilt top. It is one of the handsomest specimens of gift books which has appeared in recent years.

Miss Rand's Contribution to the Music of the People.

All lovers of art and music interested in the cause of the people, who have any knowledge of music, should purchase "The March of the Workers," words by William Morris and music by Miss Josephine Rand. The inspiring words of England's great social democrat are set to music which is worthy of the poems, and more than that need not be said. The music is published at 50 cents by Louis H. Ross, 32 West Street, Boston. It should be purchased by every Reform glee club in the land; so also should Mr. James G. Clark's "The People's Battle Hymn," price 40 cents, published by Oliver Ditson & Co. As a part of the repertoire of all singers in the lines of reform both these products are thrilling when well rendered, and will be potent factors in the people's great battle for industrial emancipation from the most odious form of tyranny — a soulless plutocracy.

Mr. Stead's "Coming Plutocracy."†

Mr. Stead's new story, "The Splendid Paupers, A Tale of the Coming Plutocracy," should have a wide reading in America. It is emphatically a story for men and women of conscience at the present time, for though it deals with English life, the disastrous effects of plutocracy which it so graphically reveals are far more real here than anywhere else, save perhaps in China, where money has ruled so long that the government has grown hopelessly corrupt through its death-dealing influence. The heartless cruelty, the coarseness and selfishness, of the *parvenu* aristocracy, which so disgraces and degrades our republic, is emphasized in a telling manner in this book.

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* "The Fairy Festival," by John Witt Randall. Illustrated by F. J. Attwood Handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt top; sides and back stamped in silver. Price $3. Published by Joseph Knight Company, Boston, Mass.

† "The Splendid Paupers, or the Coming Plutocracy," in the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*. Price 40 cents. New York International News Company.

In Lady Ænid we have a charming picture of the new woman, pure in heart, courageous when principle is involved and possessing that true refinement of soul, which is preëminently the characteristic of the new woman, that is to say, the woman whose mind is emancipated, and who is filled with enthusiasm for all that is noble and fine and all things which will aid civilization to the realization of its age-long dream of happiness through justice and freedom. Lady Ænid had spent some years of her girlhood with her father in Australia, and there had become infected with that wholesome independence rarely found in older states, where centuries of blind adhesion to absurd customs and an unquestioning acceptance of senseless precedents has enervated womanhood almost as much as it has weakened manhood.

In his introduction, Mr. Stead states that he has endeavored to "embody in the narrative form, which permits the chronicler to unite the law of fiction with the realism of facts, the most conspicuous events of the passing year. The characters, with but few exceptions, are borrowed from real life." In the opening chapter we catch a glimpse of the *parvenu* aristocracy, and its brutal selfishness, in the portrayal of an incident which at once recalls one of the first acts of William Waldorf Astor after purchasing one of England's old mansions situated on the Thames. Mr. Astor, it will be remembered, has repeatedly indicated that his purpose in buying the *Pall Mall Gazette* was to provide an organ which might effectually fight the spirit of social democracy. His enormous income, which permits him to wage an effective warfare against the cause of the wealth producers of the world, largely comes from unearned increment derived from the struggling, toiling industrial slaves of New York City.

Mr. Stead could not let a comparison so striking as the permission of the old English nobleman to allow the people of city and country to land at his park, and the action of the American *parvenu* who refused such permission, go unnoticed, as will be seen in the following extract from "Splendid Paupers":—

Hardly had the boat touched the bank, when a keeper stepped forward. "Out of that!" he shouted gruffly. "You've no business here."

"But," said Sterling, "I have landed here scores of times, and there never has been any objection. There must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all," replied the man. "I have my orders. Neither you nor nobody else must land here."

Sterling persisted. "My good man, I am sure you are wrong. I know the duke very well, and he was always delighted that we should land here."

"The duke be damned!" said the man. "What's he got to do with it? This isn't the duke's any more. It's Mr. Walledoff's, and Mr. Walledoff'll stand none of your blooming picnic parties and such flummery. So get out, will you, or I'll give you in charge as trespassers. S'help me, I will. Here, Baby!" He whistled as he spoke, and an evil-looking cur came up showing his teeth. "Off with you, do you hear, or I'll set the dog on you. Confound you; one would think the whole British public owned the property, and not Mr. Walledoff."

He gave the boat a push off with his foot as he spoke, and it began to drift down stream.

"Who is your master?" asked Glogoul.

"Why," said the man, "Mr. Walledoff — him as bought the *Latter Day Gazette*, you know."

Whereupon he turned on his heel and disappeared behind the trees.

"The devil!" said Glogoul. "To come across an American here!"

"I wish, cousin," said Elma, as she took up her oars, "that you would not use such dreadful language before ladies."

"I beg your pardon," said Glogoul. "But you see I don't believe there is a devil. So it is not profane really. It is only mythological."

After a moment's pause, Sterling said: "I remember now hearing that the duke had sold Splendon to an American millionnaire. But I had no idea that even an American millionnaire would deprive the public of privileges which they had enjoyed from time immemorial."

"Didn't you, though?" asked Glogoul. "Then you don't know the American millionnaire. It was not he who said 'the public be damned,' but that summed it all up. And I guess the public will be pretty considerabiy damned, too, before our millionnaires have done with them."

Lady Ænid is a fine bicyclist, but her skirts are constantly giving her trouble, and after almost breaking her limbs a few times, she wisely adopts the knickerbocker bicyclist suit. Going through an antiquated town, however, she meets the hostility of ignorant and vulgar natures, as will be seen from the following extract: —

"It's a scandal, it is," said one.

"A houtrage, I calls it," said another; "it oughtn't to be allowed."

"That it oughtn't," chimed in another. "Where's the police? I would give her in charge if he was only here; but he is never where he is wanted."

All the while Lady Ænid stood as composedly as possible, waiting for that waiter. Would he never come? Attracted by the clatter of women's tongues, and seeing a crowd, which always seems to indicate that there is something worth looking at, people came running up from all parts of the village. The women were meanwhile beginning to work themselves up to a state capable of physical violence.

"What are we comin' to?" asked one, "when young hussies can go about in breeches like this?"

"What right has she got to breeches?" asked another matron, wiping her hands upon l r apron.

"Take 'em off her," shouted a mischievious urchin on the other side of the crowd.

"So I will," shouted the woman, who began to approach Lady Ænid with the intention of carrying out her threat. There was no knowing to what length the virago might have gone. Lady Ænid was in despair. Just at this moment the waiter came hurrying up with the change. The little crowd shrank back in silence, and before it closed again Lady Ænid had mounted her bicycle and was riding down the street with an outward dignity which sadly belied her real feelings.

"What savages!" she thought; "what would have happened if that waiter had not come just when he did? How horrible!" For the first time in her life a sense of the grimmer realities of existence dawned upon her mind. For a moment she was cowed and miserable. Then there came to her a thought which always comes to those who suffer in breaking, by however short a road, through the palæocristic sea of use and wont. She felt that, however horrid it might be, still it was worth while to suffer that others who came after might enjoy a larger liberty, and be free from insult and threatened outrage. So with a pardonable feeling of the pride of the martyr, she continued her journey through the pleasant wooded country of Blankshire.

Very powerful is the portrayal of the heinous crimes of Lord Bladud, a type of the rotten aristocracy, whose unnamable immoralities are similar to those Mr. Stead encountered on every hand during his London investigation some years ago.

Next, our author addresses himself to the *parvenu* manufacturer and the conscienceless landlord of the manufacturing town of Garlam. The descriptions of these human blood-suckers are vivid and suggestive. The march of plutocracy is presented in a realistic manner. Its conscienceless greed, its murderous grasp on the rights of the people, the essential despotism of its rule, are all portrayed in a manner which must stimulate the thought of those who care to think and who have eyes to see, especially in this country, where the landlords, the Wall Street speculators, and the trusts and the monopolies grow immensely rich, while prices and wages go down.

Here are a few words on the silver question, found in the chapter entitled "Bimetallism in Excelsis":—

What is the good of having things cheap if you have no money to pay for them? And it is not worth while producing things if you get no money for them in the market. Take, for instance, wheat at eighteen shillings a quarter; why it costs nearly twice as much to produce it on the American farm. This kind of thing cannot last. The effect of it is simply this—to throw the monetary ascendancy of the world into the hands of the Asiatics. The question of the white money against the yellow money is really a question of the white man against the yellow man. Owing to the absurd devotion of the white man to the yellow money, the yellow man with his white money is carrying all before him. That is the secret of Ping Yang Yaloo's immense fortune. Anything that brought silver back to its right relation to gold would send Ping Yang Yaloo higher than a kite. They are beginning to see this in America; but here everyone is blind—excepting a very few independent statesmen. They are all bound hand and foot by old traditions and the authority of half a dozen men in the city, who were reared upon text-books which were beginning to be antiquated when you and I were born.

The story is written with the ease which characterizes all of Mr. Stead's writings. It is not a finished piece of work, rather the work of a very busy brain, but it is an interestingly told story, unique in character and rich in valuable suggestions to all who appreciate the fact, that, unless the people make a stand against the communism of capitalists at once, they will find the last chance is past.

These are the closing words of the book:—

For the great battle against the New Plutocracy, aided by a corrupt and self-seeking Demagogy, is a fight which is not yet finished, nor, indeed, has it hardly as much as begun. The prophetic vision fails us at present to carry further the story of this last rally of the Splendid Paupers.

B. O. FLOWER.

KEYNOTES.*

In the six short stories contained in the attractive little volume entitled "Keynotes," by George Egerton, the writer shows that she is a slave to a modern conventional ideal of unconventionalism — the skittish muse. We are all more or less familiar with the skittish muse — it inspires so many women novelists of to-day — and the result, in a monotonous number of cases, is, as it is in "Keynotes," a wild, superlatively and superfluously unconventional, gypsyish, elf-like, tragical witch-child-woman, with a weird, petulant longing for something more than

* "Keynotes," by George Egerton. Price; cloth $1. Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

mere man to complete her soul, although her topsy-turvy imagination is terribly susceptible to the commonplace temptation of falling in love with dull and dumb and bad young men, while tied to a commonplace good young husband. This is amusing with one cup of sedate tea; it becomes tiresome, after one has given it one good natured laugh. It makes even one's own wit monotonous to spend it in worrying over the witch-elf too long.

With such a heroine — for lack of a better word — around whom to write a story, the author's pen is limited to depicting moods, which only such a strange compound of elements in a feminine form might be supposed to be subject to, and therefore nature and human nature contain no hints or suggestions or material to aid the author's imagination. A study while under the influence of hysteria, the hobgoblin heroine is merely the creation of an hysterical woman's brain. She is the child of the hysterical imagination turned upon itself, and therefore it is not surprising that she is presented to us as alternately raving and dreaming — both hysterically. This may delight some women; it wearies a man, who sees lots to laugh at in the comedy of life, as well as *real* tragedies. A psychological study of the *genus* might be worthy the attention of some patient, thorough-going professor of scientific nightmare; although it would probably result in his desiring an account from the creator of such a picturesque being, of the sort of French novels she wanted to Anglicize into repressed audacity.

We have one or two American women who are permitted to rave in our popular periodicals of this picturesque creation — who, by the way, is generally nothing more unusual than a portrait of the author in her own enchanted mirror. The author of "Keynotes" confines the wild witch-woman to the lock and bar of the short story. We thank the good God for such mercy; our raving women run on for hundreds of pages, whole volumes of hysteria, and gin and water emotions. But then she reappears in each of the half-dozen keynotes in Miss George Egerton's book — and that is disconcerting. Although the scene in which she is placed is laid in a new territory, her name and environment changed in every instance, we recognize her jingle talk the moment she appears before the footlights — for all this sort of fiction is theatrical. By her inevitable characteristics is the elfin woman known; yea, even to the winding of a scarlet scarf or orange shawl around *the willowy, hipless form;* the pinched features with the redeeming *starry, wild eyes*, and her irrelevant, impatient movements, betray her. This seems to be the one solitary chick that the authoress hen is clucking over. It is due to the cheapness of hose which has sent darning out of fashion; and to too much confidence in the mirror.

"Keynotes" will not shock the great shockable respectable orthodox class, there being no delicate critical moments, described realistically, when the curtain should be rung down, or asterisks shoot like comets across the page to apologize for the morality. This sort of literature is

something like what Boccaccio would be much respectabilized. But the most indictable offence of which the author stands guilty may be said to be a plea for the further emancipation of womankind — in brief, for a wild-oat-sowing period, enfranchising her to the liberty and privileges which, in the same period of their lives, men are allowed to enjoy, under our agreeable system of conventional morality, in which the only monitor for man is the physician and prudence. This, the author believes, would give to woman a larger and freer life than the repressive one of to-day. Under the present system of checking nature's cravings, when a woman meets a man "who satisfies her emotional and sexual nature, there is shipwreck of some sort," we are told. The solution is not prohibition for men, but license for women. This is the philosophy of "Keynotes," and many other documents in feminine literature. There is possibly some truth in this. But ah! brave female novelists! you will be in worse odor than ever with the rest of your sex if you give too many secrets away — even in a generalization. No doubt in your own cases, particularizations are excepted, or, if not, what havoc you yourselves will make in the hearts of men by such thoughtfully casual and studied innuendoes in your very *naive* productions!

"Keynotes" cannot be called an immoral, "Frenchy," spicy novel, which literary epicures may sometimes be forgiven for acquiring some taste for. Oh, no! Nor is the writer of "Keynotes" given to moralizing. And a woman who does not moralize in print (the "George" being palpably insufficient to conceal the sex of the writer) is quite an innovation herself; and perhaps possibilities of one sort and another lurk within her. On the contrary, George Egerton has a certain skill in portraying unremarkable but private domestic relationships, with much artlessness. There is, however, some peculiar malice aforethought between the artless lines. Take, for instance, the bedroom scene between a lawful man and wife in "An Empty Frame." There is nothing shocking in a woman's *dishabille* on such an occasion. The reader, however, wonders why such an unexciting (to the point of disappointment) conversation, could not have taken place as well on the veranda, or even at the lunch table. The writer certainly would lose the opportunity of describing the little barefoot caress, which we suppose must be her point, or the thrilling part of the scene. The author evidently has a purpose of her own. But these innocent *tableaux vivants* in innocent domestic life are to the average boarding-school miss so delightfully full of suggestions, and pregnant with originality and daring, and at the same time they do not encroach on that danger line which make them amenable to the "British matron" board of censure.

The action throughout the stories moves at as even a pace as the heroine's moods can possibly allow. The literary style, however, it must be said in all frankness, as a merely empirical opinion, is execrable — purely *staccato* and jerky; and the dialogue is guilty of a strange sententiousness, without art or thought. Every paragraph is

made up of abrupt interrogations and imaginary answers, which is the ordinary American newspaper narrative formula for fashion writers and gossip mongers. It is supposed to be epigrammatic; but epigrams consist of thought and not mere punctuation. Here is a brilliant passage:—

He said my going to see him even on literary grounds was eccentric: but then it seemed I had a way of doing as I pleased without exciting much comment. How did he know that? Oh, he had heard it! Was I really going away? How tiresome it was, how awfully tiresome! What was he like? Well, an American bison or lion. You might put his head among the rarest and handsomest heads in the world. Prejudiced in his favor? No, not a bit. His hands, for instance, are great laborer's hands; freckled, too; I don't like his gait, either—indeed, a dozen things. What we talked about? Well, as I said, he listened mostly; laughed with a great, joyous, boyish laugh, with a deep musical note in it. He has a deferential manner and a very caressing smile. Why he laughed? Well, I suppose I made him. I told him all about myself; turned myself inside out, good and bad alike, as one might the pocket of an old gown; laughed at my own expense, hid nothing. An extraordinary thing to do, was it? I suppose it was, but the whole thing was unusual. He got up and walked about; sometimes he thrust his hands in his pockets, and exclaimed, "The deuce!"

In striving for pathetic effects the writer gets beyond her depths. The reader feels no lump in the throat—the final trivial anticlimax, used to heighten the pathos, jars on the nerves. The author has not enough knowledge of life to use the anticlimax with art and feeling. It is as if a false note or a chord in the wrong key were struck, when a minor harmony only could have left the correct impression aimed at. The ending of one in particular, "Now Spring Has Come," is decidedly harsh. It was an opportunity for atonement. The last strains in a musical composition make the anticlimax in our minds and determine our moods. The doxology well sung has effaced from the scientific mind the cant of many a state church sermon. A writer must have an ear for every shading, every subtle meaning of the simplest combination of words when attempting that finishing touch of literary art—the anticlimax. There must be an inevitable touch of genius there, or it should not be attempted, for it truly should "adorn a tale."

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

TOLD IN WHISPERS.*

This is another effort in fiction to present in a popular way for the general reader the economic discussions of the day, which will accomplish its quota of good and become an additional and effective means of awakening the public conscience to an appreciation of the heartless and tyrannous social despotism which prevails to-day. Since, but a few years ago, Edward Bellamy, in the face of popular derision and occasional abuse, voiced, in an ingenious and captivating manner, the hope of the human race, and clarified the atmosphere of all sophisms and doubts as to the regenerative possibilities of mankind, the whole tone of society has become more serious and encouraging in spite of the

*"Told in Whispers," by Leigh H. Irvine. Crown Library, New York.

discordance. The cry for practical and immediate reform has grown persistently firmer, more mandatory and resonant. To-day we are disappointed in a new work of fiction if it be not written with a "purpose," and that purpose one pointing to the reformation of social conditions. The age has grown so accustomed to the discussion that it is no longer satisfied with a sugar-teat or a milk-pap treatise but must have strong meat, well fibered and firmly knit.

"Told in Whispers" is one of the newer works of fiction which essays to speak the plain and undisguised truth concerning the wrongs of the age in a manner calculated to awaken interest and perhaps to arouse feelings of trepidation in the intelligent reader's mind. The plot of the story is simple and well put. There are but three characters prominent in the book. Lemma Saville, a simple-hearted, sympathetic and easily aroused young lady, is the heroine. She suffers keenly from a disappointment in love, which is the sequence of her friendship with the hero of the book, Roland Osgood. The latter is a young and promising lawyer who ultimately becomes a member of Congress and causes ingenious and effective legislative action, looking to the amelioration of the condition of the masses, just in time to avert a monstrous revolution which is already inaugurated by the blowing up of numerous public buildings in the western metropolis, which threatened to be immediately followed by a general overthrow of the government and a dissolution of the existing *regime*. The climax of the book is thrilling, and the discussions of economic themes which run through the volume are exceedingly instructive and suggestive. The solution of the strained social problem which the author introduces through the mouth of his congressional hero is pertinent to the hour and worthy of respect and consideration.

Omitting many other excellent suggestions and arguments in the work, I will present to the readers of this review only those which to my mind are the more relevant at the present moment, and which may possibly assist such as are confused in their efforts to unravel the tangled threads of social theories. I close with a quotation from Roland Osgood's speech in Congress. He says:—

"There are millions of unemployed men in this country, who are looking for employment which they cannot find. This condition has existed for years and it is steadily growing more alarming. . . . Gentlemen, I accept the old Swiss maxim that any citizen not employed in some responsible work for himself or his country is a bad citizen. If that citizen is involuntarily idle, if he stands anxious and ready to work, and then fails to find employment, he begins to despise the land; he curses the fate that hangs over him and makes him a slave of hunger and uncertainty."

These words are very *apropos* in the face of the late industrial uprising. Here follows Mr. Osgood's remedy for the difficulty, which, to say the least, is worthy of consideration.

"I propose to get rid of the industrial problem for the present by establishing an army of industry on a simple coöperative basis, and under the direct control of the government. My bill looks to the setting aside of ten millions of acres of fertile land

in an equable climate for the benefit of the worthy unemployed. It is not to be a pauper's paradise, a heaven for criminals, or a place for charity; but a vast government reservation, to consist, finally, of cities and towns, villages and farms — in short, of the manifold industries which the age affords, all to be operated by the government, by its great army of industry. . . . There would be need of recruiting stations throughout the country and there would be heads of departments competent to conduct the vast enterprises and direct the enlisted workers."

Congressman Schatz arose and asked, "How would you pay for the army? Out of what fund?"

Osgood replied: "In the colony there would be no money. Every worker would be paid in credits or time checks good in the national colony stores. I would have every member enlist for a period of five years, at the end of which time his accounts might be balanced for final settlement in the auditing department. After deducting time lost and goods consumed, the soldier in the army of industry would be paid the balance due in legal tender of the United States, good anywhere."

Congressman Warren: "How would you determine the amount due him?"

Osgood: "Every soldier would receive a percentage of the total earnings of the army. The government would market all products, whether of factory or field."

Congressman Thorne: "Would every man be paid the same amount?"

Osgood: "By no means. The government would have to fix a scale of wages for each rank or pursuit as in the army or navy. Machinists, school teachers and skilled workmen would have to be given credit for sums equivalent to their abilities, while an idler or an inferior workman would earn less credits, though all would be guaranteed employment and a living in return for reasonable service."

Congressman Warren: "Would it not ruin many enterprises to have the government market the products of its great army in competition with the outside world?"

Osgood: "It would keep down monopolies by competing with the gigantic trusts on the outside, and would give the people of the entire country a chance to buy the necessaries of life for prices less than those now obtained. If the government factories should ruin a few millionaire factory owners, if they could find nothing else to do, they might join the government colony. . . ."

Congressman Schatz: "Isn't that socialism, and isn't socialism a mere dream?"

Here follows a brief and readable treatise on what is and what is not socialism, which will be profitable to the general reader. The book abounds with excellent and original suggestions. I think it is very deserving of faithful perusal by all who are desirous of securing a clear and plain-spoken version of the existing perplexities, but who have not patience to pore over heavy and gloomy volumes.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the little book is the ingenious discourse on progressive economics, which is introduced in the closing pages in the form of a pretended interview with Congressman Osgood by a New York *Sun* reporter. This is very well worked out, as might have been expected by those who know of the author as a distinguished newspaper correspondent.

HENRY FRANK.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"DANGER SIGNALS," edited by the New England Christian Association, Boston. Pp. 46; price, paper 25 cents, cloth 40, morocco 75 cents. Published by James H. Earle, Boston, Mass.

"FROM HEAVEN TO NEW YORK," by Isaac George Reed, Jr. Paper;

pp. 114; price 50 cents. Published by Optimus Printing Company, New York.

"THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES," by John Patterson, M. A. Paper; pp. 82. Published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

"THE BETTER WORLD," by E. B. Southwick, M. D. Cloth; pp. 375. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"THE STORY OF PORTUS AND SONGS OF THE SOUTHLAND," by Mary H. Leonard. Cloth; pp. 107; price $1. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"TOWARDS UTOPIA," by a Free Lance. Cloth; price $1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains," by the Camera. Introduction by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Cloth; pp. 40. Published by Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Col.

"THE SCHOOL OF LIFE," by Theodore F. Seward. Cloth; pp. 267; price $1.50. Published by James Pott & Co., New York.

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YOUNG MEN'S PROGRESS CLUB. Albert Seite, president.

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Jacksonville. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. R. B. Archibald, president; James Douglas, treasurer; John F. Rhoads, secretary.

WOMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION. Mrs. H. A. L'Engle, president; Mrs. W. H. McKinley, treasurer; Mrs. R. G. Cooley, corresponding secretary.

INDIANA.

Indianapolis. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Anna Taylor, secretary, 51 Vance Block.

IOWA.

Marshalltown. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Rev. C. R. Gale, secretary.

KANSAS.

Enterprise. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. J. H. Mustard, president; John J. Abramson, secretary.

Manhattan. STATE ORGANIZER, Prof. Thomas E. Will, State Agricultural College.

Salina. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Laura M. Johns, secretary.

KENTUCKY.

Lexington. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Miss Laura Clay, secretary, 78 North Broadway.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore. UNION FOR PUBLIC GOOD. Charles J. Bonaparte, president; Rev. Hiram Vrooman, secretary, 307 E. Biddle St.; Rabbi Tobias Schanfarber, corresponding secretary.

ARENA CLUB AUXILIARY. Meets every Saturday night in the First Congregational church. Rev. Hiram Vrooman, chairman; Charles H. Torsch, treasurer; Rev. E. T. Root, secretary, 2329 N. Calvert St.

PROGRESS CLUB. Open discussions every Sunday at 4 P. M. in Baer's Hall, Fort Ave. and Light St. Daniel T. Orem, president; Mrs. Margaret Quarles, Secretary.

Linkwood. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Robert Gulick, secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. W. H. S. Pettinger, secretary, Room 17, Pierce Building.

East Milton. UNION FOR CONCERTED MORAL EFFORT. Miss Orissa Baxter, secretary.

Haverhill. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Rev. E. A. Ross, secretary.

Newburyport. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Rev. R. E. Bisbee, secretary.

MICHIGAN.

Farmington. ARENA CLUB OF LAKEVILLE. A. C. Carpenter, secretary.

Springport. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Mrs. R. J. Comstock, secretary, Box 147.

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Hon. S. W. Owen president; Rev. S. W. Sample, secretary, 714 University Ave., S. E.; Mrs. Ida W. Harris, recording secretary; Mr. T. C. Slafter, treasurer.

MISSOURI.

Raymore. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Ben S. Hanna, secretary.

NEW JERSEY.

Egg Harbor City. VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY. Miss Annie Meyer, secretary.

Orange. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. A. M. C. Hallock, secretary.

NEW YORK.

New York. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Miss Ella Levin, secretary and treasurer, 10 E. Thirty-Third St. Executive Committee—James A. Herne, Hamlin Garland, William H. Tolman, Rev. Leighton Williams, William Scudamore.

OHIO.

Ashtabula. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. W. D. Richards, president; Linn Colburn, secretary.

Cincinnati. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. M. McClellan Brown, secretary, 106 Richmond St.

Lima. ARENA CLUB. C. W. Taylor, president; Miss Nannie Baxter, secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Meetings are held the third Monday evening of each month, at different places. Rev. F. A. Bisbee, president, 1628 Master St.; Dr. M. V. Ball, treasurer, physician to Eastern Penitentiary; Miss Annie Russel, secretary, 1414 Arch St.

YOUNG WOMEN'S ARENA CLUB. Meets every Wednesday evening at 230 Pine St. Miss Diana Hirschler, president; Miss Kathryn Goldsmith, treasurer, 2426 Lombard St.

Somerton. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Rev. A. H. Shaw, secretary.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. E. Benjamin Andrews, president; Rev. Henry M. King, vice-president; William P. Goodwin, treasurer; S. A. Sherman, secretary, 249 Doyle St.; William S. Pittenger, assistant secretary.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Columbia. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Dr. J. W. Babcock, president; E. E. Jackson, treasurer; M. W. Lovell, secretary.

Florence. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Jessie Sudlow, secretary.

TENNESSEE.

Nashville. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. T. W. Hurst, president; B. H. Enloe, M. D., secretary, Cumberland Presbyterian Building.

TEXAS.

Corpus Christi. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Hannah M. Conklin, secretary.

VIRGINIA.

Culpeper. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Mrs. Orra Langhorne, secretary.

UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The national secretary would be glad to hear from every town and city in the United States that would arrange for a lecture or a series of lectures on the work of the Union for Practical Progress. The National Union furnishes the lecturer free of charge, only asking that local entertainment be furnished him and that a collection be taken for the national treasury. It is especially desirable to hear immediately from the South Atlantic and Gulf States; also from within three hundred miles of Boston and Baltimore respectively.

The Union for Practical Progress has steadily and healthily gained a footing among the progressive and enlightened people in all parts of the country. By January, 1895, the national secretary and treasurer, Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, will be lecturing and organizing through the South Atlantic and Gulf States, Rev. J. H. Koehne working the Pacific Coast, Mrs. Anna L. Diggs lecturing in Maryland, I. Morton Reed organizing Virginia, Fletcher Wilson organizing the rural districts of South Carolina and Mrs. Annie C. Hawks working in Indian Territory and neighboring states.

The interest throughout the country is steadily increasing. Many who held aloof at the first, thinking it a passing craze, are now realizing that the Union for Practical Progress is here as a permanent factor among the moulding forces of the new social movement of our time.

Considerable interest has developed within the last two months in the Northern and Central States.

Rev. J. B. Koehne, a lecturer and organizer for the Union, who has been doing good work in the Central States, starts for California the first of January. He will give his series of lectures in Oakland, commencing the second week in the month. Any one desiring his services as a lecturer, or to help in organizing a U. P. P., can communicate with him in care of Rev. John K. MacLean, Oakland, Cal.

Raymore, Mo., a village of four hundred people in Cass County, has organized a thriving Union of thirty-five members, of which Ben S. Hanna is secretary. It meets weekly, has a musical and literary programme, and discusses the pressing problems of the time. There are two churches in the community and the members of both find there a common basis of fellowship. Each member is expected to contribute a book to the library.

At the convention of the Delaware County Woman Suffrage Association, held in Chester, Penn., October 26, D. Hirschler addressed them upon the U. P. P., and one session was entirely devoted to an earnest discussion of the movement. Rev. Anna Shaw, who was present, urged the advisability of taking up the Union topics for discussion at the Suffrage Leagues, endorsing the movement cordially.

Lecture Tour. — The national secretary, Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, left Boston November 23, on an extensive lecture and organizing tour through the West and South. The month of December was occupied in Baltimore, in the prominent cities of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and in St. Louis, Shreveport and New Orleans. Early in January he will lecture in Jacksonville and Green Cove Springs, Fla., and at points in the Southern Atlantic States. Any appointment in Georgia, North Carolina or South Carolina, for the months of January and February, can be made by addressing him, care of "*The Cotton Plant*," Columbia, S. C.

Kansas. — A new Union has been organized in Enterprise, Kan., by Prof. Thomas E. Will, of which J. H. Mustard is president, and John J. Abramson secretary.

Detroit. — The movement is attracting the interest of serious people in the city of Detroit, Mich., where the clergy are organizing the moral forces for municipal reform. Dr. MacLaurin who is one of the leaders of the movement says: "The Christian Endeavor Union and the Epworth League are ready to join in the movement and it is possible the Baptist Union will also. The idea is to federate all the moral forces of the city in the creation of such a strong public sentiment as will sustain

and encourage a movement for general and for specific reforms in connection with the municipal government.

"The design is not merely in the direction of the prevention and suppression, so far as may be possible, of vice in the city. It is a broader movement than if it merely included that object alone. It is hoped to influence and procure new and better legislation as well as the better enforcement of legislation already on the statute books. We want a better caucus law and improved laws designed to remedy abuses in various directions. The plan is to quicken, as Stead puts it, the 'civic conscience,' to voice the moral sense of the community."

Baltimore. — The most marked success thus far has been attained in this city, where regular Sunday night meetings have been held by four of the Vrooman brothers in the Lyceum Theatre since October 14. Complete victory has crowned the contest for municipal political reform. An active fight was made on the candidates of the "ring," which for years has been running the city in league with vice and crime. In the municipal election the "ring" was completely overthrown.

The meetings are being continued with unabated interest. In the meeting following election week, Rev. Walter Vrooman spoke on "The Grand Old Man of Baltimore — Cardinal Gibbons."

Providence. — The membership of the Providence U. P. P. is steadily growing. Up to the present time three hundred forty members have been enrolled. The fundamental principles of the U. P. P. movement have been carefully kept in mind — "non-sectarian and non-political." As a result our membership is thoroughly representative. Every phase of religious belief is represented. The labor organizations and reform societies are all giving their unqualified support to the work. Permanent headquarters have been established and money has been raised to defray office expenses for the coming year. In a word, the society is in a very prosperous condition, and bids fair to accomplish a great work.

At the last monthly meeting the society was addressed by Rev. Floyd Tomkins, Jr., rector of Grace Church. Mr. Tomkins urged the necessity of dividing the society into several groups or divisions, each division having in charge some special line of reform work to investigate and urge forward. A committee of five was appointed which has prepared a plan for active educational work during the coming winter. Five subjects were chosen and placed in charge of different members. They were: (1) "Organization of City Governments," assigned to Mr. P. J. McCarthy, member of the board of aldermen; (2) "Education," Rev. Anna Garland Spencer, pastor of the Bell Street Chapel; (3) "Finance and Taxation," Prof. Henry B. Gardner, professor of economics, Brown University; (4) "The Liquor Traffic," Rev. Napoleon S. Hoagland, minister of the Fourth Unitarian Society; (5) "Public Works," Sidney A. Sherman, teacher of civics in the Providence High School.

One of the lessons learned from the Providence work so far, is the great value of personal effort. This element has entered largely into the promotion of the cause here, and the result has been a phenomenal growth and activity. Our experience here would lead us to urge upon all the Unions in the United States the necessity of having a permanent office, and securing the services of some earnest, energetic young man, who has a deep interest and an abiding faith in the possibilities of the Union for Practical Progress. With such a man at the helm, success is assured.

WILLIAM H. PITTENGER, *Assistant Secretary.*

Philadelphia. — Twenty-two church papers in Philadelphia and vicinity will contain one column monthly, beginning with November, upon the work of the U. P. P., representing the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal and Reformed denominations. This is an important and significant addition to the growth of sympathy with the movement for reform in citizenship and morals.

Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, president of the Philadelphia Union, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures at the Universalist Church of the Restoration. The series will be continued on successive Sunday nights on the general subject, "*If Christ Came to Philadelphia*": What would Christ think of our politics? What would Christ think of our newspapers? What would Christ think of our amusements? What would Christ think of our heathen? What would Christ think of our churches?

A regular meeting of the Young Women's Arena Club was held at the College Settlement Hall, 617 St. Mary Street, November 14. In this hall the club will hold its future meetings. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Miss Sarah Hyman, president; Miss K. B. Davis, vice-president; Miss Dora Schattenstein, recording secretary; Miss Gazella Heller, corresponding secretary; Miss K. Goldsmith, treasurer.

BERTHA HIRSCH, *Secretary* Y. W. A. C.

At the annual convention of the Philadelphia Baptist Ministerial Association in October, Rev. F. M. Goodchild gave an address upon "The Sweating System in Philadelphia," which culminated in the decision to investigate the question still further. The Baptist pastors, led by Revs. Dr. W. T. Chase, F. M. Goodchild and R. M. West, are making a personal inspection with a view to publishing results.

The special investigation on sweating system made by the Philadelphia Deputies of the Factory Inspecting Department was presented by Chief Watchorn to the public on September 24. He presented it to the press in full owing to alarming conditions revealed.

The Social Science Department of the Civic Club of Philadelphia discussed the U. P. P., and the question of sweat shops at their October meeting, requesting the Philadelphia U. P. P. to send in a monthly report of the work.

CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed the

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS."

II. *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies and persons for concerted, methodical and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.

III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying ground for all friends of progress.

IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.

V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.

VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.

VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.

VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.

IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study, can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin. Figure 2 would show the next choice and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example: —

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
	2	1	1		2	3.	

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme can not be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars, for five consecutive nights for much less money; while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture, but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list, but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured.* Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire, lecture courses of marked ability, and which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because YOU have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this, the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

LECTURERS.

I. REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE. — Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher, and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly.

II. HAMLIN GARLAND, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. PROF. D. S. HOLMAN, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. PROF. FRANK PARSONS, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums?; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. JOHN MITCHELL, a man of wide experience in the reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylæ of Reform (Temperance).

VI. REV. ALEXANDER KENT, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. McCRACKAN, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried and Francois Bonivard.

VIII. REV. FLAVIUS J. BROBST. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question; 3, The Masses and the Millionnaire; 4, Hard Times; 5, Gambetta and France; 6, Capital and Labor; 7, London Society.

X. MISS JOSEPHINE RAND, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers! — a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its strong hold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. MRS. HARRIETTE C. KEATINGE, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. DIANA HIRSCHLER, secretary Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Penn. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. REV. J. H. LARRY, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects:* 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. REV. EDWARD T. ROOT, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches — a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. PERCY M. REESE. — "There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer — a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel." —*Editorial Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

Subjects: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and *underground*, for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs. Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvellous growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history, lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. Rev. Walter Vrooman speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out of door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. Rev. R. M. Webster of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

XX. Col. Richard J. Hinton, soldier, author and orator; is one of the most eloquent of our reformers. *Subjects:* 1, The Nazarene and the Laborer; 2, Walt Whitman; 3, Money and Misery; 4, Public Functions and Public Ownership; 5, Karl Marx's Place in History; 6, Labor as a Commodity; 7, Opportunity and Unity — A Policy for True Democracy.

XXI. Rev. Perry Marshall, a man thoroughly conversant with all the ethical phases of the social question. *Subjects:* 1, The Problem of the Unemployed — Public Ownership; 2, Temperance and Monopolies; 3, Travels in Britain; 4, Travels in the Low Countries; 5, Travels in Italy.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures, are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club the measure has become a law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation of the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the

vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed.....

City.....

Street Number.....

County.....

State.....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The Arena office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

The February Arena

will bristle with Papers of Immediate Timeliness and Value to all Intelligent Students of the great Social and Political Trend of the Time. Our generation seems destined to usher in with the New Century, a greater and wider Renaissance than that of the fifteenth century; and the ARENA is the only Review in America that attempts to faithfully mirror this all-embracing movement of the New Politics, New Sociology, New Science, New Art, and New Religion. The February number will deal especially with Contemporary Political Phases, and their significance in relation to the New Movement for Humanity.

Among many Interesting features these are worthy of emphasis, and the special consideration of all thoughtful readers:—

A CLEAR AND CRITICAL ANALYSIS

OF

THE PRESIDENT'S CURRENCY PLAN.

By CONGRESSMAN W. J. BRYAN.

The Leading Nebraska Congressman Examines Cleveland's Monetary Plans.

All persons acquainted with History, who follow the game of Contemporary Politics understandingly, know that Finance is the underpinning of all Political and Social Systems. In the making of a Plutocracy, the financiers by a stroke of the Pen in a Legislative enactment, turn Free Citizens into Powerless Serfs, whose value is perpetually decreasing, while gold is continually appreciating, in spite of Democracy and the suffrage. Jefferson in one of his most famous speeches, in Congress, said: "I fear the Banks more than standing armies." In this connection, it is worthy of remark, that with the increase of the power of the Banks in making Legislation and Legislators, comes a corresponding clamor for large military establishments, for the suppression of domestic disturbances. The whole trend and purpose of President Cleveland's Currency plan is to put the people in the power of the Banks; and Congressman Bryan's article will put the motives and purposes of such a move before the readers of the ARENA, so that they will clearly comprehend the situation; as they cannot hope to do from the wanton misrepresentations of the partisan press, which is simply one of the engines of the plutocratic conspiracy.

This Opens a Series of Short and Incisive "Open Letters" to Prominent Republican and Democratic Politicians.

An Open Letter to John Sherman.

By GEORGE W. PEPPERELL.

This paper begins one of the most Interesting and Valuable series of Political Papers ever published in the history of Periodical literature in America. They will be as significant, in the present condition of American life and politics, as were the famous Drapier let-

ters of Dean Swift, the letters of Junius, or Thomas Paine's letters before the disruption of the British Empire. The words and actions of Leading Republican and Democratic ministers, officers and leaders will be subjected to a most searching examination and review. President Cleveland will sit for his Portrait in this Interesting Gallery of Celebrities at an early day.

Penology in Europe and America.

The Progress of Prison Reform in Europe and America. The Problem of Education.

By Rev. SAMUEL J. BARROWS, D. D.

Dr. Barrows, the well-known editor of the *Christian Register*, of Boston, has spent nearly a year in Europe, collecting *data* on this subject to put before the Prison Board, of which he is a prominent member, and during that time he visited the leading prisons of England, France and Italy, where the science of Criminology is attracting the greatest attention to-day. The paper will be one of great interest and value to all interested in the problem of making our Penal institutions and legislation effective in reformative lines, instead of merely a system of repression and retaliation.

The Power of Mind in the Cure of Disease.

THE DYNAMICS OF MIND.

THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT UPON THE PHYSICAL BODY.

By HENRY WOOD.

This paper by the author of "Ideal Suggestion," "Natural Law in the Business World," "God's Image in Man," etc., is the first of a Series of Four prepared by Mr. Wood to appear in the ARENA during 1895. They will deal with the *data* which has been collected showing the influence of the mind in the cure of disease.

The Populist Campaign in Chicago.

The Political Editor of the Chicago Times Gives a Graphic Picture of the Late Campaign of the People against Organized Ring Rule in Chicago.

The modern newspaper Editor, if he were honest and were unfettered in his work, could become the Man of Destiny of our day. The fact is, that he is usually merely the creature of a wealthy corporation, that exists to serve other corporations which put men into Congress and into the judiciary to serve their own purposes. But every student of contemporary politics knows the brave stand for constitutional rights and justice which has been made during the year 1894 by the Chicago *Times*; and everybody in journalism knows that the animating spirit of the *Times*' political independence has been Willis J. Abbot, the managing editor, who has shaped the policy of the paper along the lines of conservative reform, free discussion of public questions, and justice to all legitimate opposition. This paper is a vivid and instructive account of the People's Campaign in Chicago, showing the changing factors in present-day politics.

Pro and Con on the New Woman.

THE NEW WOMAN

OF

THE NEW SOUTH.

By JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

With various Interesting Expressions from Leading Southern Women favoring the Enfranchisement of Women.

The Attitude of Southern Women to the Suffrage Question.

By ANNA H. ROBINSON WATSON,

Giving the Views and Opinions of Conservative Thinkers among Southern Women.

A SYMPOSIUM ON SOCIAL PURITY.

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET

and other Leading writers on the Cause of Morality and a Higher Social Life.

Another Valuable Paper will be

THE DOUBLE STANDARD OF MORALS.

By J. BELLANGEE.

Other Interesting Features.

TRUE OCCULTISM: Its Place and Use.

By MARGARET B. PEEKE.

Author of "Zenia, the Vestal." The first of Three articles on the Subject.

GAMBLING: Or Thrift by Indirection.

By CHARLES H. HAMLIN.

THE ITALY OF THE RENAISSANCE.

By B. O. FLOWER.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

America's Shame.

In this issue of THE ARENA will be found a symposium which we believe will call forth the hearty approval of all high-minded men and women of America. Probably never before have so many writers of recognized ability appeared within the cover of a single issue of a review pleading for the cause of social purity; certainly there has never before appeared so able a protest against the present age of consent laws. A. A. Powell is editor of *The Philanthropist*, the leading organ devoted to social purity in America. Helen H. Gardener, the author of the most powerful novel ever written dealing with the age of consent laws ("Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?"), is recognized as one of the most logical brains in America to-day. Frances E. Willard is the leading spirit in the W. C. T. U. and the White Ribbon movement. Dr. O. E. Janney, of Baltimore, and Dr. Emily Blackwell, of New York, are two scholarly physicians. Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., editor of the *Evangel and Outlook*, of New York, and Will Allen Dromgoole, the brilliant Tennessee author, form a *coterie* of earnest thinkers and workers, whose arguments cannot be brushed aside by our legislators. The battle for the protection of girlhood is on, and all persons interested in moral progress should join in this holy crusade.

Professor Parsons' Papers on Social Conditions.

Students of economic reform will be deeply interested in an important series of papers prepared for THE ARENA by Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston University Law School. Professor Parsons is a sincere social reformer, a man of deep convictions, and a careful and scholarly writer. The series will probably open in the February ARENA, and will be as follows: I. Government by and for the People. II. The People's Highways. III. The People's Lamp — Oil, Gas and Electricity. IV. Immoral Dollars. V. Wealth Diffusion. All social reformers will follow these papers with special interest.

Our Little Neighbor in the East.

Helen Gardener's masterly paper on Japan, in this issue, will be read with interest by thoughtful people; the author has during several years been intimately acquainted with several fine Japanese scholars, and is peculiarly well qualified to handle this subject in a clear, fair and authoritative manner. In this connection I copy the following proclamation issued by Field Marshal Oyama:—

> Our army is advancing in the name of civilization and virtue to overthrow barbarism. Our enemy is the Chinese government, not Chinese individuals. The soldiers of the Japanese army must be brave in battle, but they must be kind to all who surrender. Soldiers are forbidden to seize any of the enemy's property. If, through necessity, they are compelled to take anything found in Chinese houses they must pay reasonable prices. The inhabitants are to be well treated at all times. Violations of this order will be severely punished. The charity of our emperor is extended to the whole territory of China.

Another proclamation reads as follows:—

> According to international law, we have the right to seize anything in the enemy's country; but this right belongs to the army, and not to the individuals. It is a violation of the rights of Japan to remove or interfere with property of even the slightest value. All persons are warned not to enter Chinese houses without permission, nor to take anything from native houses without permission.

The field marshal also posted notices in Chinese characters along the roads. The notices are in this fashion:—

> *To the People of China:* Be composed and tranquil. You may be sure that wherever our army marches your liberties will not be disturbed, and you may be free from anxiety. If we need anything from you we will pay a proper price for it. Respect and trust our army. Be not afraid.

Two Papers of Interest to Social Reformers.

James G. Clark, the poet and essayist, and Col. Richard J. Hinton, the author of one of the ablest works ever written on John Brown, contribute papers of

great interest to social reformers in this issue of THE ARENA.

Lust Fostered by Legislation.

In this paper, which is the second in the series of "Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality," I have chosen the same theme handled in the symposium. In the February ARENA I hope to give the third paper of this series, in which I intend to point out how our present social conditions operate as feeders of immorality.

Experimental Telepathy.

In this issue the Secretary of the American Psychical Society opens a series of papers on psychic research. The first two or three papers will deal with telepathy. The series will deal largely with assured results in psychic research, and the most prominent theories advanced in explanation of various phenomena, the existence of which have been established. These papers will be of value to all scientific students of psychical phenomena.

Higher Occultism.

Mrs. Margaret Peeke, the well known author of "Zenia," has prepared a series of short papers on True Occcultism and its practical bearing on life to-day, which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1895.

A Drama in Tatters.

Our fiction this month is strikingly suggestive of true and existing conditions. That is a very vivid picture presented in Walter Blackburn Harte's story, "A Drama in Tatters"; it is a powerful piece of work, realistic and timely, true to life in our modern Babylon.

In "The Dignity of Labor," Adeline Knapp has given us striking word pictures of things as they are. When the true democracy arrives, such conditions as portrayed in both of these sketches will be impossible.

The Sweating System in Philadelphia.

In a land where religion meant anything very vital, one would think that the terrible revelations made by Rev. Frank Goodchild in this ARENA would thrill with horror earnest professing Christiansa, nd awaken the church to immediate and concerted action. But such revelations are not new; and still the church sleeps on. In a republic where man cared for man, one would think such a tale of wrongs would call forth great denunciation, which would compel legislation to protect the weak, from the rapacity of conscienceless greed; but few are the voices raised in behalf of the white slave of the modern plutocracy, and the questions arise: Does true religion longer live in the heart of the rank and file of Christians? and, Do we live in a republic or a plutocracy?

The Century of Sir Thomas More.

In this paper I have given a very brief glimpse of the Reformation, and some of the great figures who at the time moulded the faith of nations. This paper will be followed by "The Italy of the Century of Sir Thomas More," in which I shall indicate how the republics of Venice, Milan and Florence fell before the baleful influences which, unless guarded against, ultimately overthrow free government; and I shall also strive to give an intelligent conception of Italy during the wonderful century we are specially discussing in this series of papers.

Our Union Subject.

Rev. H. C. Vrooman discusses ably the Union subject this month, and Professor Will gives an extensive bibliography, which will be indispensable to all students of the subject under consideration.

The Power of Mind in the Cure of Disease.

Henry Wood, the able essayist and author of "Ideal Suggestion," "Natural Law in the Business World," "Edward Burton," etc., is preparing four short papers on the power of mind in the cure of disease, which will appear in early numbers of this magazine. The first of these papers, "Dynamics of Mind," will be a feature of the February ARENA.

Christian Missions in India, by Virchand R. Ghandi, B. A., of Bombay.

Mr. Virchand R. Ghandi, whose article is one of the features of this number, will be remembered as the able representative of the Jain community of India, in the World's Parliament of Religions, at the World's Fair, and many thousands have listened to his interesting lectures in the various cities of the Union since that memorable event. The great import and significance of the Parliament of Religions was ably analyzed and emphasized in our December number by the great Oxford philologist and scholar, Prof. Max Müller, and everybody who had the opportunity of attending the Congresses, or who has read the collected addresses published since in book form, must have been impressed with the new complexion put upon the whole question of foreign missions by a more intimate acquaintance with the true beliefs and ethics of the great ethnic religions. The different religions and sects of India have in particular begun to attract the attention of liberal, thoughtful people, in and out of the Christian churches, and the question has become pertinent as to whether there is any necessity to send missionaries to seek the conversion of the Hindoos and others from the spiritual and ethical faiths of their forefathers. Those who are acquainted with translations of the Bhavagad Ghita and other sacred writings of Buddhism, and the commentaries of Prof. Rhys Davids and other oriental scholars, have long scouted the idea of the necessity of sending missionaries to India and China to convert the ancient peoples, whose philosophies and religions hold the elements and origin of all that is ethically valuable in ours.

Mr. Virchand R. Ghandi in his paper in this issue, discussing the work and methods, men and characteristics, of the Christian missions in India, deals with the subject more in its practical aspects, than on the merits of the philosophical considerations involved, and his article, read in connection with Prof. Max Müller's in the December ARENA, which gives a glimpse of the real philosophical and even scientific soundness and profundity of the oriental religions (dealing with fundamentals and not mere dogmas and ceremonials), will convince all liberal thinkers of the absurdity of the endeavor to substitute the Christian religion and philosophy for the parent creeds of the ancient world, beside which Christianity as practised among us is the most ludicrous doctrine of materialism.

Mr. Ghandi's criticisms of Christian missions which have appeared elsewhere awakened a storm of protest from those who are interested in spreading favorable reports of their progress; and he complains that while he was bitterly attacked by church and secular publications, he is amazed to find that the Christian doctrine of love and charity does not include tolerance and fair play. He has been denied an opportunity of answering his critics, or of making further statements of his observations of the real relations of missionaries and natives, until THE ARENA, which stands for fair play and honest discussion, in the intellectual and moral world of thought, threw its pages open to him. His frankness of statement will at least engage the respect of friends and foes alike. His criticisms are severe, but they are fairly and openly made and deserve the attention of thoughtful people.

The New Politics.

Col. Richard J. Hinton, the author of "John Brown and His Men," and other well known and valuable works, writes in this number a paper which all interested in current history, history in the making, will read with keen relish. It is a masterly presentation of the significant new social and political factors, which every careful observer of current politics knows are gradually permeating the minds of the great body of the electorate, the rank and file, preparatory to changing the issues in American politics. It is perfectly plain to all intelligent readers of history and students of political phenomena, that not only is a change impending in the issues in American politics, but forces and factors are at work throughout the whole of our western civilization, which show that an era, that

following mediævalism, is closing, and society is about to assume new relations, new aspects, and to accommodate old traditions and customs to new conditions. For centuries politics has been played as a game in which ordinary justice was subordinate to that form of low cunning known as statecraft, diplomacy and policy. The affairs of nations have been treated as the affairs of no commercial organization, in which some sort of equity between the various members was a condition of adhesion, could ever have been treated, without speedy disruption and dissolution. All this wil be slowly but surely changed with the spread of general education among the enfranchised masses of the people; and especially with the loosening of theological superstitions, which inculcated the abandonment of this world to the few and rich, with the hope of compensation in some heaven, not yet geographically defined, and the spreading of the main facts of scientific knowledge, relating to the origin of man and his dependence upon the exercise of his functions and his physical environment for life and health and happiness.

The New Politics embodies the facts of the New Science in its demands for equity and justice, in all the political and social relations of organized society. It makes an intelligent effort to comprehend the causes of economic insecurity and social misery; and is, indeed, not simply a movement of the old radicalism against a system of social castes, but is primarily a system of equitable economics for the adjustment of inequitable industrial conditions, upon which alone a caste or aristocracy can rest. It is nothing if not scientific in its aim and p ırpose; so all who have not recognized tne significance of the movement, in studying certain immediate phases, as presented in contemporary American politics, should bear carefully in mind these larger and more world-wide issues, and their intimate relation with the popular revulsion from abhorrent theologies and outgrown economics, and the new scientific renaissance. In this light Colonel Hinton's paper is very suggestive to men of all shades of opinion; and, anyway, the significance of this world-wide demand for juster economic conditions cannot much longer be balked or dwarfed.

The Double Standard of Morals.

Among other interesting features of the February number will be a stirring discussion of "Sexual Purity and the Double Standard," by J. Bellangee. The number will also contain a symposium on "Social Purity," by Lady Henry Somerset and other writers prominently identified with the cause of morality and a higher social life.